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Lizzie Fox. Beth with Maggie. Arthur. Mrs. Benson with Nellie. E. W. B. Martin. Ada Benson.

E. W. BENSON AND FAMILY, WELLINGTON COLLEGE, 1866.

Frontispiece]

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THE TREFOIL

WELLINGTON COLLEGE
LINCOLN, AND TRURO

BY A. C. BENSON

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
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PREFACE

I HAVE called this book *The Trefoil*, because the trefoil-leaf is the principal charge upon our family arms, and seems to me to symbolise aptly the first three public stages of what was a very adventurous and surprising career, the life of my father, Edward White Benson, as Head Master, Canon, and Bishop.

I have already traced the outline of these years in his biography ; but his career was a long and active one, much space had to be allotted to his tenure of the Archbishopric, and thus the earlier stages were unduly compressed.

Yet as I get older, I find that the memories of these early years remain singularly fresh and vivid ; and the more I recall them, the more keenly I feel that the years of my father's life from thirty to fifty-three, when he became Primate, have an intensity and a romantic quality infinitely more arresting and vivid than the later years, when he was overburdened by the cares of his high office, and when his great vitality was beginning to give way under the strain.

The interest of my father's life was that he was entirely, so to speak, a self-made man. His father died bankrupt, and when his mother died a few years later, he, as an undergraduate, was left absolutely penniless, with the care of

five brothers and sisters. He had no influences behind him, no one but himself to depend upon. Yet by reason of a temperament of extraordinary force and enthusiasm, a great power of making friends, and a profound sense of duty, honour, and religion, he went almost inevitably from success to success, and played a great part in the world.

He founded a famous public school, he lived an almost ideal canonical life, and his tenure of the Bishopric of Truro, where he built the first English Cathedral since the Reformation, was, I believe, almost the culminating point of his career.

So I have tried to work this out, and to present a picture of our family life, with my father in the foreground, as it presented itself to my boyish mind and perception. This involves a certain amount of repetition of what I have written elsewhere, but I have tried to give the local colour of the various scenes in fuller detail; and I believe that an account of the early years of what has grown into a great public school, the minutiæ of the life of a Cathedral Close fifty years ago,—a kind of society which has been, I imagine, improved almost out of existence,—and the picture of the rise of a new episcopate, administered with singular ardour, invention, and devotion, as well as a rich enjoyment of strange and beautiful surroundings that had never been flattened out or dulled by the conventional currents of the world—all these memories combine, I feel no doubt, to form a scene of a very unusual and impressive kind.

I daresay that there are inaccuracies, and moreover it is very difficult to shut out from recalled memories every vestige of the light that subsequently illuminated and interpreted them; but I have submitted them, as far as was feasible, to friends who had shared the same experiences, and believe that they are not lacking in substantial veracity.

My thanks are due to Mr. J. L. Bevir, who was a boy at Wellington College under my father, and afterwards a master there; to Mrs. Crowfoot and Miss Maud Venables, Lincoln friends; to Dr. Mason, Canon of Canterbury, and Dean Carter of Hadleigh, who were at Truro all through our time there; and finally to my brother, Mr. E. F. Benson, to Mr. Bernard L. Manning, of Jesus College, and to Mr. Percy Lubbock, who have read the book and given me the advantage of their advice both as regards expression and arrangement.

A. C. Benson.

The Old Lodge,
Magdalene College,
Cambridge.
May, 1923.

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WELLINGTON COLLEGE

I

All the beginnings are very dim. I was born in 1862, in the Master's Lodge at Wellington College, at that time a not very extensive house in the North front of the College, to the left of the great gate. My mother[1] was then just twenty-one, my father thirty-two. Thirteen years before, he had gone from King Edward's School, Birmingham, under the great headmaster Prince Lee, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won a sizarship. At the end of his first year, his mother and sister both died on the same day, and the family were left entirely destitute, my grandmother's income proving to have been an annuity, a fact of which she had never informed her children. But a wealthy family of cousins, the Sidgwicks, came to his help. Two years later he took a brilliant degree, gained a Fellowship at

[1] *Note.*—While writing these pages, I have been sent a letter of my mother's, written by her in May 1862, between my birth and baptism, to her closest friend, Miss Bessie Hedley, who subsequently became my godmother, and is still alive. From this I learn that it was proposed that I should be christened *Joseph Thomas*, both old family names; but my mother adds that the names *Arthur Christopher* were under consideration, and that she believed that they would ultimately be adopted. It is strange how resentfully one regards even the possibility of one's identity having been thus menaced, quite apart from the fact that the particular selection would in itself have been a grievous injury to my self-esteem.

Trinity, and went off to Rugby as an assistant master under Dr. Goulburn.

My grandmother—my father's cousin—was then living at Rugby, and sending her clever boys, Henry and Arthur Sidgwick, as day-boys to the school; my mother, Mary, their only sister, was then twelve years old. My father lived with the household; and in 1858 became engaged to my mother, who was then seventeen. Goulburn had meanwhile been succeeded by Temple as headmaster; and he having been consulted by the Prince Consort as to a suitable headmaster for Wellington College, then just founded as a memorial to the Duke of Wellington, for the education, primarily, of officers' sons, recommended my father for the post. He was appointed, spent a year in Germany, at the Prince Consort's suggestion, in studying German educational methods, was married to Mary Sidgwick in 1859, and started work at Wellington in the same year. His eldest child, Martin, was born in 1860, myself in 1862; and there followed my two sisters Mary Eleanor (Nellie) and Margaret (Maggie), and my brothers Edward Frederic and Robert Hugh.

My mother had been a very gay and adventurous child, the youngest and only daughter of Mrs. Sidgwick who survived infancy, and was brought up with three extremely gifted, clever, and lively brothers of remarkably different temperaments. William, after a serious illness produced by overwork as a young don at Merton College, Oxford, rather deserted the beaten track, and became a man of brilliant ideas and sudden

impulses, which he seldom had the patience to carry out. He was liable, too, to long fits of silent depression, which he bore with much fortitude, varied by intervals of almost perilously high spirits; he was always a humorist, but of rather a peremptory and derisive type. Henry, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards Professor of Moral Philosophy, had a profound and sceptical intellect, but was far too tender-hearted and sympathetic to be a propagandist; and had a lambent and delicate wit which gave a delightful poignancy to his talk. Arthur, Fellow of Trinity, Master at Rugby, and latterly Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, had amazing verbal ability, and very decisive ideas, which, however, were rather clear than profound, and he too had a gay and laughter-loving mind, intensely appreciative and yet at times intolerant. My mother had the same sense of humour, an even deeper power of sympathy, and, in these earliest years at all events, an extreme and high-spirited delight in the adventures of life.

My father was then, at thirty, an extremely ardent, active, and masterful young man, handsome, eloquent, and with great administrative gifts. He was a strange mixture of fervent enthusiasm and a real passion for detail. He knew everything about everyone connected with him, never forgot a face or a name, and had a microscopic eye for the smallest particulars. He was an inspiring teacher, and had an extreme personal ascendancy; but I doubt if he was an educator of the first rank, because he did not

desire that his pupils should develop on their lines but on his own.

He ruled the school with a rod of iron; and his severity was great. He believed in Arnold's system of prefects, and entrusted the senior boys with wide monitorial powers; but he held them strictly responsible to himself, scrutinised their administration closely, and exacted dire penalties for any evasion of duty. Thus he dominated the whole place; while his assistants were dragooned as diligently as his pupils. Let a small characteristic incident, perhaps *ben trovato*, suffice. He disliked smoking, which he thought ungentlemanly and self-indulgent. A boy who smoked was severely dealt with, but the luxury was, on higher grounds, prohibited for the staff. A master and a boy, it was said, each nefariously engaged with tobacco, met behind a hayrick. The crisis was an acute one, for each was in the other's power. A tacit bargain was struck, and no information on either side was laid.

But though my father undoubtedly brought Wellington College into the front rank of English schools, and made it an industrious, prosperous, and well-conducted place, the fact that neither among his staff nor his pupils did he produce any man of conspicuous and unquestioned eminence, except perhaps the late Professor Verrall, Mr. Sidney Ball, General Sir Ian Hamilton, and Sir George Buchanan, is to a certain extent a proof that, in spite of his genius for leadership and his glowing enthusiasm, the masterfulness of his temperament rather tended to over-ride and cramp individual abilities and aptitudes; while he

evoked loyalty and admiration rather than affection and confidence. His temper was high, he brooked no opposition, and he had little overt sympathy for the weak and erratic.

My own first clear recollections are of a carved head in a rockery, in the little enclosed garden of the old Lodge, whose blank regard was insupportable, a high chimney which vomited sinister and menacing smoke, and the picture of an owl on our nursery wall, whose horned head and staring eyes became, after dusk, a truly dangerous centre of ill-will—all images of fear! And then I recollect trotting about with my father over the joists of the new Master's Lodge, built in 1866, and securing scraps of wood and nails. I was a very acquisitive child, and kept stores of ink-bottles and tin boxes, thrown away by the boys, in private caches in the garden copses.

Life really dawned on me in that house, a comfortable but not distinguished semi-Gothic building near the College, with a good garden, bordering on larch plantations and heathery moorland. The College itself, like a great château of red brick with stone facings, had sprung up like magic in a bare heathery region, then very wild and sparsely inhabited, on the outskirts of Windsor Forest. Its two flanking towers with leaden tops were unpleasant to me, following one everywhere, it seemed, with hollow melancholy eyes. Kingsley used to say that it had a pinched-in waist, which was true, at least of the original building.

The new Master's Lodge was a curious expression of the taste of the times. My father was really

learned in architecture, or rather in Gothic architecture. He had spent months as a young man in cataloguing the statues at Rheims Cathedral; and at Wellington he had caused to be built a chapel of really exquisite proportions and fine detail, studied from nature. Unhappily the Prince Consort had fixed upon 250, or at the most 300, as the ideal number for the school, and my father, who followed the tradition, had thought, with characteristic masterfulness, that this could be achieved by building a chapel which could not possibly contain more; but the school expanded to 500 ultimately, and the chapel has become a shapeless and commonplace building with aisles. The Governors added one aisle; my father went to see it, and was furious over the disfigurement as well as very contemptuous of the conventional ornament; and there could not be a more curious irony than that the other aisle, designed to restore the balance, was actually erected as a memorial to my father and contains his monument; when he would have sickened at the sight of it, and the formlessness of the revised building!

Of course the Master's Lodge should have been built in the fine Louis Quinze style of the College; but my father was allowed a free hand; and he was a purist—that most fatal of all obsessions, because the purist of one century only evokes the hatred and derision of the purist of the next. The house was accordingly built in the nondescript sort of Gothic made fashionable by Ruskin. It was perfectly planned—there never was a more convenient house; but the poor windows,

out of which it might have been possible to look, and even conceivably to lean, were choked by solid stone mullions, not needed to support the walls, in which the sliding-sashes were for ever sticking.

The rooms were all grouped about a big central hall, with a gallery running round, and lighted by skylights—a well-proportioned place; but all the wood used was pitchpine, and the walls were smeared with a chilly-looking, lilac-coloured distemper, on which every hot finger-print of climbing children was visible. The drawing-room had an alabaster chimney-piece, the papers were either a sullen green or else grey, with shadowy vegetation and gold sprays interlaced, the curtains of maroon rep. But the furniture was good, and childhood has few artistic tremors; while the nursery was entirely papered with pictures cut from illustrated papers, and applied by my father's own hands—a labour of love obliterated by one of his successors on sanitary grounds, though what the peril of these varnished pictures, a really delightful collection of mid-Victorian wood-engraving, was, it seems impossible to conjecture. My father would, I believe, have burst into tears if he had heard of the destruction of so many hours of happy work.

The country about was more Scottish than English, all pine-woods and heather, but close to the rich pastoral Hampshire plain. The wild forest tract of Bearwood, with a dark and silent pool hidden among the trees, came close to the College grounds, past which a road led up to the Ridges, a beautiful heathery plateau, looking out, over a steep declivity, on water-meadows

and green pastures, to the Harford Bridge Flats. We children were much in the open air; and I grew up with an extreme love of woodlands and lonely heaths, of streams and pools, of forest depths and rolling views, of homesteads and hamlets.

I had a devoted admiration for my mother, who, though I thought her very old, seemed to me the most inventive, amusing, lively, delightful person in the whole world, who knew exactly what one liked and wanted; and I loved intensely our old nurse, who had been my mother's nurse, and was then about forty. Beth was a little, light-footed, wiry Yorkshire-woman; she was wholly and entirely devoted to us children, though she seldom played with us or told us stories; and when she did, they were generally pathetic tales of illness and death, which we knew by heart, and corrected her if she deviated by a single word from the traditional form. But we felt her love instinctively, and just took our troubles and cares to her kind heart, gentle eyes, labour-worn hands, and rested there. If anyone could help and soothe, it was Beth, and the love I had and have for her is almost the deepest emotion of my life; she claimed nothing, she gave everything; and from morning to night her whole mind was bent on service. She read very little, and could only write with great difficulty; but this depth of devotion given to those to whom she was not even akin seems to me the most wonderful phenomenon in the world.

My affection for my brothers and sisters was

tempered by the fact that we were the rank and file of the community, that their interests clashed with one's own, and that one's conduct was jealously observed and criticised. But we were peaceable children, and lived happily together.

For a long time the nursery life, the little events of the day, the slow-changing seasons, were enough. The summer garden, with its winding walks, its beds of rhododendrons, its larch-copses, its old-fashioned flower-bed, was the centre of life. One had one's secret haunts and harbourages. The wood outside the paling was dangerous, and the heathery moorland held vipers and hidden trenches; and, worse still, there were brick-kilns, towers of mystery, with rough-piled walls and smoky conical tops. Then there were further walks to woods full of hyacinths, to the pine-clad needle-carpeted slopes of Edgebarrow, to the heathery ridge of Cock-a-Dobby, with the little new Roman Catholic chapel, past which Beth used to hurry breathlessly, pushing the perambulator with stern intentness, never turning her head, and declining to answer all eager questions as to what was done there.

But the garden, after all, was safe, with the good-natured, velvet-cheeked, mild-eyed Miles the gardener, going about his work. A little scene comes before me, the sun lying hot on the brickwork of the house, the flies buzzing angrily among the sweet-williams, and Miles plying his watering-pot.

"Miles," say I, "do you say any prayers when you go to bed?"

Miles exhibits some reluctance to be ques-

tioned, with what I now know to have been confusion of mind, but then thought to be only the inconsequent reticence of elders.

"Well then, Master Arthur, I say Our Father."

"Is that *all*, Miles?"

"Yes, Master Arthur, that's all I say."

"Oh, I know many more prayers than that! I know nearly all the Collects by heart. If I taught you the Collects for Advent, you might say some of them as well."

"Thank you, Master Arthur, I don't think I shall be able to do that."

And then the good Miles showed me a silver penny of Edward I, which he had dug up somewhere, and presently gave it me, which treasure I exhibited to my father at luncheon, and he hurt my feelings dreadfully by saying he was afraid I had asked for it. He was disturbed at my acquisitive ways, but I saw no reason why Miles should not give it me. He seemed to me a rich man, probably quite as rich as my father, for all I knew.

II

One does not, as a child, criticise or question arrangements, or think that things can be otherwise than they are, even if one may secretly wish that they were different. It was my mother who opened, one by one, the doors of life to me. I suppose that she was really so near her own happy childhood that she knew by instinct what we were thinking and caring about.

I remember the first time that I was trusted with a real and definite errand by her. She wanted some particular kind of stationery in the middle of the morning, black-edged paper, to write a letter of condolence; that was, I think, the right thing to do in those days—a piece was shown to me as a model, and money was entrusted to me. I hugged my mother in my delight, went up to the nursery to be attired, announced what had happened with a solemn elation, and then set off for a lonely walk of half-a-mile, through the playing-fields, by the racket-court, along a rather terrible gravel path, lonely and unprotected, with the palings of the College gardens on one side, and a turf bank on the other, with loose-leaved birches growing on it, and the heathery moorland beyond. Something might perhaps spring on me there, out of the heather-sheltered trenches; then came Miles's cottage

and safety, and presently the shop near the station. Then came the interview with the kindly Mrs. Bishop, and the anxiety as to making the right choice; and a sort of amazement that my right to make such independent purchases was neither questioned nor marvelled at; and the return journey, with a momentary interview with a friendly master; and finally the happy arrival, and being told by my mother that I had brought exactly what she wanted, and that the change was even more than she had expected. I felt I had contributed to the family finances by my masterly handling of the affair —it was an Odyssey in half-an-hour.

Then too my mother played with us, read to us—the opening chapter of *Ivanhoe* was another door set wide. I did not know whether it had happened, or whether it was "made up," but it lived with all the vitality of art. But I think that the reading of George Macdonald's *Phantastes* was an even greater moment. It seems to me now to be an almost too alarming a book for imaginative children. The shadow of the Ash's knotted hand on the moonlit patch of the forest glade, and the visit to the sinister little house of the ogress, deep in the wood, were almost more than the mind could support. True, we were reading for ourselves Grimm's stories, Hans Andersen, *Frank*, *Harry and Lucy*, and *Alice in Wonderland*; but books read for ourselves had not the solemnity of the book dramatically recited; and best of all were stories told by my mother—she had a wonderful gift of improvisation—the visit of the wood-

cutter's son to the underground hall of giants, and the trap in which he caught his foot as he fled away; or a story called "The Evening Bell," a bell that rang in twilight from the woods, the origin of which was only by accident discovered,—these aroused even more amazement, for one did not know where they came from; they must be thought to have been remembered; the idea of their invention was incredible.

My mother at that time taught us herself—we had no governess. She was a good teacher up to a certain point, brisk and clear; but I think her French was insecure, and she never succeeded in making either history or geography alive for us. But we were not drilled or dragooned, and left very wisely to ourselves; and it is curious that the happiest days I remember at Wellington College were when one went about entirely alone, pushed through the undergrowth of the plantations, dug in the sand, visited one's hiding-places, and added an ink-bottle or a tin match-box to one's stores.

Then the outer world began to flow in a little. First of all in our regard and affection came Granny, my mother's mother. I suppose she was about fifty when I first realised her, but she seemed to be older than the hills. She was a little dignified old lady, who appears to me now to have always been dressed in purple silk; and on her grey hair she wore a large cap with purple streamers. She had a delicate complexion, and had been once a beautiful woman, but she had a pathetic and slightly bewildered expression, prevailingly mournful, and a rather

melancholy intonation. She had been left a widow twenty years before, with six young and clever children. Fortunately she had considerable private means; but her grief at the loss of her husband had been almost morbid, and she had spent a tearful widowhood, drifting about at first to watering-places—indeed it was with much emotion that I found in an overgrown corner of Tenby churchyard, not long ago, the little gravestone of an Aunt Rosy, who died at six years old of consumption; and a little boy died at Bolton Abbey, which had been my grandmother's early home, and is buried in the ruined choir. Finally, she settled at Clifton, and moved to Rugby for her boys to go to school.

She was naturally of a practical and matter-of-fact turn, an excellent gardener, and a great trainer of servants—an art which she had not much chance of exercising, for her maids would never leave her. Her children and my father regarded her with great affection, but with an irresistible impulse to lay little traps for her guileless mind, and to use her own phrases—her mind moved in phrases—against her. They rebelled at one time against a monotonous succession of puddings, which objection she met by saying that many a poor person would be thankful for them. One morning a cartload of manure was deposited in the Rugby garden, and my Uncle William at luncheon warned the party against going there because of the horrible smell, "though it is a smell for which no doubt many a poor person would be thankful." But Granny was more delighted than anyone by the

parody ; and indeed the only flaw in her management of so large and lively a party was her determination that everyone should be happy.

We used to go to Rugby as children for a week or two of exquisite happiness. The meals, organised on Yorkshire lines, fried potatoes at breakfast, cold rich pies, singular preserves, home-baked buns and rolls, were all incredibly delicious. "I can't understand people caring for *luxuries*," said Granny at dinner once. "Give me a fresh trout from the river, a grouse from the moor, and a cranberry tart, and I want no more."

With her lived her sister Henrietta, Aunt Etty. She was one of the most singular women I have ever seen. She had black hair, a strong-featured face with an aquiline nose, and a deep voice like a man's ; she too dressed in purple silk, with an even more majestic cap. She varied between moods of the blackest gloom, in which she was quite unapproachable, and moods of rich and inconsequent humour. She lived later on at Brighton with a companion. In a dark humour she would occupy herself at breakfast in scrutinising every bit of silver on the table, and deposit every piece that was not spotlessly cleaned, on the sideboard, in a long row ; or she would dart from her place, look behind the pictures, rub her finger on the wainscot—and then the maids would be summoned for a dreadful harangue. In a lighter mood all was changed. She went to church with her companion, and they were obliged to share a very small hymn-book. They both made a sudden movement in contrary

directions. The little book flew from their hands into the air, and fluttered into the pew in front. Aunt Etty fell on her knees, and wrestled for some moments with an unholy mirth; a little later she found she had no money with her, and asked her companion to lend her something. A long and tedious search followed—presently a closed hand was extended: "It is but a half-penny, Henrietta, but if offered in faith——" My aunt hurried from the building, and laughed her fill in the open air.

Then there were the aunts and uncles. Eleanor, my father's sister, who married Thomas Hare, the inventor of the system of proportional representation, was a tall, handsome, fresh-coloured woman, eager, generous, impulsive, quick-tempered, an accomplished artist, and very engaging; we used to be half alarmed, half delighted at her sudden protests and bursts of indignation, and her instantaneous and glowing repentances. I remember as a small boy in the nursery making some foolish personal remark to her, meant for wit, and how she rose from her chair with high colour and compressed lips, and swept out of the room, to return a moment later to clasp me in her arms and kiss me fervently.

Aunt Emmeline, Mrs. Woodhouse, wife of a clergyman in Devonshire who took pupils, was of a similar temperament, with an overpowering interest in the smallest details of life, and full of delicious emphasis and exaggeration. She could make the smallest incident into a dramatic story, and her energies were unbounded. "What do you think, Edward," I can hear her say to

my father, "I have found out after all these years what the name of Mr. Armitage's butler is. Just imagine! It is *Jabez Crowe*!"

Then there was Ada, afterwards Mrs. McDowall, a brilliant and inspiring teacher, Head of the Oxford High School, who had my father's gifts for teaching and organisation. She was often with us at one time; she was highly strung, and of a passionately affectionate disposition; and I can remember as a child wondering why Aunt Ada, who seemed so brilliant, yet gave an impression of endurance and suffering. I used also to speculate dimly in my mind as to why on the whole the relation of his sisters to my father were not easier. I understand it now. They were somewhat in awe of him, and so like him in temperament that their family characteristics collided. My father was himself emphatic, enthusiastic, interested in detail, highly coloured in talk; but I think he was rather averse to seeing the same characteristics so dramatically reflected in his sisters. They all in fact admired each other, but each thought that the others went rather too far in the direction of emphasis.

Uncle Christopher, my father's brother, had a handsome head, much like my father, with the addition of a big moustache. He had had a dangerous illness as a child, and his lower limbs never developed. He had a big bust and strong arms, but the legs and feet of a child. He moved about in a wheeled chair, and was carried upstairs by his valet. This we regarded as a pleasant variety on ordinary ways of life. No thought of compassion or sympathy ever entered

my head; I fancied rather that he chose to be like that. He lived in Germany and took pupils, but was often with us; he had a great knowledge of politics and educational science, and used to have animated discussions with my father, in which we were amazed to find my uncle superior in argument. My father had a great respect for Uncle Christopher, who indeed had made a very gallant fight with life, and had come out triumphant, ending by a most happy marriage.

Then came the beloved Uncle Charlie, very like my father in face, but not quite adequately sustained by a small body and delicate limbs. He was a very sociable creature, a great reader of fiction, and a lover of plays. But for years he found no occupation, till he at last obtained a land-agency in Wales, and lived happily at Portmadoc, directing the export of slates. He was a generous, affectionate, hospitable creature, to whom the least experiences of life were an excitement and an amazement. It was impossible not to love Uncle Charlie, with his great brown bowler hat, his well-brushed suit, his cameo tie-ring, his rather important walk, half-determined, half-tottery, with the air of a retired cavalry officer (he was a Major of Militia) and a modest consciousness of sagacity and culture; it was pleasant to note the intense stickling for proprieties, the slight stammer, the shrill, effusive laugh, and the transparent simplicity of his nature, which was combined with a strong sense of diplomacy and social perception.

III

My mother's brothers, Henry and Arthur Sidgwick, were frequent visitors to Wellington, and also Annie Sidgwick, now Mrs. Stephen Marshall, an admirable black-and-white artist, with rare gifts as a caricaturist, which were relentlessly employed upon my mother's youthful escapades and adventures. I have a book of her designs, representing my mother as an equestrian statue, a saint in a stained-glass window, an image of Liberty, out in a high wind with a refractory crinoline, defying the authorities at a railway-station, instructing my Uncle William Sidgwick in the works of Mrs. Hemans, and arrayed for a Royal garden-party. Then too there was Mr. Francis Martin, Bursar and Vice-Master of Trinity, who had been the best of friends to my father in his troubled undergraduate days. Uncle Martin, as we called him, was a gruff, formidable old man, with a shock of white hair, and infinitely kind-hearted, but he was something of a terror to us, because even my father was obviously deferential to him ; while the high collars which scraped and rasped his chin, and his loud, peremptory questions addressed to us in public had a paralysing effect.

Occasionally we had members of the Governing Body as visitors. I seem to remember a big,

handsome man in frock-coat, sprigged waistcoat, and tight light trousers, with a great head of curling hair and large side-whiskers, of breezy and cheerful speech, whom I believe to have been Lord Derby, the Premier. And I have a dim recollection of a short, fresh-coloured widow lady, in deep mourning, who made her appearance in our nursery one afternoon, with my father and mother, inspected the domestic details with interest, and inquired my brother's age. I did not wish to be overlooked, and when he said he was six, I pushed in and said, "And I'm going in five," whereupon I was taken upon her knee and kissed. It was Queen Victoria; and our old nurse called her "My Majesty" all the time.

Then there was the second Duke of Wellington, who came more than once, a white-haired, rather bent man, if I remember, who used to disconcert my father by his very sharp questions. The Duke gave the big collection of the Great Duke's letters and despatches to the School Library. A little later he came down, went to the Library, and taking down a volume of the series from the shelves, said to my father, "Your young gentlemen don't seem much interested in my father's despatches—here's not a page cut." My father afterwards sent for the librarian, and said that the books must all be cut, and for the next fortnight they were piled up in the Master's Common-room, with a stock of paper-knives, and the masters worked away diligently enough. But the Duke was not deceived. On his next visit he drew a volume out, and said to my father, "Here, you have been having these

dealt with ! When people read a book like this, they don't cut *all* the pages ; they cut a few here and there."

Then there was an elderly gentleman who often appeared, Mr. Lyne, the Secretary of the Governing Body and Steward of the College. He was a portly gentleman with old-fashioned manners and rather embarrassing compliments ; I remember the great rotund curve of his nankeen waistcoat, and the little feet, invisible to himself, strutting underneath. Mr. John Walter, of the *Times*, a neighbour at Bearwood, sometimes appeared, a small man with a fringe of hair round his chin, and a rather impenetrable manner ; he was a man of critical and insistent mind, but eventually, after a period of mistrust, a firm ally of my father's.

Broadmoor Asylum was not far away, beyond Crowthorne ; and Dr. Meyer, the Superintendent, a bluff, bearded, handsome man, with a tranquil manner and a dark, kindly eye, was a great friend of my father's, an interesting talker, and of infinite kindness and resourcefulness, very good to us as children. My first introduction to the sociabilities of human intercourse took place at his house. We used to walk up there with our nurse, and regarded the Asylum, which appears to me now to have been an immense building, crowning a heathery height to the north, with a vivid interest. Dr. Meyer had some grandchildren, or possibly nephews and nieces, who lived with him, and on summer days we used to trail up there through the pine-woods, and make our way by the high walls, grim

barracks, tall towers and chimneys, all built of pale brick, with a high sense of adventure; once or twice lunatics walking with warders stopped and spoke to us, offered us flowers, and once some sweets in a bag, which Beth took away and disposed of, with a vague idea that they must certainly be poisoned. Perhaps she was thinking of Miss Edmonds, the famous poisoner, who employed chocolates for the purpose.

Dr. Meyer's official residence was at the end of the buildings. I can see every detail of the house, with its gravel sweep and shrubs; it commanded a wide view, and had a steep terraced garden behind it. Mrs. Meyer, a kindly gentle woman, used to greet us; there were two handsome daughters to whom we were much attached, and a tall loose-limbed son, a boy at Wellington, who amused us with stories about the masters. Then the children joined us, and we played in the garden, or all went out for a walk together. We used to watch with deep interest the lunatics, visible from the garden, pacing about their own terraces. There was one in particular, who carried a telescope; and my particular friend Cecil Meyer showed me that he watched us through his telescope, and that if we then danced about and made gestures, he could be counted on to lay his telescope down and imitate us. I never had any idea that they were criminals, and I do not think I even knew that they were not free to come and go as they chose. They were just people who lived there, and behaved so. Altogether, a visit to Broadmoor was a great social event for us. I can even now recollect,

after an afternoon spent with the Meyer children, when I had showed off, and made jokes, and been generally in evidence, the sense of flatness and reaction which fell upon me at the idea of returning, after so lively and stimulating an afternoon, to the familiar nursery routine.

Then there was a picturesque old gentleman who used to come at examination times, whom we expected with great eagerness—Dr. Michell, Head of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, who had a boy in the school, a great athlete and afterwards a master at Rugby. Dr. Michell had a florid face and a bulky frame; he was loud-voiced, hearty, kindly, full of amusing stories. When a number of texts were applied to Oxford notabilities by some ingenious don, the text appropriated to Michell was, "Ha, ha, I am warm, I have seen the fire," and it exactly expressed him. I recollect that on a sweltering July day, when we were having tea in the garden among the roses, Michell arrived, and came slowly out over the lawn, evidently overcome by the heat. He sate, fanned himself, made jokes, refused tea; and on being asked what he would prefer, said he could fancy a glass of sherry. It was brought, and he drank a couple of glasses, saying to my mother with a glowing face, "I like wine —it's so cooling!" My father always said that he was the best examiner he ever knew. He used to read the papers rapidly, make no marks, but arrange them in order; and he was always right. We had a governess at one time, a Miss Marsh, and when she was introduced to Michell, he said, half to himself, "Any relation

to my old friend the Bishop of Peterborough ?" Without waiting for an answer, he went on to my father—"Did you ever look at old Marsh's sermons ? I keep a volume at my bedside, and if I can't sleep, I just read a few pages—the effect is instantaneous—in a few seconds I am buried in profound sleep." "He was my great-uncle," said Miss Marsh, bridling a little, "and I always heard that his sermons were much admired." "So they are, so they are," said the kind old man, "and for the best of reasons —now did you ever look into them, Miss Marsh ? Not very lately ? Well, if you ever can't sleep, you give them a trial ; and I'll tell you what it is—if they fail, you write to me, and I'll send you a volume of mine."

I remember the arrival of a visitor who stayed some days, a newly-appointed colonial Bishop, who seems to me now to have been one of the absurdest of men. He was handsome, with a great head of hair, his talk entirely about himself and wholly without interest. He was obviously absorbed in the delight of his new clothes ; he had the glossiest hat, the stiffest coat, the tightest gaiters I have ever seen. He was for ever glancing over his shoulders to watch the curve of his shapely legs, or smoothing down his cassock ; and in the evenings his glance was riveted on his silk stockings and buckled shoes. My father was profoundly irritated by him, and when he went away said something to my mother about "gas and gaiters," which seemed to us a harsh description of so pretty a man.

Very different was the kind, solid, hearty,

unaffected Bishop Atlay of Hereford, whose boy was in the school, and who spent a week with us together with Mrs. Atlay, full of pleasant Cambridge stories and rich laughter, and who won our hearts by giving each of us a priceless impression of his episcopal signet.

And then there was my one sight of Bishop Wilberforce. He came down as Bishop of Oxford to confirm the boys. I only remember him in the chapel. I can see him when he came deliberately in, his pale, self-conscious, rather Nonconformist type of face, deeply serious, in his blue Garter ribbon; and recall the noble tones of his voice, delivering his charge with intense earnestness. Three or four years later I was walking with my father, when at our garden gate we met the old College gardener, who was also the chapel verger, a charming and dignified old man. He said to my father, "I am sorry to have to tell you, sir, that we have just had news of the death of the Bishop of Winchester. He fell from his horse yesterday, and was killed on the spot." My father turned quite pale, asked a question or two, and then returned to the house in silence.

So the world began to open for us; and then came a time when we began to go to the houses of friendly neighbours, for garden-parties or afternoon-calls.

Sandhurst Rectory was one of these houses, a beautiful, comfortable house with fine gardens, all exquisitely neat and trim, close to the church, where we were all baptized. The Rector was a Mr. Parsons, son or nephew of a Bishop of

Peterborough, a small, very handsome old abbé, with abundant white hair, very courteous and silent. Mrs. Parsons, a distinguished-looking old lady, with hair like floss-silk, gave us the warmest welcome. I remember the very scents and savours of the neat, fragrant house; and there was a boy there, a grandson, just my age, Willy Boyle, afterwards to be at Eton and King's with me, and one of my greatest friends, a most amiable and humorous creature, and a first-rate musician. He was generally dressed as a little Scotchman, in red tartan, with sporran and stockings, a figure to my mind of the most romantic and charming elegance. We used to play Aunt Sally on the lawn, the little balls we threw disappearing into the cavernous mouth of the cardboard crone.

IV

I SHOULD imagine that it was, on the whole, rather a friendly neighbourhood. At least I remember vague festivities of the garden-party type, to which I sometimes went with my mother—I never recollect my father going to anything of the kind—and these had vague possibilities in the direction of the acquisition of personal property; at one place I was given fossils, at another I was allowed to catch a goldfish; and there were many Christmas-parties and Christmas-trees. But there were two or three specially interesting households, with which we were on terms of greater intimacy.

One of these was the home of Thomas Mozley, whose first wife had been the sister of Cardinal Newman. He lived in a new house at Finchampstead, among very conventional shrubberies, and had married again, a Miss Bradshaw, a very small, dark, eager woman, handsome and decisive-looking. Mr. Mozley himself was an elderly clergyman, sparsely haired, scholarly, with small intent eyes, and a mouth at once good-humoured and critical. He spoke in a high thin voice, and had abundance of rather dry humour. At this time he was doing no clerical duty, but was a regular leader-writer on the *Times*—I believe he wrote three leaders a week—and lived at Finch-

ampstead to be near Mr. Walter. He was often at Wellington, and we always remembered an evening when some of the Wordsworths were staying with us. He took Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth in to dinner, and knew so many details about herself and her family that she felt quite flattered, and inquired of Mr. Mozley how he knew so much about them. "I asked," said Mr. Mozley with simple candour.

Then there was a delightful house not far away, which is connected in my mind with the earliest and most mysterious beckonings of the romantic element in life. This was Yately Hall, some two miles distant, which was then occupied by a widowed Mrs. Edwardes, with two sons and a daughter. The elder son was at Wellington College, captain of the school, I think, and a very promising classical scholar. The daughter Emily was a very great friend of both my father and mother, a tall and gentle girl then, with a look of great sweetness and intelligence. She ultimately went to live at Rome, where she founded an orphanage, and at the same time found time to become a very accomplished archæologist, a great friend of Boni's. Mrs. Edwardes was a small, animated woman, with marked mediumistic gifts. She undoubtedly had some very strange spiritualistic experiences, which I hardly like to record, and of which no explanation could be given or suggested.

We went to Yately by a field-path through pine-woods; then along a narrow lane, with a streamlet running beside it. One day—I suppose I was about eight years old—I found the stream

full of curious black creatures, many hundreds of them, forming dark clusters in places, all moving slowly upstream. They were like short eels, but had fins on their tails. I caught one in my hand, but its wrigglings frightened me, and I hurriedly restored it to the water. I showed them to my mother, and told my father about it in the evening. He happened to see Charles Kingsley on the following day, who was much interested, and went over from Eversley; and then came over to tell us that it was a rare and interesting phenomenon. The black eels were lampreys, not really eels, once a famous delicacy in England; it was of a surfeit of them that King Henry I died. He had never seen such a migration of them before—though they are not uncommon in Hampshire streams—and said that there were countless thousands in the brook.

The brook ran into a little river, the road going through a shallow; and foot-passengers crossed by a high wooden bridge, which at one point looked down into a dark pool or reach, all fringed with meadowsweet and figwort, and overhung by alders. On the right was a great timbered mill, with the waterwheel dripping in a mossy penthouse fringed with fern. It was to my mind, and still lives in my memory as one of the most enchanting of English scenes; the brimming stream with its high grove of trees, the thunder and rattle of the mill, and the farmyard close by; and young as I was, it gave me my first sense of the beauty of the earth, not wild or desolate, but subdued and enlivened by familiar human use. The miller too was an ac-

cessible man, and showed us, in the fragrant mill, with its wholesome savour of floating meal-dust, the flour gushing from the hoppers into sacks;—and sometimes a bag of grain from a laden cart would be drawn up by a chain into a high projecting timbered gallery overhead, and pulled in by a mysterious hand. Alas, when I went there a few years ago, there had been a series of domestic tragedies in the miller's household, and the old mill was gone; there loomed up a new and hideous structure; the trees were felled, and instead of the old warped wooden bridge there was a sensible iron structure—all very businesslike, no doubt, but forfeiting its old unconsidered charm.

We passed on by a bit of marsh, close to an old timbered church—sometimes on a summer Sunday we went to church there. The clergyman was a very aged man, in an odd brown wig—known, I think, as a Brutus wig—reading the service in a quavering voice, with an odd little smacking of the lips in the pauses. "Moab—tut—is my washpot—tut—over Edom—tut—will I cast out my shoe—tut," and so forth. And then too there was a real old barrel-organ; the player pulled out a stop for the tune, and turned a handle,—and a chorus of old wheezy trumpets and flutes came hoarsely from the tall box.

There was kept in that church one of the rarest of ecclesiastical curiosities—sent over obligingly by the clergyman for Bishop Wordsworth to see, when he stayed with us—a pyx, that is to say, a tall silver-gilt cup for the reservation of the sacrament, with little figures of soldiers screwed

on the top, and the fragments of what had been once a sort of crystal tree rising from the centre —that at least is my recollection of it; I believe it has since been acquired by the nation for several thousand pounds!

Then out over the common, to a gate opening on some park-like fields, and up to another gate in a dense grove, with a big pool of water fringed by a brick ha-ha; through the grove, past a stable with a little cupola at the top, and up to the door of a long white front of some antiquity. The house was of moderate size, with a paved hall and small rooms; but at the back of it, separated only by a path from the house, was a long stewpond, with a dense wood on the opposite bank. To the right a pleasant lawn with flower-beds and a big shady tree, and a walled garden; and at the upper end of the stewpond, at a higher level, a further pond, covered with water-lilies, of unknown depth and blackness, and all surrounded by wood.

A more solemn, silent, romantic spot I have never seen; but it was always summer when I went there. What it can have been like on a drizzling winter day, with leafless trees, I cannot imagine. No wonder that Mrs. Edwardes saw ghosts there—it was built on the site of a monastery—silent and hooded figures, with eyes fixed upon the ground.

These pools were all full of fish, and we usually took our fishing-rods, and came back with a basketful of quite big perch and roach. These used to appear at breakfast the next day, and my parents ate very minute portions of them,

very gingerly, with loud expressions of admiration for their exquisite delicacy of flavour.

My father and mother used to go off to the lawn, and sit talking with Mrs. Edwardes in the shade—with the inconceivable inertness of elder people. Dear Miss Emily used to carry us off to the garden for strawberries, joint our rods, put, with infinite contortions of horror, wriggling worms on our hooks, land the fish for us, and finally, after an hour of purgatory, take us, a reluctant band, off to the piled-up tea-table in the shadow of the trees. But the memory of the dark pool in the wood still remains in my mind as a place of changeless mystery and awe; no wind ever ruffled its silent waters, no life ever stirred in its black deeps; it was all still, but for the water gurgling through the sluice, and the sighing of the wind in the high trees.

There was another place not less full of mystery of a different sort, to which we used to take our guests for summer picnics. This was the great Roman camp hidden in the fir-woods beyond Broadmoor, and known as *Cæsar's Camp*. We used to diverge from the Bracknell road at a certain point, struggle up along a sandy track, and suddenly the great *vallum* towered up, all planted with firs, and thickets of Spanish chestnuts, brown with fallen pine-needles. It was a huge irregular camp, with four entrances and a deep ditch all round. There was a keeper's cottage, and not far away a large dry well, which not long before held abundant water, but the spring was diverted in some excited attempt to find buried treasure; beyond the camp, the

pine-woods stretched for miles, and there was a very solemn place, called Winchmore Star, I fancy, where six or eight roads converged, and one could see the tall forest-aisles passing out of sight in every direction. Here in the early days of the College there had stood a gallows-stump, on which some miserable felon had been hanged; but two enterprising Wellington boys went over, dug it up, and brought it back to their dormitories—the only punishment my father could devise was that they should replace it, which was done; but it soon disappeared.

Near this was a clearing in the forest called Wickham Bushes, the site of a Roman town. It had been trenched not long before, and I remember, among the brambles, heap after heap of Roman roof-tiles. We loved to go there, for in all the rabbit-burrows we found bits of Samian ware, Roman nails, even coins—and I myself with a garden trowel dug up before my father's mirthful and astonished eyes a fine medal of Constantine, in excellent preservation.

But best of all were our visits to Eversley Rectory. Charles Kingsley, then about forty-five, was a great friend and ally of my father's, and sent both his boys to Wellington. He used to preach in the chapel; and a vigorous widow, who suspected my father of ritualistic practices, came to a service, and delated my father to the Governors for inviting a preacher whose sermon was patently and excruciatingly Roman in tendency. This was an unfortunate shot, as Kingsley had then but just emerged from his

controversy with Newman, which had evoked the *Apologia*.

The Rectory stood rather low, a white low-windowed house of pleasing aspect, close to the church with its odd brick Jacobean tower, and had great cedars on the lawn. I walked over with my mother one Sunday, and went to church. Kingsley, with flashing eyes, beak-like nose, compressed lips, came slowly up the aisle, looking about him, and went in within a quaint Jacobean screen which guarded the chancel. The curate read the service; and it was a deep surprise to me, used as I was to Kingsley's great eager stammer in ordinary talk, to hear a sonorous voice within, of deep reverence and measured intonation, begin the Communion Service, "Our Father, which art in heaven." He preached, I can even now remember, a vigorous sermon about the misuse of riches, on the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." He was unconventional enough. Not long before, when news of a great fire at Bramshill reached the church during Matins, he summoned from the reading-desk all the men to follow him, told the curate to shepherd the women back to church and finish the service, and then in surplice and hood leapt over the Rectory fence, seized an axe, and rushed off to the fire.

Delicious were the summer days we spent there. Kingsley wore on week-days a grey coat and knickerbockers, big boots, a flannel shirt, with a black tie. He used to come out of his study, crying out a stammering welcome, taking both my mother's hands—he was very fond of

her—and lead us into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Kingsley would be sitting, with her dark complexion, black shining eyes, and a delightful, rather roguish smile. "This is Grenfell, Mrs. Benson," producing a small, expressionless, staring boy, acutely shy, from some hiding-place behind the sofa—"he is going to be a civil engineer, but we don't see much of the civility yet."

Kingsley used to carry us to the study, smelling strongly of tobacco, and load us with strange gifts, West Indian nuts, red seeds, Indian feather ornaments. He told us a fascinating story about an old hunting-knife which lay on his table; and how in a wood hard by he picked up a dead jay just shot, gave it to me and asked my father to have it stuffed—it still adorns my bedroom, as brightly impudent as ever, in a bower of what looks like fried parsley, with a blue sky behind.

Kingsley had by this time turned the flank of his foes, and was rising into honour and dignity every year; instead of being thought a revolutionary socialist, he was regarded as an enlightened liberal, a poetical idealist, and as the prince of all country parsons. We regarded him as an entirely adorable man. We knew he had written *Westward Ho!* and the *Water Babies*, and knew the books by heart. But that did not astonish us; we supposed that any of the Wellington masters might have written just as good books, if they had chosen to do so. My father used to pace up and down with the Rector, laughing and arguing; or we all sate at tea under the great cedar, Kingsley airing all sorts of paradoxes and pouring out endless stories. But we

never thought of him as a famous man, only as singularly kind and amusing, with a real knowledge of the sort of things we liked to have given to us. Then the two girls were very good to us; and there was an amazing brown animal called a kinkajou, a sleepy, comfortable creature, who cuddled and yawned in a cage in the schoolroom, and of which I believed Miss Mary to be the mother.

V

The masters at Wellington College were often in the house, and were very kind to us as children. Their ways, their features, the tones of their voices, are inscribed with useless fidelity in my innermost memory; but there is not much for me to relate about them. They were, I should say, mostly men of the best type of schoolmaster, able, sensible, efficient, and kindly; and the success of the school was largely due to the excellence of the staff. But I suspect that the emphatic and dominant temperament of my father tended to obscure and even submerge their individuality. Like Napoleon's Marshals, they looked loyally after their own brigades, and left the initiative to him; one or two stand out from the rest as salient personages.

Mr. Freer, a small, quaint-looking clergyman, with a clean-shaven face and a considerable fund of quiet humour, left Wellington early for parochial work, and became an Archdeacon. Mr. Penny, who was certainly the closest friend my father had among the masters, was a very tender-hearted, demure man, whose large dark side-whiskers tend even now, as I think of him, to divert attention from his delicate and refined features. He was one, I think, who was made by nature to be a sympathetic and dutiful lieutenant,

glad to be relieved of responsibility, but absolutely courageous in facing it if necessary. Mr. Eve, who had been a pupil of my father's at Rugby, was the most cultivated and definitely intellectual of the staff. He had a somewhat foreign aspect, with his pale complexion and little pointed beard, and I remember that he was almost the only master who would argue questions of general interest with my father and mother, with apt knowledge and eager interest, and with an almost luscious enunciation of picturesque phrases. He became headmaster of University College School, and was very successful there. Mr. Airy, who was afterwards an Inspector of Schools, was a bluff, rather decisive-looking young man, of overflowing good-humour. Mr. Tebbs was perhaps the ablest of all, a pale red-bearded figure, with a look of strain and irritability. He was irascible, unbalanced, had a caustic tongue, and was a good deal dreaded. I expect that he was the one master who enjoyed a complete immunity from my father's pastoral criticism.

Masters were often entertained at the Lodge; and indeed the days when there were dinner-parties were charged with an almost magical sense of something august in the air. I can recollect my mother coming in to say good-night to us in the night-nursery, a radiant vision, in a silk evening dress—with a crinoline which prevented her from approaching too near the bed—the pattern of which seems to me now to have been a sort of purple trellis, in large squares, upon a creamy ground, with birds and

grapes intertwined, and a round knob, like the head of a tenpenny-nail, in the centre of each space. Then, listening earnestly, we could hear the arrivals, the procession to the dining-room, the strange din of talk which burst from the open door, and at last the fairy cascades of music which floated up from the drawing-room—a well-touched piano, and Mr. Penny, in his flute-like tenor, warbling, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," seemed like a foretaste of the angelic song.

Whatever my father was or was not, he was certainly extraordinarily hospitable. He used to bring in two Sixth-form boys to breakfast, not once or twice, but every morning of his life. They were as much a necessary accompaniment of breakfast as my father himself. He did not encourage us to speak to the boys much, and I think quite rightly, but we took an enormous interest, speculated about them, watched their demeanour and manner with the hard observation of childhood, invented absurd names for them, chose what we called "champions" from among them, a very honorary post. On Sundays there came a special set of boys, relations, sons of old friends, and so forth; and a few boys were made very free of the house, such as Arthur Verrall, who often came to our nursery tea, and a delightful Prince Demetrius Ghica, a Roumanian, with charming and easy cosmopolitan manners, who remained a faithful friend and correspondent till the end of his life.

One pleasant custom prevailed: in the hot summer evenings my parents used to dine out

on the lawn, under a grove of birches ; and when I was promoted with my brother to a room of our own, we used to linger at the window, hearing the chink of plates and forks, the talk and laughter of the little group, and see the white table-cloth glimmering among the shadowy leaves.

But as a rule the evenings were very domestic. After tea, we used to be read to, or told a story by my mother, and then go on to the study, when my father would put away his papers, draw us a picture of cathedrals or castles, often adorned with a little poem, or show us pictures out of Flaxman's Homer. I think they were perhaps his happiest moments ! Then he went off to dress, and we elder children used to take books in to dinner, and read them at the corner of the table ; and after being regaled with dessert, slip off to bed through the dim-lit hall.

We generally took in a volume of an old set of *Penny Magazines*, bound up in my father's early days, with rough, effective woodcuts. It was thus that I happened to suffer one of the worst frights of my childhood. I turned a page heedlessly, and discovered a murky picture of a saint, bald and bearded, bundled helplessly into a corner, and holding up a cross against the assault of a looming shadowy fiend with arms outstretched to seize the holy man. Could such things be ? I wondered. I turned the page hastily, but it was too late ; it had me in its grip. And it was little short of agony to say good-night in the warm firelit room, to slip the volume into its place, and rush upstairs to the nursery, imploring Beth's safe-conduct to my

bedroom in the north wing. But the experience was too bad to take anyone into confidence; and I never dared take out a volume of the *Penny Magazine* again, for fear of finding the awful design.

All this time, and indeed ever after, our relations with my mother were perfect. We trusted her, we turned to her for everything; she was the gayest and liveliest, as well as the most perceptive of companions. We were entirely at ease with her, and yet obeyed her promptly and gladly.

It was not so with my father, and I have often wondered if or how it could have been altered, for it seems to me a situation full of pathos. He was passionately devoted to us all. He never punished us for anything. Once only in my childhood was I sent to bed by him, for half-an-hour, for a flagrant though quite unpremeditated lie. He was really too busy for anything. I used to go to the daily school chapel, and walk back to the house with him for breakfast, and then never saw him, except for very occasional lessons, till luncheon. He generally came in late, and I am sorry to say that the later he came in the better I was pleased, because we chattered freely to my mother, but with him were mostly silent. He had a very quick eye for the smallest things, and one never knew if the private arrangements of one's plate would not catch his eye. If one ate untidily, or saved a particular bit for a *bonne bouche*, or made a little rampart of potato to dam up the gravy, he was sure to detect it and remark upon it.

Of course it was not always so; but children are nervous creatures, and there was always the possibility in the background. I remember once quite absent-mindedly walking out of morning chapel, after the boys had gone, but before the masters had descended from their official desks. At breakfast I saw that my father was displeased. He said to me, "I was quite ashamed this morning to see you pushing out of chapel before the masters, as if you were the most important person there. You must remember this, or I shall be obliged to think you are not old enough to go!" I crimsoned, the food became as ashes in my mouth, and I was conscious too of a mild pleasure among the nursery circle at my discomfiture. My mother would have called me a cheeky little boy, and told me I must wait till my elders and betters had gone out. I should perhaps have said, "I don't see why," and never done it again.

Again, I recollect going out for a walk with my sister Nelly and my father. Nelly, who was always full of talk, began to relate some foolish and harmless parodies of Bible stories, such as an imaginary conversation of Jonah with the whale, which my dear old grandmother, who was staying with us, had told us. I was fully aware that my father would not approve, and tried to check my sister with nudges and winks, as she rushed headlong on her fate. "What *is* the matter? Granny told us," she said, and went on. My father stopped her, and said he did not like the story at all, and that we must not make fun of sacred things. I knew dimly that not

only were we rebuked, but that we had got the dear Granny into trouble as well. She told us a day or two later that we must forget about the story of Jonah, and never make fun of the Bible.

The worst of childish morals is that one does not understand principles, and only tries to learn up the mysterious code of right things and wrong things which one's bewildering elders inculcate. And thus I began to use a sort of diplomacy with my father, making the sort of remarks to him I thought he would like me to make—and found it terribly successful too. But he did not know how weighty and heart-searching a thing his displeasure was!

He used to give us odd little old-fashioned books to read, of an improving kind, like *Philosophy in Sport*, where the poor boy cannot even throw a stone without having the principles of the parabola explained to him, with odious diagrams. I used never to read the little books, unless I was to have the honour of a walk with my father, and then I produced some scraps of knowledge for his benefit, and he was so delighted that it only encouraged me to continue. Yet I remember many things he taught us on our walks, by a kind of Socratic dialogue. We were curious and inquisitive, and ready enough to learn, and we were never bullied or tyrannised over in any way. Still, there lay the thunder-cloud in the background. What I did lose, was the memory of easy, confident, loving relations with my father in those days, with his eager love for us staring me in the face all the time, if I could have seen it, or if he could have

expressed it. Yet the door remained shut, and not even my mother could open it for him.

My father used to write his Sunday sermons between Matins and the midday Communion Service, and he has told me that the last sentences were often written while the chapel bell was ringing. This haste and pressure, not giving him time for revision and compression, is perhaps what makes them such beautiful sermons. I often read them even now, and think them deeply moving and impressive. In summer he wrote in the summer-house, in a sheltered corner of the garden; and I can recollect one day racing round there by myself, singing aloud and blowing an imaginary trumpet—and there was the grave figure writing. He looked up with a smile, and said, "That is not quite the right way to behave on Sunday, is it, old boy?" Yet I contrived to feel somehow disgraced.

There was a harmless, chattering hairdresser who used to come over to cut our hair, a great politician of an amateur kind. I suppose that he must have used the words Liberal and Conservative, and that Martin must have said "Please explain," as he often did. An eloquent harangue followed, and much gesticulation with comb and scissors. At luncheon Martin announced that he was a Liberal, and I seconded that by saying I would be a Conservative, with a vague idea that it was connected with jam, which Granny called conserves. My father was rather seriously vexed, inquired into the circumstances, and said that we had better not talk about things which we did not understand. But the hairdresser never came

again! It was the sense of far-reaching and momentous consequences which so haunted my father.

One early summer morning—I was much concerned at that time with the mystery of music—I got up and crept down to the drawing-room between six and seven, and began to pick out chords on the piano. My father had a passionate instinct for art and architecture; but music he regarded as a pleasing accessory to worship, and his only essays in music were singing the air in psalms and hymns an octave lower, and thinking well of Handel in a general way.

He was working in his study—when was he not?—and I disturbed him; he looked in. He was pleased, I think, at my early rising, but I expect that a vision of my becoming a musical dilettante, and perhaps taking to the operatic stage, shaped itself before his vivid imagination, for all he said was, "Hadn't you better read a useful book?" and my musical experiments were at an end, not to return for many years.

VI

But this feeling of awe which my father inspired in us was not inconsistent with, and indeed was the outcome of, a very intense and deep admiration for his visible greatness and majesty; he seemed to us, and indeed was, indubitably and without effort, the greatest man in the place. We saw this in a hundred subtle ways.

Over the boys his ascendancy was very great. I have always thought that an extraordinary proof of this is furnished by the fact that when on one occasion he was dissatisfied with the responding of the boys in chapel, he had the whole school into the Great School and practised them, not humorously but peremptorily, in responding out of the examples in the Latin Grammar. Few headmasters would have risked an experiment so likely to prove ridiculous.

He did not mix at all familiarly with the boys. We used occasionally as children to go and look on at a School match, but I hardly ever remember his being present, except perhaps for a very few minutes. On the other hand, he taught his Sixth Form very diligently after his own fashion, and won the respectful regard of his prefects by his eager reliance on their sense of responsibility.

His teaching was of an original kind, based, I suppose, on the methods of Prince Lee, and

consisted in a minute analysis of words, arrived at by a singular kind of rendering. Of course words in English do not exactly correspond to the kindred words in Latin and Greek, but connote a wider or narrower, or at all events different, set of ideas; and this my father tried to arrive at by an attempt to render in English *all* the ideas suggested. The sentence I have elsewhere quoted is a good instance of this from Virgil, "*Continuo*—from the first and all along; *in silvis*—in the wild woods—none of your trim groves." This process certainly excavated and laid bare the shades of meaning in the Latin, but it was cumbrous, because the net result bore no likeness to the progress or literary form of the original. Moreover, it had the additional disadvantage that the rate of advance was very slow, and the boys never got a wide view of a book or an author.

This microscopical tendency reacted unfortunately on my father's unconsidered writing, for he endeavoured to pack a paragraph into a phrase, and a phrase into a word. I used to feel this about his Greek Testament lessons, which he gave us as children. It became wearisome to get an English version which, whatever it was, was not English. All literary expression is a more or less faulty attempt to render into fixed formulæ a living thought, but the best writing is that which suggests and quickens thought, rather than that which laboriously and exactly represents it; and my father's own visible enjoyment of the books he taught was more inspiring than the *longueur* with which he dissected them.

But nothing ever detracted from the immense effect of his personal presence. If one went with him into College, one felt it an honour to be walking familiarly beside the monarch of the little realm. The erect attention of the porter at the gate, the salutes of the boys, the dispersal of gossiping groups, were like the ripples from the prow of a great seaward-forging ship. A master would be having tea with my mother and us children; my father would enter; the master would rise to his feet, and become a respectful subaltern. I remember going in with him into College to the rooms of a young clerical master, who had preached a forcible sermon at the morning service. My father shook his hand, and thanked him graciously and eagerly for his discourse—the young man blushed for pleasure, and could only utter a few words of thanks.

Then with our guests, my father was always, we thought, the most amusing, interesting, and inspiring talker of the group. I remember when I went to school, my father and mother stayed a night with our head master, O. C. Waterfield, who appeared to be the most formidable, powerful, and impressive person alive, except my father. We were had in to dinner, and there, it seemed to me, the great and dreadful Waterfield became only an eager and vivid participator in the talk. My father had a very full, ready, and well-furnished mind, but he appeared to us to be practically omniscient—there was nothing he could not discourse eloquently about.

And then his public appearances were magnificent; his daily entrance into chapel, Verrall

said, was a ceremony that never lost its impressiveness and dignity, and owed much to his apparent unconsciousness of the scene. I remember seeing him come into the Hall on a Speech-day with King Edward, then Prince of Wales, and thinking how much more elaborate the Prince's gracious and courteous demeanour was than my father's quiet and unembarrassed look.

The result upon us as children was that we were proud of my father, proud of being his children, profoundly convinced that he could do everything better than anyone else; we never regarded the school as his creation, and not at all as the subject of his constant preoccupation and anxiety—it was beyond the power of imagination to regard him as anxious or troubled about anything; we rather thought of it as an institution which he was good enough to preside over, and even punish the boys, when necessary, if they deviated from the rules of rectitude which he laid down for them.

There is an admirable little volume written and compiled by Mr. J. L. Bevir, with the assistance of Mr. Penny, called *The Making of Wellington College*, a most vivid, crisp, and faithful picture of my father's headmastership.

One particular problem it raises, which I find it difficult to solve. There is a continual insistence in the book on my father's extreme severity of discipline, particularly in regard to the infliction of corporal punishment, both in public and in private; and this particular trait seems stamped on the memory of many old Wellingtonians

whom I have met. They all, it seems, agree in thinking that he believed in and used physical punishment far more than was necessary.

Certainly my father did not fall back on corporal punishment in order to maintain his authority; though with his anxious temperament, he may even have had misgivings about that. But he must have believed in the value of it as discipline, because he was in many respects extraordinarily sensitive about the infliction of pain, and his hatred of cruelty was deep and instinctive. When he was a boy, he used to go out shooting at a cousin's house in Yorkshire, where he often stayed; on one occasion the cries of a wounded hare filled him with such unspeakable horror that he gave his gun to the keeper, went home, and vowed never to shoot again—a vow which he did not fail to keep. I remember his once finding me reading a book, given me by an old friend of ours, containing pictures of the shooting of big game, and the harpooning of whales and crocodiles, which I thought entirely exciting and delightful. But he took the book away from me with an air of disgust, and replaced it by a much larger and finer book on natural history, to atone for my disappointment. He was extraordinarily fond of his horses, never used whip or spur, rode with a loose rein, and remonstrated if one showed any impatience with a horse when one was riding with him. He was devoted to our beloved collie Watch, who as a young dog was very obstreperous, and would not allow any chastisement to be inflicted on him; while night after night he used to

shake up Watch's rug with his own hands, and see that he was comfortable. He could not even bear to see one slash at nettles or ferns with a stick—"Let them live and enjoy themselves," he would say.

I find it very hard to understand how with such a temperament he could use corporal punishment with such severity as he undoubtedly did, and even give the impression that it was not distasteful to him. But of course the tradition of corporal punishment as a necessary and desirable feature of public-school life was only gradually dying out. It was not many years earlier that Dr. Keate had said genially at a gathering of Old Etonians that he supposed there was hardly a man present who had not been flogged by him. My father could not have taken this light-hearted view. Moreover, it must be remembered that his first generation of boys at Wellington had been a rough and undisciplined set, brought up in most cases by widowed mothers, and were both ignorant and coltish.

Anyhow the problem remains, that though he was himself almost morbid in his detestation of cruelty, he yet had a solid belief, afterwards much modified, in the efficacy of chastisement. I think it did harm to his work, because it made him more formidable than anything else in the eyes of many boys. I do not think he was regarded as unjust so much as relentless, and we know now that psychologically the terrors, reasonable or unreasonable, of the young have a baneful and even disastrous effect upon their later life and development.

VII

With a view to what he afterwards became, it is interesting to consider what direction my father's religious views took in the early days. He was always a convinced and ardent Anglican, believing in the principles of the Reformation, and yet holding the Anglican Communion to be by true descent and inheritance a branch of the Catholic Church. He held a strong opinion that the real Catholic doctrine had been unwarrantably amplified and even corrupted by the Church of Rome, and he had a distrust of Roman Catholic methods. He was thought, as a boy, by his grandmother who lived in the close at Lichfield, to be inclined to Roman Catholicism, but that was mainly because he was interested in the Tractarian movement, and was fond of attending the Cathedral services. Several of his Sidgwick cousins were strong High Churchmen, loyal to the old High-Church traditions out of which the Oxford Movement originated. One of them, Christopher Sidgwick, became an ardent Tractarian, and built and endowed a church at Skipton, designed by Pugin on what were then advanced lines, and this church was intensely admired by my father as a boy. But he never had a high opinion of Newman's intellect or logical faculty, nor was he in the least

degree affected by the *Tracts for the Times* in the direction of Catholic usages.

As an undergraduate he used to say certain of the offices with Lightfoot daily, and read the Fathers with him on Sunday.

When he went to Wellington College, he could be best described as a moderate High Churchman; he had no leanings to Puseyism, nor did his friendship with Charles Kingsley develop any sympathy with Liberal or Broad Churchmanship.

He had a great knowledge of ritual from the earliest days. I remember his once saying to me that he did not regard it as of great moment, but that it interested him in a congenial way, so that his memory almost insensibly retained the smallest details of ritual usage—"I'm ashamed to seem to know so much about what is really so unimportant." He liked the solemnity and dignity of a carefully ordered ritual, felt its artistic charm and its symbolical power of illustration, but attributed to it no direct spiritual influence. The service in the Chapel was careful and stately in all its accessories, but on the Cathedral model. The boy-reader wore a surplice; the chancel was adorned with mosaic heads of saints; the windows were filled with stained-glass according to an elaborate plan of types and antitypes; introits were sung, and the hymns were arranged on the lines of the old service-books, the same hymn being sung daily through the octave; but the Catholic tradition, in so far as he followed it, was rather disguised than emphasised. For instance, in the rubrical direction about the hymns, no allusion to the

octave was made; the direction simply ran, "Morning, and through the week."

He preached simple and practical sermons, often containing definite explanations and elucidations of Catholic doctrine, but carefully avoiding any catch-words or controversial phrases. A boy might in fact have gone through Wellington College without knowing how far he was conforming to Catholic usages. He was himself fond of liturgical observance; and there were Matins and Vespers every day in the Chapel, with three services on Sunday; yet in his early days at Wellington he even had evening Communions.

In fact, he could be fairly called, as a headmaster, a High Churchman, rather deliberately and sedulously moderate both in ritual and doctrinal statement, and the same was the case both at Lincoln and Truro.

I have more than once heard him tell with approval a story of how he took an aunt of his, a strong Evangelical, to hear Bishop Wilberforce preach, and the Bishop preached a sermon containing very high sacramental views. He was afraid that his aunt might even feel compelled to leave the church, but she sate intent and almost tearful, listening with the deepest reverence. When they came out, his aunt said, "I was always told that the Bishop of Oxford was a dangerously strong High Churchman—but that was a beautiful Gospel sermon, and I shall never believe a word against him again." The fact was that Wilberforce had diplomatically avoided all the cant current phrases of advanced Churchmanship; and this was, I think, my

father's own method. He never disguised what he believed, but I never heard of his giving offence by showing any pronounced denominational bias. He was really concerned with the doctrines themselves, and their practical application to life, with the essence of religion rather than its accidents, and not at all with the emphasising of sectarian or sectional divergencies.

VIII

I EXPECT that perhaps the defect, if it is a defect, in his theory of education was that he regarded it from a Puritan and individualistic aspect, rather than as a training for effective citizenship. My father at that date had very little interest in politics, and feared the touch of a world which he did not know, crediting it, through his lively and anxious imagination, with a hardness and a wickedness which he had never encountered, mistrusting its generosity, and fearing its good-nature as a dangerously attractive and superficial quality. The world of fashion and sport, the club, the theatre, the race-course, the mess-room—all these appeared to him in these early days to be charged with cynicism and unscrupulousness, fatal to the enthusiasm and the seriousness in which he himself habitually lived. He got far more tolerant as he grew older, and found in men and women of the world the qualities which he had believed that they despised. But in these early years he was austere and even rigid; he had the Puritan suspicion of all irresponsible enjoyment, as tending to relax the moral fibre. He had a horror of all waste, a mistrust of all by-paths, and comfortable halts, and arbours of refreshment. He preferred the Hill Difficulty to the far-off view of the Land of Beulah.

In all this he was curiously different from my mother, who cared about the greater issues as deeply as he did, but who got more out of life than he did, gave more in return for it, and saw things in a truer proportion, because she realised that work was a necessary and wholesome part of life, but not the only end of it. If one wants to understand life, one must be content sometimes to sit and watch it, and to reflect about it; and this seemed to my father to be almost a dereliction of duty.

I remember how at a later date, when I was an undergraduate, I was asked by a good-natured old acquaintance of ours to go to a supper-party at a club, at which Irving and one or two other theatrical personages were to be present. I mentioned this casually to my father. He said nothing at the time, but a few hours later put into my hand a long, very affectionate, and rather pathetic letter. He said he would not think of forbidding me to go, but he spoke of it as if it were the parting of the ways, and that if I went to such an entertainment, I might easily be drawn into an attractive current of the world, with much superficial charm and interest masking a vague sort of morality and dubious standards. And he further put me on my guard against the vulgar conception of success as consisting in acquaintanceship with prominent people —all this very carefully and delicately phrased, and with many expressions of his love and confidence. I felt on reading it like a little boat which had come within range of an eighty-ton gun. I made some excuse, and refused the

invitation, and he was deeply pleased by this; though I still think that he anxiously overestimated the force of boyish impressions, and did not allow enough for the buoyancy and flexibility of youth.

But it was all a noble conception, high-minded, unselfish, sincere; and not—this was the strongest point of it—a rhetorical or poetical flourish, but a theory of life to which he was true every day and hour. He never spared himself; and, sensitive as he was, he had many hours of infinite discouragement and self-reproach; but he lived with passionate emphasis, and never gave himself a moment of ease that he had not more than earned.

Something of this was brought home to me, young as I was, by our last Sunday at Wellington College, in the summer of 1873. I heard him deliver his last sermon in the Chapel, an intensely moving and solemn farewell, in which he took no sort of credit to himself for all he had done, and in which there was no touch of even implied complacency, though almost everything on which his eye rested testified to the vitality and sincerity of his work.

The sermon, which he named *The Treasure of Treasures*, was preached on the text, Heb. xi. 26, "*Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt.*" This is the noble and moving peroration:

"Thus for fifteen years I have laboured, often in most salutary trouble, yet with ever-increasing happiness. The trouble is gone like a shadow. The happiness cannot be taken away. I have seen

[*Magall.*

E. W. BENSON.
WELLINGTON COLLEGE. 1869.

[*Hills & Saunders.*

MRS. BENSON. 1871.

you all come here; everyone who labours or is laboured for has been welcomed here by me. I have seen near a thousand men go away to labour in their turn, where and as duty summoned and God ordained. And now I go myself. I came to the newest educational and spiritual work in England, bidden to shape it: I go away to the most ancient. Here I have made rules for others: I go to strive to conform myself to rule. Here I have served the memory of him who snapped the yoke that was laid on modern Europe: I go now to serve memories that are green still, though they budded when Norman strove with Saxon, ere Saxon had done his strife with Briton. Nor can I now forbear one thought, for it is forced upon me: if ever we are disposed to contrast bygone ages unfavourably with our own, we may ask ourselves whether we think the systems we have arranged, the wheels we have just seen begin to turn, will run as freely, will work as adaptably to the needs of seven hundred years to come, as the great institution of the past moves now when seven hundred years have passed over it, age after age ready to become young again. Yes, we may say—if ours too is built on humanity's best, on a true perception of humanity's needs, on a devout humility and eager acceptance of God's work in man and through man. But not otherwise; not if we mistake troubled rills for fountains, and seek our immortality on earth, and hold doubt to be more wise and strong than faith.

"If we build into the same building and trust the same corner-stone, we shall stand like them

and share their strength; for life is one and indivisible, and so shall we be part of the Living Temple of God.

"So shall your hearts beat strong with energy, yet be cool through self-restraint; and your work be wrought with diligence and rendered with cheerfulness, and your faces be bright with modesty, yet bold with frankness, and the grasp of your hands be firm and generous. For you will be men. You will seek Purity, that the souls and bodies you offer to those you love and to all-seeing God may be white and unspotted; Truth, that your speech may be simple and clear; Love, that your friendships may be sound, and that the brotherhood of men may be to you no shadow. But that these things may be, you must fix eye and heart unflinchingly on Christ and His Reproach; you must adore it, you must achieve it, for there is no treasure like the Reproach of Christ, understood and loved and lived."

On the following Tuesday evening, the last day of term, we went to chapel again. He waited for us in the antechapel, and we walked together through the long echoing corridors into the cloistered court of the College. There the boys had assembled. They began by cheering him again and again, and he raised his cap; I could see his lip tremble, and the tears brim his eyes. Then they crowded round him, remembering nothing now but his eager good-will and his hourly patient labour for the place, and began shaking hands. This went on a long time. Good-bye, sir—Good-bye, sir—and presently we went on through the last corridor, to the doorway

by which he always entered the College, and over which he had lately had inscribed " The Path of Duty is the way to Glory." The gusty wind swept in, and whirled his robes about; the place was packed with boys—as he got to the door, taking off his cap, someone cried out, " God bless you, sir "—" God bless you, my dear, dear boys ! " he said, and the tears ran down his face. Then we all went out into the summer dusk, with another roar of cheers. It was the most affecting and beautiful thing I had ever seen or shall ever see.

LINCOLN

IX

It was in 1873 that my father resigned the Headmastership of Wellington College, on being appointed Chancellor and Canon of Lincoln by Bishop Wordsworth. Three years earlier the Bishop had made him his Examining Chaplain and a Prebendary or Honorary Canon of the Cathedral. The idea was that the new Chancellor should start a Theological College. "Where are the schools of the prophets?" he had recently asked in an impassioned prebendal sermon preached at Lincoln. We established ourselves in an old Canonical residence, called The Chancery, on the eastern side of the Close, looking on to the east front of the Cathedral.

The Chancery was one of the most remarkable houses with which it has ever been my lot to make acquaintance. To the street it turned a stately but hardly conspicuous front. It was of red brick, gabled, with a stone pendent oriel in the centre, and a basement lit only by grated apertures. On the right of this front, a cavernous vestibule with an arched doorway, fitted with two ancient oaken gates which could be closed at need, and guarded from the street by a low iron railing, led to the front door. This admitted you into a long, low corridor looking into the garden. On your left, an ancient wooden postern door gave

access to a winding stone stair, much fortified by pentacles and holy emblems, scratched by mediæval masons, against the assaults of evil spirits. Then came a low-browed door leading into what we called the dungeon, a brick-paved vaulted cellar, with solid wooden pillars, lit by glimmering loopholes on a level with the pavement, through which the feet only of passers-by were discernible.

A stately little staircase with heavy balustrades led up to a lobby, with a big mullioned window full of armorial glass. Under this was a heavy door leading to dark cellars, arched, fungus-lined, dusk-scented places, where it was a delicious privilege to go with my father on festal nights, and a heavy responsibility to assist him to decant a bottle of port on a slate slab by the light of a solitary candle.

In the centre of the house was a moderate-sized panelled dining-room, with this peculiarity, that it was below the level of the ground, which sloped steeply up from below the windows to a height of about four feet. It looked into a narrow space of turf, overshadowed by a high stone wall covered with ivy. Beyond it the offices ; and this was one of the most picturesque things in the place. Here originally had stood the Great Hall of the house, but the greater part of it had been pulled down. However, on the left of the flagged passage which led to the kitchen, was a wall of ancient masonry, pierced by three bold fourteenth-century arches, supported by corbelled heads. The left-hand arch led to a pantry, the central arch to a steep and uncom-

promising flight of stairs, and the right hand arch to a store-room. On the right of the flagged passage was a commodious servants' hall. Beyond this was a lofty stone-built kitchen with a big fireplace, and a scullery, and beyond that a long range of buildings forming one side of a small court. Here were larders, store-rooms, a big deserted stable for four horses, a harness-room, and a gardener's room—all these with lofts above ; to the right was a spacious coach-house ; a lawn surrounded by low stone walls and a yew hedge ; here stood a large roughly-hewn Roman sarcophagus of stone, which had been unearthed by some workmen in a gravel-pit hard by. They were preparing to demolish it, when my father intervened, purchased it for a few shillings, and transferred it in a large waggon to the Chancery garden. Beyond the lawn was a row of trees and a back-gate, from which a little lane led out into the Close some way below the house.

From the upper lobby with the stained-glass, of which I have spoken, opened a pleasant little half-panelled room, my mother's sitting-room, looking out on the Close, painted white, with a sprigged paper and an orange carpet. And as I reflect about it, that room seems to me to have been continuously full of light and sun ; but then it was a room to which one always went, whatever happened, and where one was always more than welcome. My mother was not well at the time, and had (I knew long after) a severe mental conflict ; of which I will say a few words later ; but she was never too busy or too tired or too

anything to make her not glad to see any or all of us, to answer the most trivial question, and to throw a certain charm and zest into life, of which she had the secret —the secret of love.

The drawing-room was a lovely panelled room, with its big oriel window looking out on the Cathedral, and down the street either way ; and here there was a high fireplace with a broken pediment, where stood a curious vase, or rather half-vase of blue china, with a flat white back, seen by my father in a shop, and discovered to to be the only vase in the world which could stand securely on so shallow a ledge. A door in the corner of the room led to the winding staircase of which I have spoken, and three steps of it took you to a long narrow room over the porch, with a window at each end, which my father made with great adroitness into a little oratory, where prayers were said night and morning. It had a stained-glass window of three lights—our Lord crowned and robed on the cross ; on either side the Virgin Mother and St. John ; *renovabitur ut aquila juventus tua*, was the legend under his feet. Then there was a miniature harmonium, out of which my mother with some contrivance drew sweet but reluctant music.

My father's study was made by him out of two bedrooms over the dining-room. He must have been more patient than one suspected, for the nursery was overhead, where noise was unchecked ! Beyond it was the schoolroom ; and there, built into the wall, were the remains of the mediæval screen of the chapel, cusped and battlemented, *in situ*. The schoolroom was a

lofty room, with lancet windows high up on each side, the carved beams of the original roof being hidden in an attic overhead. From this, the stairs went steeply down to the servants' hall; and half-way down was a tiny two-lighted squint in the wall, looking towards the chapel altar.

The third and uppermost floor of the Chancery was certainly a very singular place. In the front, above the chapel and drawing-room, were four bedrooms; one used by us children as a sort of museum. One room was occupied by my sisters, one by my brother and myself, and a spare room at the end.

But the nursery and the range of servants' bedrooms were incredible places. One little room looked only on to some deserted leads; then came a night-nursery, then a big day-nursery over the study, and then a range of bedrooms, one opening out of another, with strange humpy flues and ledges, and mostly of indeterminate shape. But my father had a knack for making rooms liveable; and being well papered and whitewashed, they became very comfortable habitations. And one more thing he contrived, an ingenious passage across the roof—*pervius usus tectorum*—by which the old nurse could trot across to her charges in the front rooms, instead of going about a quarter of a mile down to the front door and ascending the winding stair.

It was, then, a house that might seem to have been designed and constructed solely for the delight and satisfaction of children, all mysteri-

ous, tortuous, inexplicable, with unaccountable spaces and solidities everywhere, and expressly devised for the most gruesome forms of hide-and-seek—for it was full of dark corners and empty cupboards and dreadful angles of ambush. That, and its irregular spaciousness, constituted for us its perfect desirability. I doubt if I shall ever quite recover from the shock I received when, playing hide-and-seek on a dusky, rainy winter evening, and having entered the solemn muffled state-bedroom to examine a cupboard, something stirred and creaked behind me in the silent room, and I saw my brother slip from a dark alcove to the doorway and intercept me.

Such was the Chancery, representing no doubt the requirements of a wealthy mediæval ecclesiastic, and improved into the family mansion of a well-endowed eighteenth-century pluralist. There was a tradition, for instance, that a former occupant of the Chancery, son of a Bishop of Lincoln, held the Chancellorship, together with another rich stall at another Cathedral, and half a dozen fairly good benefices. *Non magna loquimur sed vivimus*, was the family motto on the portrait of just such an ecclesiastic at Pembroke College, Cambridge, which Gray the poet ironically translated, "We don't say much, but we hold good livings." The duties of the post had been in mediæval times the inspection of schools throughout the diocese. But such duties had long fallen into abeyance, and all that was legally required of my father was to reside for three months, preaching once each Sunday, and by tradition to deliver a few lectures in the

Chapter-house. But the singular thing about the Chancery was that until my father created a big study by throwing two bedrooms together, there did not appear to have been any room in the house which could have served as a study! I suppose that, as a matter of fact, for the last century or two, the Chancellors had really only been visitors for the short term of their residence, and that their home had been some country rectory.

The garden was perhaps the most interesting and beautiful feature of the place. It lay at the back of the stables which I have described, and was approached by a dark passage through that building. It must have contained some two or three acres. On the left-hand, as you came in, was a mound overgrown with elders and with two or three big trees, one a cervise tree, if that is the right spelling, with a pale buff bark, which produced clusters of berries. On two sides, north and east, there were high red-brick walls, closely set with old peach and apricot trees, which screened the garden from other gardens in the Close. But it was impossible to disentangle the intricacies of the place, except by surveying it from the top of the Cathedral tower, and the gardens were of such erratic and irregular shapes, fitted in like a mosaic, that I never even knew who our neighbours were. In the north-west and north-east corners of the garden were two solid and lofty towers of the old city wall, covered with ivy, and showing ruinous parapets and battlements. The south-west tower had a steep flight of steps leading up to it; but only

the ground-floor room, a dark vaulted place with no windows, belonged to us. The upper stories of that tower communicated, I believe, by turret-stairs, with one of our neighbour's gardens.

The first time we ever visited the Chancery, before we went to live there, my brother and myself, boys of twelve and ten, went off to explore the garden, and found this room. We pushed the door open and went in, but the entrance was so shrouded in festoons of ivy that the place was in total darkness. We felt all round it, hoping to discover an exit, but finding none, my brother proceeded to cross the room. His foot struck against some boards in the centre, and he stood still for an instant, when to our consternation we heard the crash and thud of something falling down into a well or oubliette between us. We had the sense to grope our way back by the walls and to return with a candle, and we found that in the centre of the room, covered by mouldering planks, was a stone shaft leading down to a large vaulted chamber beneath. This had once been used as an ice-house and then abandoned. A step farther and my brother would himself have fallen down the hole, and very likely have been killed. I can even now remember the sickening thrill of horror which came over me at the sight of the cavity. My father had the orifice carefully covered with a stone; but no consideration would have induced me ever to have entered the room again, and I do not think that I ever climbed the sinister little stair during the whole time that I was at Lincoln.

The north-east tower was more accessible. It had a vaulted chamber on the ground-floor, used to store vegetables, and a stone staircase within, leading up to a roofless room with deep embrasured windows, and to a stone-parapeted balcony looking down into curious lanes, winding out to the country among high blank garden walls. The tower was a delightful place for childish war-games. From the tower to the garden end ran a thick battlemented stone wall, with solid buttresses. At one time, being inspired by a passion for excavation, I dug a pit, spending many mornings on the work, between two of these buttresses, and was rewarded by finding much Roman pottery and also, strange to say, a large quantity of mediæval quarries of glass, painted with patterns and emblems; but the glass was rotted by long sojourn underground, and when it dried it crumbled into pellucid yellow dust.

The garden was full of fruit-trees and vegetable-beds. On Saturdays, when my father was in residence, he used often to walk in his cassock up and down the garden-paths, with a small notebook in his hand, to which he occasionally referred. Hitherto he had always preached from a MS., but now he determined to learn to preach extempore; which he soon attained to his own great comfort, and to the benefit of his congregations.

Near the north-west tower was a space of grass. When lawn-tennis was first introduced, my father was anxious that we should play it; but being economically disposed, we had only

wooden bats, with thin flat handles, made by the Cathedral carpenter; and the court was marked out, at my father's suggestion, by tape fastened down by hairpins. It was a singular game, one interesting feature being that if a player caught his foot in a tape, the whole marking of the court was transformed into a sort of rhomboid, instantly obliterated, and the ground strewn with hairpins. My father himself played, zealously but inefficiently.

On the wall beside the court he put up a little incised slab of slate to the memory of an old and beloved white tom-cat with blue eyes, long an inmate of the house. He was called Rector, because he discharged his mousing duties by deputy. In later life he broke his leg, which mended, but left him lame, became wild and melancholy, and pined away. We used to see him as we played, stalking about among the gooseberry bushes; but he would never allow us to approach him. The quaint inscription ran:

> Hic positus Rector, bello generosior Hector,
> Victo mure catus, tamen icto crure necatus;
> Qui servis aris, sic tu recoli merearis;
> Sic terrena super stes alba prole superstes.[1]

When we first came to the Chancery, it was necessary to level a great deal of the ground in the front garden, as it had accumulated, in some

[1] Here Rector lies, a warrior more gallant than Hector,
Slayer of mice, yet died of a broken leg;
Thou that dost serve the altar, earn remembrance thus,
Thus beyond this earthly life, survive in progeny unstained.

mysterious fashion, so much that it made all the lower rooms of the house damp. I shall never forget the extraordinary mass of things found in the excavated soil; every spadeful contained something: Roman pottery in abundance, Roman glass, mediæval pottery with quaint coloured patterns, Roman coins, mediæval tokens, coins of every date, hundreds of tobacco and opium pipes, dating as far back as the Commonwealth, spurs, daggers, knives, as well as some curious fossils, the gathered rubbish of sixteen hundred years. This was all sorted out into a cabinet, but has long ago disappeared.

I shall never forget the first walk we ever took at Lincoln. The first few days had been spent in moving furniture, hanging pictures, arranging books, which as children we thoroughly enjoyed; but at last exhausted nature gave way, and my father took us all out for a long walk. We went through Lincoln and out towards the low heights of Canwick, which rose on the farther side of the river. As we went up the slope of Canwick we saw a curious thing. Across the fields at some distance a great fountain appeared to be playing, sending up a white column in successive jets. We lost ourselves in conjecture, my father suggesting that it was probably the town waterworks; but a bend in the road revealed to us that it was a windmill revolving at some distance, the building itself hidden by the hill, and only the sails emerging laterally and perpendicularly. But there was something wrong about the walk. My father talked eagerly and continuously; yet when we came back, we

all agreed that there was something serious the matter. It was not till many years later that my father, talking to me about mental depression, said that the most acute and intolerable attack he had ever had was on a certain day just after we had arrived at Lincoln. He added, "Perhaps you will remember that we saw a windmill, and thought it was a fountain?" I did indeed! The farewell to Wellington, the move, the new duties and the new circle, had all combined to bring about a terrible reaction, and the shadowed mood had made itself felt by us, even though my father had done his best to disguise it.

X

Even at the age of eleven, when we went to Lincoln, and when I had little sense of artistic values, I felt in an ignorant and untrained way the extraordinary charm and varied interest of the place. The Cathedral was of course the central fact. I will not attempt to describe it in detail; but to walk from the Chancery past it was always a delight. The view of it from the Chancery front-door comprised the east end—in which even then I disliked the packing-in of *two* great decorated windows under the gable: the lower one which gave light to the Choir was beautiful enough, with its cusped circles and simple design; but above it was another, fitted into the gable, which could and did only give light to the roof above the vaulting; and that was a pretentious ornament.

To the right, seen across the turf, was the exquisitely graceful Early English Chapterhouse, with its flying buttresses and pointed leaden roof. It was seldom used, but even so, it had evidently had a very real and vital meaning once, with its stone-niched seats for Bishop, Dean, Canons, Archdeacons, and the fifty-two Prebendaries. But it was only used for an occasional lecture, the installation of Prebendaries, and the very rare meetings of the whole Cathedral body,

which were purely ornamental, as there was no business for them even theoretically to transact.

You passed slowly by the Cathedral, and the rich clustered chantries, the double transepts, the great Galilee porch, appeared each in succession. It was quite a long walk, and it seemed as if the huge recessed and buttressed place, with its high gables, its lines of lancets, the grey roof above it, and the dim intricacies of the great central tower, would never come to an end; and on passing the Galilee, one saw the Nave and the western towers and the so-called Screen. The Nave was a little commonplace, but the Late Perpendicular western towers, with their projecting corner-turrets, were most simple and beautiful, both in tint and in the gently massed light and shade. The Screen was more curious than beautiful, seen from the back. It was built out on either side, to give simplicity, I suppose, to the somewhat confused and crowded buildings at the west, and it was of the same height as the Nave; but it revealed itself as a mere screen, with no solidity or use. It had rows upon rows of arcades, and terminated in two mouldering statues on pinnacles, at one end St. Hugh, at the other the swineherd of Stow, with his great horn.

Then turning the corner of the pinnacle base, you came to the west door; and this never failed to stir the imagination; for imbedded in the screen were the rude blackened friezes, and the almost classical alcoves of the old Church of Remigius!

On entering, much of the western end of the

nave was filled by some plain classical seventeenth-century stonework, designed to support the towers, always too heavy for their position. Then the great church opened up, with the organ towering up above its recessed stone gallery, giving that air of mystery about what lay beyond, which is better than any so-called vista. And here was the great view across the transepts, with the huge rose-windows at either end: the north, a pattern of plain cusped circles, and filled with deep glowing thirteenth-century glass, called the Dean's Eye, because it looked out to the Deanery; the other, the Bishop's Eye, looking south over the Old Palace, a marvellous piece of entwined flamboyant work, like a network of rippling streams, and filled with fragments mixed in no order, collected from all the windows of the church, smashed, I suppose, by devout Puritans. In the centre rose the two lower stages of the central tower, acting as a lantern, and giving just the touch of dim height that the building required—for the Cathedral is somewhat low for its size.

Two incidents I remember here. One was when some men of science asked leave to try an experiment connected with the earth's motion, and a heavy leaden weight was attached to a wire fastened to the roof of the central tower. This passed through a hole in the vaulting of the lantern, and the plummet hung a few inches from the floor. We saw this fixed one evening just after Vespers. The weight was then drawn up to one side by a workman in a loop of string, and the loop was burnt through by the applica-

tion of a match, so that the weight, when released without any jerk or sidelong movement, was left swinging in a very slow and rhythmical fashion from east to west. It was then left to its own devices and the Cathedral was locked up for the night; but when the next morning we went in with my father before Matins, the weight was still swinging very slowly and deliberately, but from north to south, the bias being communicated to it by the rotation of the earth—very mysterious and awe-inspiring in the sense that it gave a hint of some hidden force, not sudden or violent, but bound up with the deep nature of things.

Here, too, coming away from an evening service with my father, I remember seeing a handsome, upright, elderly clergyman standing, with marked features and silvery hair, looking up at the roof of the choir. On seeing my father, he came forward, and shook hands, saying, "Here I am, Benson, *gaping* at your Cathedral!" It was W. H. Thompson, then Master of Trinity, my father's former tutor; and I was struck by the eager deference my father showed him.

Then passing under the organ gallery, you entered the Choir, with its rich woodwork, and the pinnacled arbour which formed the Bishop's throne. In every stall here hung a little board with a gilded frame, each giving the name of the prebendal estate anciently annexed to the stall, and the psalms which the Prebendary was required daily to recite—for the whole Psalter was to be said daily by the Prebendaries of Lincoln. Thus one would have "HEYDOUR cum

WALTON, *Cum invocarem, Verba mea auribus*," —that indeed had been my father's stall, when he was made a Prebendary three years before becoming Canon. Some of the stalls bore quaint enough titles, such as DECEM LIBRARUM or SEXAGINTA SOLIDORUM. The stall of BUCKDEN was appropriated to the Bishop, because the Episcopal Palace was there in former days, and the Bishop held the Prebend and the Lordship of the Manor. The last stall on the left, which had been the Treasurer's, bore the inscription DALDERBY, *Letania*. When the Cathedral was plundered of its treasures, by some grasping monarch, the then Treasurer, so the story went, threw down his keys in the sanctuary, and said, "Abrepto Thesauro, desinit Thesaurarii munus." The office having fallen into abeyance, an additional prebend was founded, and as there was no psalm left to allot to it, it was appointed that the holder of the stall should daily recite the Litany.

At the west end of the Choir was a curious survival. The names of the ancient Archdeaconries formerly in the Lincoln Diocese, when it stretched from the Humber to the Thames, were still on the boards, such as ARCHIDIACONUS HUNTINGDONIÆ, and ARCHIDIACONUS BUCKINGHAMIÆ, long since absorbed into other dioceses.

The western part of the Choir, in the most severe and stately Early English style, was St. Hugh's work, and wonderfully beautiful. Then, east of the stalls, the line of the aisle-walls was broken by the slender eastern transepts, curiously propped by transverse beams, deco-

rated with the flimsiest Strawberry Hill Gothic fretwork. Then came the Angel Choir, early Decorated work, so called from the exquisitely beautiful sculptured angels in the triforium. The aisles here were rich in ancient monuments and chantries, and behind the poor modern reredos was a waste space, once the Lady Chapel, with many great Gothic tombs, and a curious tabernacle of black and yellow marble over the tomb of St. Hugh, his monument having been destroyed for the singular reason that it was the scene of many miracles of healing.

In the north aisle were some strange chambers —a long sacristy, and a dark high chamber, once a mediaeval dispensary, where in high stone niches and awmbries I seem to remember old china jars, blue and white, with mysterious inscriptions like IVLEP. MENT. and SYR. CERAS. A door here—I cannot now remember the intricacies of the place—led to the Cathedral workshop, where I remember seeing a sheet of lead cast for the roof. An iron trough, at the upper end of a long slope of damp sand, was filled from a cauldron by means of ladles ; then the trough was tilted by a lever, and a broad cascade of flashing white metal ran in a shallow ripple over the sand, and dripped smoking and steaming into a water-trough at the end.

We became as children extraordinarily familiar with the whole detail and fabric of the Cathedral, both without and within. I think it was very wise of my father to do as he did, namely, to allow my elder brother and myself to borrow his pass-key at any time, which

unlocked every door in the Cathedral, and to range freely about, without any conditions or fussy precautions. It had a certain element of risk about it. I myself had a remarkably good head for heights, but my brother less so. We had one day ascended to the north-west tower, and had gone out along the nave clerestory. This consisted of a narrow stone ledge, with no railing of any kind, some 60 feet above the ground. Every few yards, between each window, the gallery entered a narrow passage, behind the shafts which supported the vaulted roof. We had crossed about four of these spaces, my brother in front, when, as I was advancing along one of the open ledges, I heard ahead a stifled gasp. He was ensconced in one of the narrow passages; I found him white and shaking. "I can't go on," he said, "and I can't go back." It appeared to me at the moment a pure piece of imagination, but I saw, on joining him, that he was in a very much agitated condition. I said, "Will you sit down here and wait, while I go and fetch someone?" "Oh, no," he said, "I couldn't wait here alone—I don't know what I might do." At last I persuaded him to come back, holding my hand. It was, though I did not think of it so at the time, really rather a ghastly situation. If he had reeled or staggered or grown faint, I could not possibly have saved him. We said nothing about it to our parents, but my brother would never venture out on an open gallery again.

But we wandered everywhere, in the great dusky roof with its cobwebbed timbers, and the

dark pockets of the vaulting going down on either side, wells of blackness—along the narrow leaded pathways between the roof and its parapets—I remember that the north side of the nave roof had practically no parapet, and was a dizzy place—across the transverse beams of the eastern transepts, with their flimsy traceried balustrades—up endless turret-stairs, with loop-holes at intervals, always looking out in unexpected directions—across the lofty galleries of the lantern, from which you peered down into the hollow pipe-crowded interior of the organ, and from which the people in the Nave looked like small beetles—up to the tops of the towers, where the houses of the Close, with their appended gardens, lay out like a map, and one saw strange proximities and interlacings of premises, never suspected down below. It was a wonderful experience to get to know a vast and magnificent building like that, not only in its superficial aspects, but to penetrate the secrets of its skeleton, its arteries and veins. It was not with affection or even admiration that one regarded it, so much as a mine of perpetual interest—to observe, for instance, the elongation of the figures in the Angel Choir, designed to be seen from far below, or to cross the gallery under the great rose-window, and see that the glass, which looked so rich and luminous from the floor, was here a hideous labyrinth of wriggling lead and coarsely coloured fragments.

There was considerable anxiety at one time as to the stability of the west front. High up in the roof, in a kind of ruinous chamber lighted by

a window looking out to the west, was a curious arch of masonry called "the Stone Beam," with a very low and flat curvature. which ran from side to side of the room. We cherished a belief as children that if this arch were to snap, the two western towers would fall; there were at this time ominous cracks in the sides of the chamber, denoting a serious settlement. I went once with my father and a young architect to the place. They pasted very carefully pieces of brown paper across the cracks. A week later we went again, and found several of the papers torn down the middle by the parting of the cracks; but this was believed to be a local settlement, not affecting, it was thought, the stability of the building.

Subsequent events have, however, unhappily proved that this confidence was misplaced. In spite of frequent and costly repairs, it has lately become clear that a progressive and dangerous disruption has been taking place for many years; and at the present moment a complete renovation is being carried out by means of a fund raised by the very laudable energy of the Dean and Chapter.

At one time there came to stay with us an old school and college friend of my father's, Frederic Wickenden, afterwards Prebendary, to work at the Lincoln muniments. He was a very delicate man, often completely invalided, but a beautiful artist and a learned antiquary. He was much beloved in the nursery for his jests and ready laughter, and his unfailing willingness to play and romp with us till he retired breath-

less from the scene. He was a neat, precisely dressed little man, with a delightful smile, and hair parted down to the nape of the neck and brushed over his ears. One habit he had, which I shall never forget. He had some cardiac trouble, and his voice used suddenly to fail him in the middle of a remark; but he continued to speak in a loud and distinct whisper. We regarded this not as a physical necessity, but as a deliberate practice, an agreeable variation on ordinary conversational methods. He stayed with us for weeks together, and used to set off after breakfast to the Muniment-room, over the Galilee Porch, which had an iron door opening from the transept turret. He took me with him once, and I shall never forget the sight of the place—deal-boxes, shelves, pigeon-holes, crammed with bundles of papers black with age, shrivelled parchments, deeds with huge beeswax seals attached, the whole thing incredibly filthy and neglected.

He had the neatest fingers and the most delicate power of manipulation; he used to unroll, damp, cleanse, and press the ancient parchments, and slowly reduced the room to some sort of order. His best discovery was one of the original copies of Magna Charta issued to important boroughs. The Bishop a little later, as a reward for his gratuitous labours, made him Prebendary, of Kilby, I think, and I doubt if any piece of Church preferment ever gave such innocent pleasure. The stall was of course unendowed, but the holder of it had the privilege of being liable to a fine of a guinea if he did not

preach the choir sermon when it came to his turn. I do not think Wickenden ever preached —perhaps he was afraid of having to whisper; but he wore a neat rosette in front of his hat with guileless satisfaction.

Out of the North-east Transept was a door which led to the Cloister and the Chapter-house. It was a fine Gothic cloister-garth, with a turfed enclosure and several graves; but the north side of it was taken up by a severely classical façade, thought hideous in those days, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, where the Chapter Library was, containing some rare MSS. and books. At a somewhat later date, an antiquary, seeing in a book catalogue a volume announced for sale, containing some mediæval MSS., bought it at a low price; it turned out to be a book of ancient charters, belonging to the Cathedral, bound together, which had been lent by a Canon of an earlier date to a clerical friend, not entered in the register, and eventually sold by auction, on the sudden death of the clergyman to whom it had been lent, with the rest of his library! But the main interest of the Cloister to us was a gravestone in the floor, on the way to the Chapter-house, bearing the name *Elizabeth Penrose*. This proved to be the grave of the celebrated Mrs. Markham, whose *History of England* we had used in the school-room, a book which we regarded with a mixture of awe and dislike.

Two other appendages to the Cathedral I regarded with a singular interest: they were two large side-chapels at the west of the nave-

aisles, abutting on the stone screen. One was a dusty, gloomy place, fitted up with panelled seats, oak tables, and partitions, and used on rare occasions as a Consistory Court for ecclesiastical offences; the corresponding chapel on the north side, called the Morning Chapel, was a very beautiful one. Its roof was supported by a lofty shaft of Purbeck marble, most delicately carved into a cluster of shafts, not circular, but sharply edged. To what use the place had been put before we went to Lincoln I do not know; but when we first arrived, its only ornaments were very singular ones. It had a high pew of eighteenth-century oak running along its western side. In the centre of the east wall it had the figure of a dove, in a glory of rays, flying downwards, the whole painted in pale pearly hues. Stranger still, on a high stone bracket was propped a large figure, painted on a thin board, in coarse colours much subdued by age, of David crowned and robed in scarlet, striking a large orange harp, supported on his knee, with a very abstracted air,

His looks commercing with the skies.

What the date or purpose of this uncouth object was I never discovered, and I daresay it has now disappeared. But it gave a peculiar flavour to the chapel.

This Chapel my father caused to be fitted up with rush-bottomed chairs; it was not thought expedient to introduce a second altar, but the altar-space was occupied by a green hanging with flower-borders, worked, I think, by the Miss

Wordsworths; there was a reading-desk and lectern; and the foot-pace was lighted by tall brass candlesticks, six feet high, with crudely painted wooden cylinders; and the Chapel was used for daily read Matins at 7.40 o'clock, attended as a rule by the students of the Cancellarii Scholæ, some of the Cathedral workmen, and a few of the devout. After my father's death we gave, to be placed in this Chapel, a plain wooden pastoral staff, which he used at Addington, with an inscription by the late Dr. Verrall. The Chapel was divided from the Nave by a stone screen, pierced by quatrefoils.

Not far away from the Consistory Court, between two pillars of the Nave, stood the great black basalt font of Remigius, a splendid barbaric object, rudely carved in low relief, and communicating to the scene the sense of direct connection with a remote past, which nothing else in the interior of the building could indicate.

Such was the great church as it presented itself to the eyes and mind of a boy fifty years ago, and remaining stamped on my memory with an amazing clearness of outline—for I have not visited Lincoln more than four or five times since, and then only for a few hours. It is hard to say what precise effect it all had on the mind. It gave me perhaps a sense of antiquity, and, what is perhaps even more important, a vague sense of the close and intimate linking of the present with the past; and besides that, it initiated me into the ecclesiastical tradition, a peculiar and intricate thing, with a sober dignity and beauty of its own—the beauty that

is independent of any luxury or costly outlay, like the beauty of a crag or a cliff, but all essentially indistinct,—so little did one realise any personality of the old artists who had contributed to the majesty of the design, and even less, in those childish days, connect the Cathedral with any aspiration of the spirit or purpose of orderly living—it was simply there, dominating the place, forcing itself stubbornly on the mind, as the crag-buttressed mountain dominates the lower moorland.

XI

Lincoln, that is to say, the Castle and Cathedral and the older part of the city, lies at the extreme southern end of a long low ridge or spine which runs due north nearly up to the Humber. From the Cathedral, a very steep slope descends to the Witham, a sluggish river; and on the other side, the heights rise again and continue southwards. It consequently stands in an extremely commanding and impressive position. Perhaps the most romantic of many romantic things at Lincoln is the old Bishop's Palace, which has now been partially restored, and where the Bishop now lives. As we knew it, you went in at a stately floriated archway between the Vicar's Close and the Chantry-house—itself a beautiful little building. Passing a stable, you came on the left to what, when we first knew it, was a great semi-ruinous tower, built by Bishop Alnwick. On the right hand there was a very steep slope, covered then with apple-trees, elder-bushes, and masses of periwinkles, running up to the great rough blackened stone walls which formed the terraces of the Precentory and Subdeanery gardens, with the Cathedral, unimaginably huge, looking over.

At the far end of the great enclosure was a fine solid Queen-Anne stone house, now included in the Palace, where the Chapter Clerk then lived;

but below Alnwick's Tower was a gigantic welter of ruins. A steep grass road led from the tower down the slope; on the left were the remains of the old chapel with an immense dimly-lighted crypt; to the right a roofless hall, with many pillars still standing, planted as an orchard. Down below, once connected by a bridge with the main building, was a state-parlour, and an immense kitchen, with a brewhouse beneath, a great dusky frowning pile of stones, looking out over the town and river. The rooms occupied in mediæval times by the Bishops, with a smaller hall, also looked out to the south. It had all been ruinous for two hundred years, and was overgrown with ivy and creepers, and the slopes covered with bushes. Below the ruins, and still on a steep slope, were meadows of rough grass and enclosed paddocks.

It is dreadful to reflect that the Chapel had remained nearly perfect, till in the eighteenth century a kindly Bishop gave the Chapter leave to use it as a quarry for the repair of the Cathedral, of which privilege they took full advantage.

Alnwick's Tower was restored by Bishop Wordsworth in the course of our time at Lincoln, and was used as lecture-rooms for the growing Theological College; but we used on hot summer afternoons often to take books and sketch-books to the Old Palace, sit in the orchard among the apple-trees, or even in some cool vaulted chamber facing south, with the fitful wind wandering in through the open embrasures, and looking down over the close-packed houses of the town far below, with the smoke of the factory chim-

neys drifting northwards, the old towers of the ancient churches standing up above the house-roofs, the shining line of the river running out among the fields, and the steam of trains speeding away west and east into the wide spaces of the fen.

Another feature of the hill-top was the irregular mass of the Castle, a little west of the Cathedral, a great frowning, massive pile, with a tower and a many-sided Norman keep, and lofty blank curtain-walls. The Castle had had a great and perilous history. Parliaments met here, and kings held festival, and even suffered imprisonment here. But it hardly existed for us because it was an assize-court in our time; and I remember little of it except its blackened and threatening portal, dumbly confronting a little cobbled piazza surrounded by tall red-brick houses.

Then there were the *gates*, which communicated a delightful sense of antiquity to the whole place. On the road to Riseholme, once Ermine Street, where the packed houses ended, and detached suburban houses, interspersed with fields and trees, began, was a veritable Roman arch called Newport, spanning the road, with a dark postern and passage-way to the right. The top of the arch was irregular, and there was, I think, no keystone, just a semicircle of heavy blocks; to the right, fragments of grey rubble-walls of great thickness skirted a turfed *vallum*.

The Priory Gate, leading into the Close, was a wretched modern Gothic affair, no ornament and a considerable inconvenience; but the

Exchequer Gate, at the west of the Cathedral, contained some old features, though much dallied with by restorers, and coated with modern stone. Potter's Gate, however, just below the Chancery, was a fine gloomy turreted archway with a chamber above, very grim and mediæval. The archway of the gate is both dark and narrow, and rather a perilous place for vehicles; the road has now been diverted, and taken round to the west of the gate; but in our day it closed the little street in an uncompromising manner.

Then, finally, there is the Stone Bow, down in the centre of the town, in the High Street. It is a most dignified and beautiful structure, of Late Perpendicular work, with a central roadway, and two lesser arches for the use of foot-passengers, one on either side; above, there is a long range of windows, and some sculptured angels. The room over the gate was used as a Guildhall. The gate must be to a certain extent a difficulty for the traffic, but it is to be hoped that an adjunct so stately and picturesque may never be sacrificed to utilitarian considerations.

A little farther down, the Witham passes under the street. On one side, where you can see the river flowing eastward through close-ranked houses, stands a quaint obelisk and conduit on the site of an ancient chapel; on the other side the houses are continuous. And here there was a passage, leading to a steep flight of steps, by which one could descend to a towing-path, and see a view which used to appear to me in childish days one of the most romantic and impressive things in Lincoln: the river flows sullenly in

under a dark arch, and is hemmed in by lofty and somewhat sinister-looking houses of red brick, and high black-timbered warehouses. It used to remind me of descriptions in *Oliver Twist*, and we firmly believed—perhaps there was some legend to the effect, for it was called Murder-hole—that it had been the scene of secret and atrocious crimes, of murders committed in dark and airless chambers, the bodies of the victims dropped through shoots or trapdoors to be borne away by the slow-crawling stream. I never passed the place without making some excuse for going down the dark stairway and feeding my imagination on the supposed horrors, for which the place seemed so appropriate a setting.

Farther down, the Saxon tower of St. Mary-le-Wigford showed above the houses; and if I remember rightly, the street was twice interrupted by the level crossings of railway lines. From this point my recollections become dim; but I recall the massive stone front of a great Norman house of stone, abutting on the street, with a fine round-headed doorway, which we called John of Gaunt's Stable, but which was, I believe, the hall of an ancient Guild. Then there was another Saxon tower, St. Peter-at-Gowts—Gowt meaning the exit (go-out) of the sluices; and then, so whimsical is memory, the only further building that I recollect is a villa of flashy and new-fangled design, standing in a large parterre, set with ornamental shrubs and expensively crowded with plaster statues—heathen goddesses and Roman emperors and Greek athletes—as much exposed to the weather as

the statues in the Groves of Blarney, but more decorously adorned. This, I think, was the work of a citizen of Lincoln, who had made a large fortune by the sale of a patent medicine.

But another of the charms of Lincoln, and I think in some ways perhaps the greatest charm of all, was the extraordinary variety and picturesqueness of the houses. The Cathedral was of such overwhelming majesty and splendour that it had an almost sensational and melodramatic quality ; and there were moods of everyday life in which it seemed almost too prodigious to be contemplated. But we were never tired of exploring the little streets and winding lanes that threaded the Hill in all directions, unconsciously noting the delightful contrasts and juxtapositions of incongruous edifices, which yet caught what the Prayer-book calls a " grace of congruity," from the latent *genius loci*.

There was a street which was called Steep Hill, going down from near the Castle into the very heart of the town, so steep that either to go up or down communicated a pleasant tremulousness to the knees. A marble placed on the pavement, it was said, would run a spontaneous course from the top to the bottom ; and it was traditionally reported that an audacious Parliamentary candidate, many years before, had secured his election by driving a coach-and-four at full gallop down the headlong slope. It is certainly, I should imagine, the steepest street in England, except perhaps the street of Haworth, with houses on the right, and on the left tilted garden walls.

If my memory is correct, a railed causeway near the upper end half blocked the street, overshadowed by a great chestnut-tree, growing out of the roadway.

At the top was a fine Norman house, of stone, known as the House of Aaron; but even finer was an ancient building near the bottom of the descent, known as the Jews' House, with coupled windows, and a curious chimney ascending from the doorway arch. Then elsewhere there were Gothic buildings like the Burghersh Chantry and Deloraine Court, and interspersed with these, low-roofed houses with projecting upper stories, houses of grey rubble with coigns of brick, and an abundance of good Georgian dwellings, from miniature mansions standing back from the road, with tall gate-posts and high iron gates, down to comfortable little houses, with flattened bow-windows and a fanlight over the door. The bricks and tiles of Lincoln always appear to me to be of a singular richness and redness, and to be mellowed rather than stained by a pencilling of drifted smoke.

But even more romantic still, because more mysterious, were the *walls* of all dates and materials which were to be seen everywhere—not perhaps in the main streets of the city, but in every bye-street and alley. Some would be of ancient stone, some of rubble, roughly plastered and crusted with smoke; some would have heavy copings, others again would be of the simplest brick, perhaps stuck with glass; some, in the intricate lanes that threaded the steep southern slope, would descend at a precarious-looking

angle; but most would contain a bleak and dusty door, tall trees and shrubs would look enticingly over, and the coping drip with smoke-stained ivy; and all alike would seem to conceal some mystery of a secret life hidden from ear and eye. Doubtless the mystery was harmless enough, but these dark entries and high parapets claimed a silent wonder, and asserted man's right to fence his leisure, his comings and goings, in such secrecy as he could command.

XII

Christopher Wordsworth, nephew of the poet, had been appointed to the see of Lincoln in 1869. He had previously been a not wholly successful Head Master of Harrow, and subsequently a Canon of Westminster. He had made great friends with my father and mother, and this was extended and amplified by a further friendship with the whole family circle of sons and daughters : John Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, Elizabeth, afterwards Head of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, Christopher, Fellow of Peterhouse, Mary, Priscilla, Susan, and Dora. We used to take holidays with the family, stay at Riseholme, and generally dwell together in unity. My father, who was now perhaps a little tired of schoolmastering pure and simple, throve and expanded in the brotherly and sisterly atmosphere, and the sunshine of congenial sympathy. It was an intellectual partnership, tinged with ecclesiastical romance, and illuminated by deep and genuine affection. Even now I remember, though I did not understand, the penetrating and original criticisms and suggestions made with an air of diffident deliberation by Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth in the course of those friendly debates that differed only in opinion. To us children it simply meant the

addition, so to speak, of a body of indulgent uncles and aunts to the family circle.

When we were settled at Lincoln, Riseholme became a great factor in our lives. If you took the northern road from the city, and proceeded along it for a couple of miles, you came to a lodge on the right, in a belt of trees. Turning in, you passed between fields and hedgerow elms, and came out on a space of green turf, with scattered clumps and thickets surrounding a lake of considerable extent, in which was an island with a grove of trees. The drive skirted the lake, passed through another belt of woodland, and crossed a causeway with the lake on the right and a smaller pool on the left, running up to a point among dense reedbeds, and ending finally in a great oak wood. Then the house, a big substantial stone mansion, dating from perhaps the thirties, appeared on the right, with a parterre of flower-beds, and a lawn fringed with woodland, running down to the lake. Anything less ecclesiastical it would be impossible to imagine.

Inside, the house had a big entrance-hall, stone-flagged and stone-staired, with solid scagliola pillars and a balustraded gallery. The rooms were large, though not magnificent. There were very few episcopal portraits, and the house was simply enough furnished. There was a chapel, or rather a very ordinary square room, fitted with an altar and stalls. The room that was mostly hsed was a long library full of books, and with plenty of chintz-covered sofas and arm-chairs; but made a little terrible by the fact that on the

John Wordsworth.
Elizabeth Wordsworth. Susan Wordsworth. Miss Wickenden.
Mrs. Benson. E. W. Benson. Mary Wordsworth
(Mrs. Trebecke).
Martin. Arthur. Canon Wickenden.

GROUP AT WHITBY. 1869.

top of the high central bookcase was a Greek helmet of blackened bronze, the dark eye-holes of which surveyed the scene with a sombre, brooding gaze. But every inch of the place was crammed with romance for the childish mind. The silent solidity of the house, its strange scents and perfumes, the fossil shells sectionally evident in the stone stairs, the studious silence—everyone seemed always to be at work there—the awful seclusion of the Bishop's dark book-lined study, the deserted expectant grounds, the shining solitary lake, with the far-distant minster tower mirrored in it across the level fields—all this made it a place stored with secrets, which never quite revealed themselves.

One very singular incident I remember, that on one of our visits to Riseholme, the Bishop had just opened and cleaned out his private muniment-room, which had not been arranged for many years. Many of the deeds had attached to them huge beeswax seals, impressions of the Great Seal of England, of various dates; many of them had cracked and fallen into fragments; all these had been swept up together and placed in a box, and they were handed over to us as children to amuse ourselves with. One I still possess, a complete seal, with an impression on either side, with figures and superscriptions; but the rest of them, the earlier of a deep orange colour and the later of a paler hue, with fragments of figures and inscriptions, we applied to the basest of uses. We found that they burned with a clear flame, a gentle bubbling sound, and a pleasant resinous smell; and thus the greater

part of these curious survivals were burnt by us in our little room at the Chancery, out of mere wantonness, and because of the agreeable savour of incense that they created in the atmosphere.

The day at Riseholme began early. We children used to breakfast and lunch with the family in the great bare dining-room, with rough outline frescoes of St. Hugh and Remigius. But our tea was taken in the housekeeper's room, presided over by the housekeeper Janet, who had formerly been nurse, whose homely, honest face, blue-eyed and wide-lipped, her sparse light hair escaping rebelliously from an immense cap with purple ribbons, beamed and glowed with a positive glory of benevolence and affection.

The morning we used to spend wandering about, boating on the lake, fishing. The lake was the central external fact of Riseholme; all along its eastern side ran a terraced walk, in the centre of which was a quaint red-brick balconied projection, with a sluice beneath, and deep water all around, from which we fished for dace. I remember, in early days, fishing there with my elder brother, and catching quite a pile of small silvery fish, which were laid out, as they were caught, on the stone slabs of the parapet, and despatched with a pocket-knife. Suddenly my brother, with a swift gesture, took his fishing-rod to pieces, and announced that fishing was cruel; he left me without a word more; but it did not damp my ardour at the time, or afterwards; though I do not remember his ever fishing there again.

It was on one of my earliest rambles there—I

was alone, and somewhat frightened of the solitude, the waiting air of the great trees, the furtive depth of the tangled, marshy woodland—when close to the sluice, but hidden in the wood beyond the terrace-walk, I heard a curious, dull, rhythmical sound, whether in the air or beneath the earth I did not know. I took a little path which wound down among the trees, and presently came to a low grass-grown mound, from which the sound seemed to proceed. I went round it, and with a mixture of delight and horror, saw that there was a door in the mound; I pushed it open and went in. I found myself in a dark circular vault of brick with a stone floor; I gazed in agitated wonder, when suddenly there rose from the centre of the floor what appeared to me to be the helmeted head of a man, and over his shoulders, at the same instant, came a sudden circular gush of water, instantaneously absorbed by a hole in the floor; and then the head sank down again. I was filled with an extremity of horror, and fled in haste straight to the house, found my mother, and told her that I had found a cave, with a man trying to get out of a hole in the floor. Much mystified, she came with me to the place. But her explanation—not perhaps very technically accurate—that it was the ram that pumped the water to the house—did not reassure me, and I never dared to visit the water-haunted cell again.

But the lake—how ecstatic it was to thrust out the roomy old boat from the ooze-scented darkness of the boat-house, under the pendent boughs of the great chestnut, and to slide out,

on a hot, still July morning, across the translucent levels, gazing down into the mysterious depths! Now we passed over dense patches of green water-weed, and would see a great mottled pike, with impenetrable eye and cruel snout, basking on the top of the tangle. The rowlocks creaked, and he was gone like an arrow, in a crystal swirl. Or one would suddenly look down on an open space, floored with green slime, and see a fleet of roach floating by from alley to alley of weed; or we would land on the island, and find a deserted swan's nest in the brake; or we would cross the lake, and disembark on the farther shore, where grass-grown mounds and brambly dingles showed the site of the old destroyed hamlet of Riseholme.

I remember one particular day with extraordinary distinctness. We were then living at the Chancery, and I, with my younger sister Maggie, persuaded my mother to let us have a lunch made up for us in packets, and walked over to Riseholme on a fine summer morning. We did not call at the house, but took the boat out and fished all day, catching nothing. It was a blazing noontide, and the water was as clear as crystal. At last we decided to go home, but as we landed, before disjointing our rods, we saw a gardener come down and throw a large quantity of food to the flock of ducks which patrolled the lake. He went off again, and the ducks eventually withdrew; but in the turbid water where they had been feeding, we observed strange swirls and flourishes going on; so we rebaited our hooks and set to work. In ten minutes we had caught

a dozen large roach, who had assembled to feed on the floating remainder of the ducks' meat. Never have I known so sensational an intervention of providence. Our little basket, which was going home empty, was crammed with fat, musty-smelling fish, with red fins and glazing eyes; and we trotted back home for tea with a sense of unparalleled glory and success.

The larger lake has for me the charm of air and sun and clear depths—though indeed disaster, urgent and peremptory, once overtook me there. It was a summer morning, and my mother with three of the Miss Wordsworths resolved upon a row; they came down, beckoning and calling to us; the boat was brought to land, and they embarked. I myself was at the moment engaged in fishing close by, and seeing that the boat was stuck in the ooze, I went to the grassy bank to push it off, and pushed with a will. But I was little acquainted with the laws of gravity and motion, and I suddenly realised, as the boat slid off into the lake, that my toes were on the bank and my hands on the stern, and between them a rapidly widening chasm of water, in which I could see my own dark reflection. They tried to stop the boat, but in vain. I let go, and fell flat, and vanished in the waters. A gardener close by hurried up and pulled me out, and a moment later, dripping and moaning, I was skimming across the fields with Miss Mary and Miss Priscilla each holding a hand; in five minutes I was in bed, and my clothes were carried off to dry; and the good Janet brought me a hot sweet drink—but even

that did not console me, to be cut off in a moment from life and laughter and light, and to be imprisoned in bed on a summer morning, conscious of having been an object of derision and ridicule! Then I tasted all the bitterness of solitude and humiliation.

The other smaller lake was a very different affair. There was no boat upon it; it was deep, and the water had a blackish tinge. True, there were hundreds of empty mussel-shells to be found on its oozy shore, which *might* contain a pearl. But there was something sinister about it all. It was shaded by dark trees, alders and elms, and the further end of it ran narrowing into high reed-beds, rising from the water as steep as a wall, which tossed and eddied and swayed in the lightest breath of wind; and then, worse still, it ran, still contracting, into mud-banks full of snags that writhed like snakes, and so curved away into the woods and was lost, except for the filtering in of a slow stream out of a rushy dingle. I do not mean that I was scared away from it by these circumstances; it was rather the other way. I was drawn to it by a secret fascination. And there was a brick-built sluice which stood out into it from the road, where the water clucked and gurgled secretly through iron bars; and there one day I caught a four-pound pike, hauled it out of the water and took its life, feeling like a murderer, with a stake of wood; it uttered a horrid, creaking cry when I killed it, which I carry in my mind till to-day; while on removing my hook from its mouth, I found, still sticking in its gullet, the sodden

legs of a water-hen which it had swallowed, and only partially digested.

One thing in my recollection strikes me forcibly about the whole place—that no living person was to be seen anywhere ! The lawn sloped down past flower-beds to the lake, shaded on the east by tall trees. A door in the shrubbery—how well I remember the aromatic smell of the damp laurels in the corner—opened on the hamlet of Riseholme; but neither on the lawn nor in the hamlet, nor in the wide pastures on every side, do I remember seeing human beings standing or going to and fro.

The Bishop and Mrs. Wordsworth were objects of frequent and baffled speculation to us as children. Mrs. Wordsworth was a small, gentle lady, always dressed in silk, black or purple, with a large white cap. She had a very serene and reassuring face, but with a look, as I remember it, of placid weariness. She had two old-fashioned dangling ringlets, one on each cheek. She was habitually silent. I never remember her joining in any of the incessant discussions, that used to arise and spend their force and be renewed again, between my parents and the sons and daughters. But she was extraordinarily vigilant and gracious, could make anyone at home and at ease with her in a moment, with her quiet, deliberate utterance and her tranquil smile; we as children felt wholly at our ease with her, and trotted about with her as she went her rounds, generally silent, conscious of a certain authority, but still more of benevolence and affection. Her one purpose in life was to

look after the Bishop, to keep him well, to intervene between him and his tendency to entire absorption in work or thought, and to interpret him to the ordinary world. "I suppose the Bishop is not interested in that?" said a neighbouring squire to Mrs. Wordsworth. "The Bishop is interested in everything, though I have not heard him mention that particular subject lately."

Mrs. Wordsworth could, however, be comprehended and fathomed, but the Bishop was unfathomable. He was a small man, extremely active and light of step—he had been a great athlete in his youth, an excellent cricketer, and a skater of the first quality, though to imagine the Bishop as ever having played a game was beyond the reach of the most extravagant imagination.

He had a very dark complexion, almost Italian in colouring; his hair full and long, except just over the forehead, and hardly touched with grey. His face was most striking, one of the most striking I ever remember; it was lean and ascetic, and much lined, especially by the deep indentations which ran from his nostrils to the ends of his mouth. His eyes were dark and with an inward look; yet the wonder was that he appeared to be always smiling—but at what? He was good to us as children—saluting us affectionately, talking gravely. But he seldom exactly *joined* in the talk, though he habitually talked himself, from end to end of a meal, hardly aware, one would suppose, of his auditors, and needing neither question nor even assent to sustain him. As a child, I had little idea what

these reveries meant, and what made it more bewildering was that he would accompany a statement which seemed both prosaic and lengthy with the most brilliant of smiles.

Moreover, he was utterly unaware of what he ate or drank. I can see him now at luncheon, wearying perhaps of the slice of mutton assigned to him, and stretching out his hand to any viands within reach—a fruit-tart, an apple, a piece of cake—and transferring it with spoon or fork to his own already occupied plate. He would take, in the intervals of his discourse, tiny morsels from the heap; then some other substance would be added, till Mrs. Wordsworth would make a sign, and the butler would remove the loaded plate and substitute a clean one—and the process would begin again. John Wordsworth was in respect of food one of the most absent-minded of men; but I never in all my life saw anyone so incurious as the Bishop of Lincoln—he seemed to be living in a dream.

We did not often see him; occasionally we were taken to the study, and saw him covering little sheets of notepaper with his curiously beautiful sloping script, almost entirely illegible. I remember his giving me a Theocritus—his own edition—when once as a schoolboy I made a poetical translation of an idyll; and the inscription occupies nearly the whole of the front page!

Sometimes one would see him with a light step walking on the terrace by the lake; or on Sundays he was visible in Riseholme Church—he used to rise in his great-coat, and give the

blessing at the end in his high resonant voice—once indeed I heard him preach there, for nearly an hour, on the history of the Maccabees, to a handful of rustics and his own family.

But he had a strong if esoteric sense of humour, endless visions and hopes and schemes; he lived more in the third century A.D. than in his own, and was for ever tracing parallels more ingenious than actual. My father was the recipient of all his confidences, and the Bishop loved him as a son; I remember well how once, when we left Riseholme after a visit, the Bishop drove with us to the station, and on the crowded platform kissed and embraced my father and all the family in turn, to the amazement of the crowd. My father had the deepest reverence and affection for him, though later, as Archbishop, I think he found the Bishop's views in Convocation more tenacious than practicable.

To us he was a figure august and mysterious, though not in the least degree terrifying, yet not to be judged by any human categories; and singular and impressive as he was anywhere and everywhere, the sight of him going up Lincoln Cathedral in procession, in his stiff red velvet cope with a cape so high and overarching as nearly to hide his head altogether from view, seemed to me in those years to sum up in one supreme symbol all that was majestic and pontifical.

XIII

As to the personages who peopled our immediate horizon, I expect that my range of observation, as a schoolboy spending holidays at home, was a somewhat restricted one; but then, on the other hand, only once in the years that we spent at Lincoln did we go away *en famille.* The rule was that at the end of each year, the Canons, in order of seniority, chose the three months, *conjunctim* not *divisim,* when they proposed to reside; and the summer months always fell to the lot of the junior Canon; so that except for a month at Torquay in 1875, where a friend lent us a marine villa, we were always at Lincoln during our school holidays.

So far as I remember, the cream of Lincoln society lived mostly at the top of the hill, in or near the Close, and the unquestioned supremacy belonged to certain moderately wealthy and well-connected persons inhabiting the big brick Georgian houses, sometimes with high gateposts and iron gates in front, and walled, tree-sheltered gardens at the back, which lay dotted about among the old quiet streets behind the Cathedral and near the Castle. These and the Cathedral dignitaries made up the innermost circle.

The Deanery was a dull-looking, smoke-stained stone house, perhaps thirty or forty years old,

with a big garden and stables, to the north of the Cathedral. The Cathedral, like a mountain of carved and fretted stone, lead-roofed, gabled, pinnacled, buttressed, with the great rich shadowy tower in the centre, must have effectually protected the Deanery against any influx of sunlight or southern air.

The Dean was J. W. Blakesley, who was one of the brilliant Tennyson circle at Trinity College, Cambridge, about 1830—Spedding, Thackeray, FitzGerald, Merivale and others. Blakesley had been a Fellow of Trinity, had taken orders and the College living of Ware, and had found time as well to produce what was then considered the best edition of Herodotus that had seen the light. He must have been a man of a little over sixty when we went to Lincoln. He had a handsome, distinguished-looking, white-haired wife, who seems in my memory to have been silent and self-contained, though courteous and friendly, and there was a large family; but they lived a rather remote and shadowy life, so far as the Close was concerned. My own idea of the Dean was a kindly but formidable man, with a quiet and impressive manner, entirely removed from all contact with life, turning over the pages of lexicons, I supposed, in a gloomy study. I do not remember that I ever saw him out of doors in the Close. My remembrance of his appearance is always connected with the Cathedral.

A private flagged pathway led from the Deanery to the door of the North Transept, and the Dean's dignity was such that it was impos-

sible for him to enter the Cathedral without the escort and assistance of a verger with a silver wand. I seem to myself to be standing outside the choir-screen on a Sunday afternoon in the fading light. Very faint and far-away in the western towers the bells are ringing for the service, slowly and demurely, with an almost honeyed sweetness. The Dean's verger is standing at the transept door. He (presumably) hears footsteps, for he opens the door and stands at attention. The Dean comes in, stands for a moment in silence; the verger closes the door, comes round into position, cocks the silver wand, and then advances, slowly and rhythmically, with a curious rocking motion, the Dean following. They pass close in front of us. The Dean is a very solemn and dignified figure, walking in rather a constrained way, moving only from the hips, his body held rigidly, and slightly stooping. He is sombrely apparelled; a velvet skull-cap low down on his forehead, black scarf, black B.D. hood, full surplice, but no cassock, in the old academical fashion. It is an austere-looking face, with a grave and scholarly abstraction, large dark eyes, an aquiline nose, firm lips and chin, and grizzled hair. He passes by, looking neither to left nor right, apparently entirely unaware of his surroundings.

The Dean preaches rarely, and only in the Choir; the Prebendaries (non-resident and unpaid Canons) preach on most of the Sundays in the mornings; while the Nave sermons in the afternoon are taken by the Residentiary Canons. But I remember the Dean's sermons. His voice

was thin, but penetrating; never tinged by emotion or persuasiveness, but more like a judicial summing-up. The phrasing extraordinarily clear-cut, apposite, and precise; the structure concise and logical. Not sermons which would touch the heart or awaken the conscience; no fervour or unction; but delivered to believers and disciplined Christians, and taking for granted a certain clearness of intellectual apprehension; and falling on such soil, if not exactly fruitful or kindling, at least the reassuring and tranquillising convictions of a perfectly honest and able man.

But how little I can remember personally of the Dean! I regarded him with awe, because I realised that my father, who seemed to us to possess a natural and unquestioned authority and dominion over all visible persons and institutions, actually regarded the Dean with deference, and even involuntary submissiveness. His dry and caustic speech, made without fear or favour, kindly and courteous, but neither sympathetic nor conciliatory, positively disconcerted my father. I remember his returning from a Chapter meeting, and, half-humorously, half-impatiently, telling my mother at luncheon how adroitly and effectively the Dean by his incisive criticisms had blocked and disposed of some enthusiastic projects of my father's for increasing the activities of the Cathedral—and not only that, but carried the other Canons with him. "He contrived," said my father, with a melancholy grimace, "to make me appear both unpractical and sentimental." But my father and the Dean were

very good friends, and my father enjoyed his academic reminiscences and his epigrammatic talk.

One little incident I remember. My father borrowed of the Dean a book, the eighth of a set of twelve volumes. "I'll send it round to you," said the Dean; and a little later the Deanery gardener arrived with not one but all twelve volumes, wrapped in brown paper, in a wheelbarrow. The next day my father said to the Dean that he was only sorry he had been at the trouble of sending all the volumes. "Oh, I always do that," said the Dean. "I don't like gaps in my sets. People sometimes forget to return a single volume—I don't say that you would—but they don't forget to return twelve volumes—perhaps because they find them rather an encumbrance!"

Of the Dean's children, I remember a handsome, portly eldest son, understood to be a brewer, interested in music, who used to attend the service by preference in the organ-loft; and another, George by name, a Fellow of Kings, and a barrister, a lively amusing talker, full of freshness. There was a younger boy, named Arthur, about my own age, whom I was supposed to know, and whom I liked; very pleasant and friendly, who came shyly but willingly enough up to the railings, so to speak, like a good-natured colt—but the railings were always there! The Deanery family attended services in a state pew, a sort of cave, lined with red baize, entered from behind, near the pulpit. It had been excavated by the simple expedient of taking away the backs and pilasters of some five stalls,

leaving only the canopies; and there in a dignified gloom they sate; and this stately and shadowy remoteness seems, as I look back, to have been the characteristic attitude of the family to the life of the Close.

The Dean himself sate on the right of the choir entrance; on the left sate the beloved Precentor Venables, snug behind a crimson bombazine curtain, pulled rattlingly forward by the verger when the dignitaries were safely herded in. He was officially responsible for the service, and out of compliment to his office, his desk was always piled with huge folios of MS. music, chant-books, canticle-books, anthem-books. But as a matter of fact he was a learned and accomplished musician. Our own family pew was just beneath, and every now and then the sound of a melodious but husky voice, softly crooning the tenor part, made itself heard from the Precentor.

He lived in a big, ugly, rambling house, with some fine rooms and a shady lawn, tucked into a corner of the Close by the Exchequer Gate. Mrs. Venables was a beautiful and highly accomplished woman, full of originality and charm, but in rather weak health, and to us children little more than a comfortable and motherly presence, whom we loved, because she really knew us apart, and had something pleasant to say to each of us. How one values as a child the interest taken by an elder person who does not call one by one's brother's name, and who really remembers one's individual performances! There was a son, a successful business man, I believe, of whom we stood in awe, and then there were five

delightful daughters, one of them of quite remarkable beauty, who were our constant playmates, though rather older than ourselves. They seem to me to have been always gay, good-humoured, eager, ready to fall in with any plan, and play any game; though indeed in the Chancery Garden, in a game of rounders, running simultaneously with Miss Alice to catch a high catch, I collided so sharply with her that with my forehead I fractured a small splinter of bone behind her right eyebrow, which took some time to mend, though it was promptly and generously declared by the sufferer that she alone was to blame.

But the Precentor himself, whom we children adored and felt at home with, was a man of medium height, with a bald and ample brow fringed with sandy curved eyebrows, under which gleamed and sparked blue friendly eyes, mournful and humorous by turns, but invariably animated. He always wore spectacles, and about his eyes there were many creased and puckered wrinkles. He had a small and mobile mouth, most expressive, sometimes drawn up, in a mood of surprise or concern, into a small circular orifice, sometimes expanding into benevolent and eager smiles, sometimes, in moments of indecision or dejection, with a pathetic droop at the ends. But I remember few faces in which the expression changed so constantly and rapidly in response to his mood, for he was a man of lively and keen emotions, varied interests and enthusiasms, deep and sincere sympathies, tender-hearted, scrupulous, anxious-minded, diffident,

only too ready to blame and depreciate himself. His voice was cordial and expressive, of a rather hollow and husky tone, as mobile as his face.

He had been curate to Archdeacon Hare at Hurstmonceux, where he came in contact with many interesting personalities, such as F. D. Maurice and Manning; but, his health breaking down, he migrated to the Isle of Wight, where he took pupils, and found time for literary work. He was a learned man and a good antiquarian, and as far as I remember a constant contributor to the *Guardian*, *Spectator*, and *Saturday Review*. How exactly he employed his time I hardly know, though he was endlessly occupied; and I remember him as writing at a standing-desk, in a little study of minute proportions, looking out into the Close; and for some reason I believe that the fireplace was under the window, so that the Precentor could warm his shins, write on the chimney-piece, and look out of the window at the same time—a mixture of processes which was congenial to his lively and sympathetic temperament. He had a close acquaintance with all the personnel of the Cathedral, such as the choir and the Cathedral staff of workmen; and he devoted his Saturdays to taking great parties of Lincoln folk round the Cathedral and lecturing informally on its architecture and history. He wrote copious letters to my father on Cathedral topics, almost wholly undecipherable.

But he had an indecisive mind, or rather he could see so rapidly and vividly the advantages and disadvantages of every alternative course of action, that as a counsellor and colleague he was

somewhat bewildering. My father was greatly devoted to him, and discussed matters more freely with him than with any other of the Cathedral staff; but my father used to be sadly disconcerted, after, let us say, having discussed some matter of Cathedral policy with the Precentor after morning service, and having received from him an eager and cordial approval of every detail of the plan suggested, to have him ushered breathless and troubled into his study at 12.30 the same morning, to say that he had been thinking it all over, and that to his infinite regret he saw insuperable difficulties in the way of every several portion of the scheme. "I shall never forgive myself, Chancellor, for seeming to mislead you!"

One particular instance of the Precentor's deep conscientiousness and over-anxiety remains imprinted on my mind. A living fell vacant in Lincoln, in the gift, I suppose, of the Dean and Chapter, St. Paul's, with a small ancient church, since rebuilt, near the Newport gate. The income was next to nothing, the parish densely populated, and containing some of the poorest and most neglected purlieus and courts in the town. The good Precentor, then an elderly man, in not very robust health, who filled every moment of the day with his work, suddenly took it into his head that he was living an idle, selfish, dilettante life, and that it was his duty to take the living. It was a generous and even Quixotic notion; but it was work for which he was conspicuously unfit. What was needed was a brisk, business-like, tough-fibred man, preaching an emphatic sort of Christianity, and

capable of dealing in a hearty fashion with the crudest problems of morality and life.

I remember going out for a walk with my father when the Precentor was in the throes of the decision. We went round to the Precentory, and the Precentor, in a rather unbrushed and rueful condition, was persuaded to accompany us. He donned an ancient canonical hat, with a rosette in front, the band of which had worked its way some inches up the hat. I suppose they did not think that I should understand the point at issue, and they plunged into the discussion at once, the Precentor's blue eyes staring very disconsolately through his spectacles, and his mouth drawn up into the smallest of circles. We went through the grounds of the Old Palace, across the Close and out into the Greetwell fields, my father advancing argument after argument, and the Precentor reiterating at intervals in a hollow voice, with frequent shakings of his kind old head, his conviction that his life was lacking in all self-sacrifice and every pastoral quality, and might be lived by any leisured layman. At last my father dropped the line of reassurance, and said plainly that he considered the Precentor entirely unsuited for such work, for which a young and vigorous man was needed. The more uncomplimentary he became, the more did the Precentor's spirits revive; and when we parted, he said that he would at all events *reconsider* it in the light of what had been said, and that he was very grateful for my father's frankness. We left him on the steps of the Precentory, shaking his uplifted finger at my

father with a melancholy smile, and saying, "Mind, I am not at all sure that you are not an *advocatus diaboli* after all!" My father raised his hands with a gesture of despair, and hurried away; but he had prevailed.

I remember that when my brother and myself won scholarships at Winchester and Eton respectively in 1874, the good old man sent us a message asking us to call and see him. He shook hands, patted us on the back, took down from his shelves two beautifully printed old classical volumes in faded calf, and inscribed our names in them—or hieroglyphics that at all events symbolised our names—gravely presented them, and added a few words of kind and fatherly advice, attending us to the front-door like honoured guests. That was characteristic of him; and it is wonderful to think that after the lapse of nearly fifty years I have still so strong and vivid an impression of one whom even then I knew to be one of the warmest-hearted, most lovable, and most guileless of men.

Another house which we frequented was the Subdeanery, a beautiful Gothic structure with a fine oriel window, once the home of the perhaps over-judicious Paley, next the Precentory at the south-west corner of the Close. It was a curious, rambling house, with a noble entrance-hall and gallery, and with a dining-room and drawing-room on the first floor. The dining-room opened on to a high terrace, with a great view over the city; and there was a long and attractive garden squeezed in between the Cathedral and the old embattled wall of the Close.

The Subdean was, in addition to his Canonry, Suffragan Bishop of Nottingham, and I think also Archdeacon,—Mackenzie by name. He was a solid, sanguine-complexioned, good-natured man, with white hair and whiskers, and a rather high, attenuated voice, hardly corresponding to his vigorous frame. I suppose he was often away on confirmation tours, for the old Diocese of Lincoln was of a very unwieldy size, and contained, I think, more than a thousand parishes; and my impressions of the Subdean are indistinct. He was a cheerful old man, rather given to puns; and I recollect his saying, with infinite gusto, to my father, after a service from which both the vergers had been absent owing to illness, "Well, whatever the anthem may say, *we* did not enter with verdure [verger] clad."

He had a certain literary gift, and wrote with some daring an addition to the *Te Deum*, in the form of a section dealing with the work of the Holy Spirit, which he thought was inadequately represented in the original. It was set to music by the Cathedral organist, and sung, perhaps as an anthem, by the choir at Evensong. I can even now see him as he stood clad in his episcopal robes, beating time to the music, his genial face illumined with the sweet pride of authorship. The precise wording I cannot remember, but it was not markedly superior to the extant canticle, while, so far as I recollect, the Bishop got somewhat involved in the use of the second person singular of the perfect of certain verbs—words, I mean, like "wentest"

and "confirmedst," which were moreover not well suited for musical enunciation.

But as children we approved very much of the Bishop of Nottingham; he was kind, familiar, and paternal, and had a distinct consciousness of our existence. He had a grave, amiable, and dignified wife, very hospitable, and a big family of children, extraordinarily good-natured and imperturbable, with whom we had many games, battles and sieges, in the Subdeanery back-garden, with its buttressed walls, raised terraces, and intricate outhouses. The fiercest joy of these combats lay in a large grey-metal watering-tank on wheels, with a pump and hose, and I remember no more exquisite a moment of primitive joy than that when I directed a stream of water in through the fanlight of a small toolshed, in which I knew Kenneth Mackenzie to be securely immured. And then came a great jolly tea in the dining-room, with Mrs. Mackenzie inflexibly generous, invariably supplying an empty plate with larger slices of richer cake than one had thought possible, and the Bishop with his shapely gaitered legs sipping a cup of tea on the hearth-rug, and overflowing with jokes which, whatever their intrinsic merit, were regarded as well-meant, and served to lessen with amazing facility the distance between the hierarchy and ourselves.

The fourth Canon was the Archdeacon of Lincoln, Kaye by name, a son of a previous Bishop of Lincoln, a prelate who was regarded in the Diocese with unequalled respect and affection for his good sense, piety, diligence, and

fatherly kindness. His successor, Bishop Jackson, appointed Bishop Kaye's son to the Archdeaconry of Lincoln, but not, so the story went, to the Residentiary Canonry. I do not vouch for the truth of the legend, but it is said that the new Archdeacon, on hearing that it was the Bishop's intention to appoint someone else to the Canonry, wrote to the Bishop, and with great diffidence and courtesy pointed out that the Archdeacon of Lincoln was *ipso facto* Canon of the Cathedral. The Bishop replied that the Archdeacon was in error, and that the statutes only said that on a vacancy in the fourth stall, the Bishop "may appoint" the Archdeacon of Lincoln. The Archdeacon rejoined that the word "may" was practically equivalent to "must," because the statute allowed no latitude to the Bishop to appoint anyone else. The matter was referred to the legal authorities, and it turned out that the Archdeacon was right; and he consequently succeeded to the Canonry. He lived in a solid Queen Anne mansion of yellow brick, with a stately façade, but of slender depth, a little way off the Close, looking over the town.

The Archdeacon was the subject of infinite speculation to us as children. He seemed to belong to a past century and to another order of beings. His age was beyond the reach even of imagination. Yet as a matter of fact he was not much older than my father, and was perhaps a man of fifty when we came to Lincoln. He had married a daughter of Bishop Jackson, a good deal younger than himself, a woman of great beauty and serene charm.

The Archdeacon was a small, precise-looking man, his shoulders much bowed, bald, with a long, sharply pointed nose and pointed chin, a small, rather prim mouth, and with an expression strangely compounded of amiability and acuteness. He had the most courteous and deferential manner, and accompanied his remarks, which were few, cautious, and precisely phrased, with a constant succession of little bows, like a pigeon patrolling a lawn. So determined was he not to commit himself to any too definite a statement, that I remember my father saying that when a child was born to the Archdeacon, he met him in the vestry, offered his congratulations, and asked if the infant were a girl or a boy. "I think," said the Archdeacon, "that I may go so far as to say that it is not a girl." There was no member of the Chapter whom we saw so rarely as the Archdeacon; I do not remember ever being inside his house. My chief recollection of him is seeing him, in pudding-sleeved silk gown and college cap, on his way to the Cathedral, with a little bow for every step. But he was a man of force and critical judgment, and next to the Dean there was no one whose decisions and opinions, immutably and unyieldingly held, and drily promulgated, carried such weight in the Chapter.

He held, besides the Canonry, the little living of Riseholme, the parish which contained the big house and park which was then the Bishop's Palace. I remember the village well; it was a little hamlet, behind the Bishop's gardens, with a tiny church, a sandy and ill-kept road, with

ample spaces of grass on either side, passing through and out into unknown fields, the whole village so embowered in great elms that in memory it seems a place given up from end to end to leafy greenness and cool shade. One hot summer day the Archdeacon came in from Riseholme to Lincoln on business. His dress, let me say, was like himself, infinitely precise; a long-tailed coat, a double-breasted waistcoat, trousers, all of glossy broadcloth, and a high-crowned shovel hat. On this particular day he walked in, and finding himself embarrassed by the heat, he took off his coat and carried it over his arm. The first mile was mostly through woods; the next mile was a space of open fields, along the great northern road, Ermine Street; and then the suburbs of Lincoln began. But the Archdeacon either forgot to resume his coat, or made up his mind not to replace it, and advanced along the road through the scattered houses first, then through more crowded streets, and finally into the Close, in his white linen shirt-sleeves, with a little bow for every step.

The news—at first an incredible rumour, at last a well-attested fact—thrilled the Close to its very depths, and I can remember perfectly a tea-table conversation at the Chancery, with two or three callers present, when the subject formed the only topic of conversation. Opinion was sharply divided; some held that it was pure absent-mindedness, some that it was common-sense, some that it was a desperate disregard for public opinion. My father championed the common-sense view; one hardy spirit suggested

that the Archdeacon should be asked to explain, but this was too obviously a question of belling the cat; and the matter was at length closed by a stately widow who lived in the Close, who said, "Well, my feeling is that the less said the better; and we must try to go on as if nothing had happened."

The Archdeacon lived to a great age, active to the last; and one of his latest appearances in public was when in the Lower House of Convocation he spoke with passionate emphasis against a motion that there should be a retiring age for the clergy, adding that though he had been Archdeacon for over forty years, he had only latterly acquired the art of discharging his duties with perfect order and despatch.

Then there were Prebendary and Mrs. Crowfoot, two of our greatest friends at Lincoln. He had been a missionary and had been invalided home. My father, needing a tutor for the Theological College, heard of him, interviewed him, and took a great liking to him, this regard afterwards ripening into a deep affection and admiration; he came to Lincoln, and was the mainstay and guiding influence of the College for many years, eventually becoming Chancellor. At first his official title was Vice-Chancellor, and the Bishop gave him his own prebendal stall of Buckden. He was a cultured and scholarly man, with a wide range of interests, and an eager and gentle manner, full of tact and sympathy, yet capable of showing great firmness if required.

Mrs. Crowfoot became as great a friend as her husband. She was a sister of the well-known

novelist Edna Lyall, and was herself a woman of much charm and brightness, with quick and sympathetic perceptions, as well as great reserves of strength. Later on she became somewhat invalided, but never lost her eager interest in life or the keen edge of her mind. They lived at first in an old stone house on the Riseholme road, but were often at the Chancery. There was a modesty and sweetness about Mr. Crowfoot which was irresistible. Children like any small characteristic detail of manner, and we used to be captivated by a little sidelong motion of the head with which Mr. Crowfoot used to emphasise his quiet comments, which, kindly and charitable as they were, always contained a core of shrewd intuition. I remember my father once saying smilingly that it was impossible for anyone to be really as tolerant as Mr. Crowfoot always seemed to be.

Another pair of friends were Mr. and Mrs. Mylne. He was a brother of the Bishop of Bombay, and had been, I think, in business, but decided to take orders, and came as a married student to the Theological College. He was a man of much ability, courteous but uncompromising in statement, full of earnestness and zeal. Many years after he came as Vicar to Addington.

Mrs. Mylne was a very close and intimate friend of my mother's, and greatly beloved by us all for her fresh charm, beautiful smile, and a quite unaffected dignity and self-possession. She was deeply religious, on Evangelical lines, and in the religious crisis through which my mother was then passing she exerted a quiet and tran-

quillising effect on her—and indeed I think kept my mother, by her own wise and profound faith, from coming too hastily to sceptical conclusions, or impatiently professing them. They had long and earnest colloquies; and I am sure that my mother always felt that Mrs. Mylne's quiet and mystical apprehension of the essence of religion had been like an anchor to her own troubled spirit in a time of urgent doubt and mental turmoil.

XIV

Then there were the Minor Canons, four in number, who sang the service. These, as a rule, held livings in the neighbourhood. Mr. Gibney was the senior, a small, dignified man with high collars, like a Victorian statesman. Perhaps he had once possessed a singing voice, but he was an elderly man, and his intoning of the prayers consisted of a start on the right note, a rapid decline into a more conversational tone, with gallant attempts at intervals to regain the original pitch. He was a charitable soul with innumerable public activities, and met his death in a tragic way while inspecting some repairs to the roof at the School of Art. He stepped on the edge of a skylight, which gave way, and he was precipitated into the room below, and killed on the spot. I heard someone tell the details to my father, and how he had been heard to say aloud "My God!" as he fell, which seemed to me a piece of insupportable realism.

Then there was Mr. Hutton, a fair-haired, round-faced man with spectacles, a member of an old Lincolnshire family, a very genial being with much quiet humour and an economical utterance. Mr. Mansell was a remarkably handsome figure, with a head of dark curling hair, a little grizzled, black whiskers, and soft eyes of a velvety dark-

ness—he had a rich melodious voice, somewhat husky but of great sweetness ; and lastly Mr. Harvey, an upright, clean-shaven priest, with an expression of great force and energy. These, however, were to us children merely kindly presences, whom we saw occasionally at tea or dinner, who always stopped when they met us in the Close, and spoke to us with friendly interest. Mr. Gibney was succeeded by Mr. Maddison, an old pupil of my father's at Rugby, with a delicate-looking, intelligent face and charming manners, who was often at the Chancery. He was a great antiquarian, and a considerable student, and highly approved of in the nursery circle—he often came to our nursery tea—for his pleasant and unembarrassed ways.

The Minor Canons lived in four ancient stone houses, close to the gate of the old Palace, called Vicar's Court, on a steep slope, and approached through a picturesque vaulted archway.

I remember, too, a bluff, elderly banker, with a shock head of white hair, a sanguine complexion, large roving eyes, and of a comfortable portliness—a copious and discursive talker. A meeting was held in support of some Mission in India, which I with my mother, and the caustic and humorous Mr. Tebbs, then staying with us, for some unaccountable reason, attended. After a long speech from a fervent missionary, the banker rose to support the motion ; but he soon diverged from the business in hand to the interesting topic of the visit of the Prince of Wales (King Edward) to the East, which had recently taken place. He proceeded to say that he had

read with great interest in a daily paper an account of the arrival of the Prince at a railway-station, and of the preparations made for his reception. The platform of the station was festooned with costly oriental fabrics, and adorned at intervals (this with great emphasis and an extended forefinger) with " plants, in pots ! " In the course of the applause which followed, Mr. Tebbs leaned forwards and said to my mother, " Who is this speaker with so firm a grasp of the obvious ? " By this time the orator, flushed with triumph, had entirely lost sight of the Mission, and ended by an impassioned plea for the maintenance, and if possible the extension, of the Empire, the responsibilities of which we had assumed and continued to sustain, he assured us, at great inconvenience and expense to ourselves, with no hope of any gain and advantage, but solely for the benefit and profit of our subject provinces.

Then there was a brisk and upright little doctor, kindly but peremptory, who occasionally came to inspect us. He was a man, no doubt, of about fifty, but he was supposed in the nursery, for some unknown reason, to be nearly ninety. He inhabited a picturesque house not far from our own, with a high projecting oriel. My elder sister and myself once went to a children's party there. We arrived rather late, and found ourselves in a deserted tea-room, with an elderly governess dispensing tea, who was very good to us. She was called away for a moment, and in her absence, while we stood balancing tea-cups and attempting to eat jam-sandwiches with

appropriate elegance, my sister unhappily said, imitating the flute-like accents of an elderly friend of ours, "I wonder what the young folk are doing upstairs?" This struck us both as so incredibly funny, that we were seized with paroxysms of unholy mirth, in the midst of which the governess returned. I fear that the good lady fancied that there was something about herself which had excited our laughter, and I shall never forget the agony of mind I suffered, knowing that I had hurt the kind old lady's feelings and that we were behaving with abominable rudeness, yet quite unable to explain or apologise, or stifle the laughter which broke out at intervals, without either volition or enjoyment, like a cork escaping from a bottle of gingerbeer; and we finally left the room with mutual reproaches and indignant glances, under a sense of irreparable disgrace.

Many other figures flit before my memory. In a picturesque house in a little steep street leading off the Close—so steep that farther down it abandoned all hope of being a street and became a mere flight of steps called the Grecian Stairs—there lived a distinguished-looking young man, who was totally deaf, with a very beautiful sister. He was a regular attendant at the Cathedral service, and used to stand grasping the front of the pew with both hands: we believed, for some reason, that he derived a high degree of musical pleasure from the vibrations thus communicated. He was often at our house, and conducted conversation through the medium of a small pad of paper, on which one wrote a question, and

handed it to his neighbour for an answer. To sit next him thus became a fearful though much-coveted privilege. On one occasion, my sister wrote something on the pad which caused him to throw back his head and to indulge in a hearty laugh; but my sister would never reveal what it was that she had written.

Then there was a genial and kindly widow lady, with a fine ancient house on the outskirts of the Close. We went there to a party, and were much disconcerted to find in possession of the principal parlour, standing in an elegant attitude before the fire, dressed in the height of fashion, the widow's son, and another man of the same age—we believed them to be about forty. They surveyed the games and dances with ineffable disdain, and resisted all our hostess's suggestions that they should join in the fun, with statuesque disapproval. Why indeed they chose to appear so carefully arrayed we could not divine.

But, singular to relate, about a year after, when I had become an Eton boy, I went on a visit to my grandmother, who then lived at Oxford, and took at her request a note to a College tutor who was a friend of ours. I went to his house, and was shown into the study; when the door was opened, I heard the tutor speaking with extreme severity: "You are wasting your time, you are spending a great deal of money, you do not even play games, but I must tell you that unless——" he broke off at my entrance. He was sitting in his chair at his writing-table, and opposite him, in a singular-looking gown, very

red in the face, and as I thought on the verge of tears, was the widow's elegant son, who was, though I did not know it, an undergraduate of the College; he recognised me, but was too much under a cloud to proffer any civilities. The tutor desired him to wait, and carried me off to the drawing-room; but it was to me an almost tragic experience, to realise that anyone so old and so fashionable could be addressed in such trenchant terms by a man whom I knew only as a good-natured and inconspicuous clergyman, rather obviously alarmed by my father.

One further radiant phenomenon lingers permanently in my memory. There was a large and stately house, some way down the Close, with a big garden at the back, full of shrubs and conifers. Here there lived a childless couple, very wealthy. What the husband had been it is impossible to conceive, or how the worthy pair passed their time I do not know; but often on Sunday mornings, when we were going to the Cathedral, we used to encounter them on the same errand.

The husband was a big florid man, with enormous whiskers, large expressionless blue eyes, and a mouth inflexibly closed. He wore in winter a black tall hat, which appeared to be always perfectly new, a blue frock-coat, a buff nankeen waistcoat sprinkled with small silk objects, which in my own mind I supposed to represent white raspberries, a bright blue satin made-up stock, with a great horseshoe pin set with diamonds, and pearly-grey trousers, all absolutely fresh and spotless. His wife was a small plump lady,

with an air of imperturbable good-nature, generally dressed in a damson-coloured brocade gown, with sprigs of flowers embroidered on it, and a bonnet of the same colour, with large ribbons tied under her chin. She was covered with chains, brooches, and rings, and in summer, at all events, carried a silk parasol, of the same hue as her dress.

Arm-in-arm, they used to join us with infinitely courteous and deferential gestures, and we used to walk together slowly to the Cathedral. The conversation consisted entirely of compliments, addressed in a loud tone by the husband to my father and in a low tone by the lady to my mother. "Mr. Chancellor, I must beg to offer my respectful congratulations," it would begin, "on the educational work so successfully inaugurated in our city"; or "on the last eloquent discourse that fell from your lips"; or, as a last resource, "on the healthful appearance of the young people," and even on my father's own robust appearance. But there was never any suspicion of insincerity about these panegyrics. They were uttered in a tone of voice which seemed to betoken that the speakers had been waiting impatiently for days to discharge a congenial duty; and so far from considering it a humorous performance, we regarded it as an entirely dignified and agreeable ceremonial, adding lustre to our humble pretensions; and it was all like a solemn drama of a semi-religious kind. The good couple were most hospitable and charitable people, and like the Brothers Cheeryble noted for kindness and good-will.

XV

The Cathedral service played a great part in our lives at Lincoln, although I also feel that, while my parents were very anxious that we should not be wearied by services, we had more liturgical observance on Sundays than was advisable; yet, as a matter of fact, the whole *mise-en-scène*, the music, the simple but stately ritual, were so agreeable to me that I never felt actually burdened; though it was on the whole a relief to awake on Monday morning, and feel that there was to be a secular interval. My father, I ought to say, was so devoted to liturgical worship, at once soothed and stimulated by it, and his mind so easily and naturally kept pace and moved in unison with a sacred solemnity, that I suppose he could only by a strong effort of imagination, reluctantly made, grasp the fact that a service could be to anyone either tedious or uninspiring.

We began on Sundays with a short service in our own chapel. Then at a little before 10.30 we started *en famille* for the Cathedral. My father was much set on my brother and myself, as befitted public-school boys, wearing tall hats and gloves—gloves had for him a peculiar *cachet*, and the smell alike and constraint of kid gloves were extraordinarily repulsive to me.

Our first Sunday was terrible; we were conducted to the Chancery pew, a high wooden box, near the choir; but we found either end of it tenanted by squatters—a widow lady in rustling crape at one end, and an elderly gentleman and his wife at the other. The previous Chancellor had, if I remember right, no family, only a good-natured wife, and they were not much at Lincoln; so I suppose they had granted a right of user to two families in the Close. We filed in, and sate packed together like figs, the occupants regarding us stonily as inconsiderate intruders. The consequence of this was that we were assigned some substalls underneath the Precentor, and there things were both roomy and dignified, while the fact that the seats faced east gave endless opportunities to survey the Church.

We entered the Cathedral by the south-east door; the bells in the Western Towers used to ring a peal first, and then for the last few minutes they were "jangled," as it is called, all clashed together, and the air was full of musical echoes. We took our places. The chime sounded in the central tower above our heads. The echo died slowly away; a versicle was intoned in the distant transept, where the vestries were, a response from the choir, a collect intoned, an Amen; and the soft rich harmony of the organ, rising and growing by a gradual crescendo, floated out upon the air overhead, while the rhythmical tramp of ordered feet made itself audible in the aisle.

Then suddenly the procession appeared through

the screen, boys, lay-clerks, and Minor Canons, the column diverging in two streams to the opposite sides of the choir. Then the two vergers with velvet-trimmed gowns and silver staves, and the dignitaries last of all. The Bishop was seldom present, Riseholme being three miles away. The Canon in residence was specially conducted to his place.

My father liked either my brother or myself to sit next him. The Chancellor's stall was at the south-east end of the choir, by the Bishop's throne, and when my father was in residence, there was a certain fearful joy in seeing the approach of the verger, with my father alert and handsome, in full surplice and scarlet hood, advancing behind; he came up the gangway, and one leant back in one's stall and held one's breath as the august figure passed by, while the verger stood at attention below.

When we first began to frequent the service, I used to speculate with great curiosity as to who were the imposing-looking gentlemen, many of them in frock-coats, who used, Sunday after Sunday, to be conducted politely by the assistant-verger to the same stalls. I took them to be magnates of the city or the neighbourhood. They displayed a strange variety of beards and whiskers, Newgate fringes and Dundreary weepers for instance. But this if possible added to their impressiveness.

Two in particular made me wonder. One was a small sturdy man with a great head of hair, a clean-shaven upper lip, a large firm mouth, and an expansive chin-beard. He used to go

decisively to his place, cover his face with his hat, find his places, and then look about him with an imperious air. The other was a little thin man, bald, with small side-whiskers, a sharp nose, and an acute-looking, pursed-up mouth, which gave him a critical air. He walked with extreme deliberation, and stood for a few moments in his stall, surveying the congregation with an air of critical superiority. He wore, I remember, an immense blue satin stock with a large pin, which gave him an air of singular nobility. These two, I somehow thought, were the principal members of the congregation.

But I discovered, one summer day, in going into a furniture shop in the town, that the bearded man was the proprietor; he was a genial soul with courteous manners, executed my order, and to pass the time asked me whether my respected father the Chancellor was well.

The blue-cravatted man was a still greater surprise. I espied him handing out parcels in a shop near the Close. He was a baker and confectioner, and was habited in a long white coat and cap well dusted with flour; he positively saluted me with a gentle smile, as I passed by.

How these stalls had been allotted I do not know—perhaps by a private friendship with the verger; but I mourned long over my lost illusions.

There is one very curious relic at Lincoln. The junior choristers are called Burghersh Chanters, endowed, I suppose, for a chantry Mass, and wear surplices; but the four senior choristers wear a curious garment like a black dressing-gown

with hanging sleeves, faced and trimmed with pale buff, which is the mediæval choral cope.

Then Matins began; and one of the distinguishing notes of the service was the performance of the psalms. The lay-clerks, I should say, began the Venite in the orthodox way. The organ played, with a thunder of pedals, the first four bass notes of the chant. Then the tenors and basses sang the first half of the first verse, with raucous emphasis, and then organ and choir alike broke into harmony. The singing of the psalms at Lincoln had a deliberation, a purity of intonation, and an almost ultra-refinement of pronunciation such as I have never heard elsewhere; and I shall hardly forget the shock, when in our first summer we took the choir for an outing to the sea-side, to hear the boys, whose angelic delicacy of enunciation I knew well, talking the broadest Lincoln dialect, which was hardly intelligible. The process must indeed have been for them like learning a different language!

The chants were recondite and carefully selected, almost invariably unfamiliar, so that the service was by no means congregational. The canticles were sung to old eighteenth-century settings, and the anthems, so far as I can recollect, were of a classical, old-fashioned order. The anthems were not announced by the Minor Canons, but by one of the lay-clerks, with an air as though a little surprise had been arranged for the congregation.

The Litany was a singular performance. The two tenor lay-clerks left their places and went

to a double desk in the centre of the Choir; on the floor at that place was a long grey marble slab, with circular ends, on which in old Byzantine capitals was inscribed *Cantate Hic*—it was, I suppose, the place where the mediæval singing-lectern stood—and the two together sang the Litany in unison, down to the Lord's Prayer, when the service was taken up by a Minor Canon. The setting was Tallis's Festal Litany, and I shall never forget the beauty of the *Agnus Dei*, with its severe chords of full harmony. The Litany was sung with the same precise deliberation and delicacy as the Psalms, and was really a beautiful event in the service.

The lessons were read from the eagle-lectern by the Canon in residence, conducted thither, though the distance to be traversed might be only some four paces, by a verger. But it gave one the impression not only of the dignity of the Canons, but of a sense of something so precious that it had to be guarded and attended.

The outstanding personalities of the Choir were Barraclough, a busy-looking, whiskered man, very hearty and friendly, who kept a stationer's shop by the Exchequer Gate. He was the senior Vicar-choral, and his voice, though forcible, was harsh and over-emphatic. The other tenor was appointed in our time, Dunkerton, a very handsome young man, with a beautiful voice, and with a devotional beauty both of mien and utterance, as though the whole service was to him an act of worship and devout intention, which was a contrast to the unconcerned air of some of the older clerks. Two altos I remember:

Plant, a striking-looking, clean-shaven man, with the air of an early Victorian artist, and Mason, a tall, grey-bearded figure like a minor prophet in a stained-glass window; but I confess that an alto duet, such as sometimes occurred in a leisurely old anthem, was generally more a humorous performance than an act of worship.

The organist, however, a man of much taste and feeling, himself a prolific composer, held firmly on to a refined and dignified tradition, with the result that though the music at Lincoln was hardly consonant with modern developments, it had a very distinct and delicate quality of its own, and was essentially religious in spirit, full of reverence, and touched with the beauty of holiness. The accompaniments were of a subdued kind, but when, as was sometimes the case, Mr. Young played after the service a Handel concerto, or an old English fugue, the organ lifted up its voice, and waves of melody rolled and reverberated from end to end of the great building.

The morning service, with a prebendal sermon, lasted for nearly two hours. The Prebendaries having but one preaching turn in the year, generally prepared a solid discourse, often more oratorical than practical, and I fear that of the many sermons I heard in Lincoln choir my memory obstinately refuses to reproduce the smallest vestige.

We hurried back home to a substantial lunch, and then again addressed our footsteps to the Cathedral, shortly before three. There we assembled in the Nave; half-way down was a pulpit, with

seats arranged in a semicircle, divided by gangways, radiating from the pulpit foot. As three o'clock struck, the Canon in residence, in gown and hood, was ushered to the pulpit. A hymn was sung, as far as I can remember without any accompaniment, but sustained by the choir, or a part of it, who must have attended in mufti. Then followed the sermon.

I do not think it was only filial partiality, but while I found my father's sermons both interesting and inspiring—he now preached extempore from brief notes—I derived no sensations of any kind from the sermons of the other Canons, though they were no doubt learned and sound discourses. And I am afraid that my eyes and mind were mostly occupied in getting by heart the architectural effects, and more particularly the highly grotesque and preposterous details of a row of modern memorial windows which filled the aisle; and I think I enjoyed them more in their pretentious absurdity than I should have enjoyed far more correct and decorous transparencies. Surely there are no more desperate travesties of representation than the stained glass of the fifties and sixties? The designers had abjured all conventions, and were feeling their way, through a crude and perverted realism, back to principles the very conception of which was utterly obliterated. How the thin and garish blues and crimsons glared and rioted in the afternoon sun! Some of the figures were on a large scale, some minute, with the singular effect that they all appeared to be at different distances from the slumber-craving eye.

The preacher came to an end—the *rallentando* perceptible in his voice betrayed the approach of the final cadence. The hymn was sung, the bells began to sound in the towers, we took a turn along the aisles, and then, entering the Choir, settled ourselves for four o'clock vespers, ushered in by the chimes, followed after a long, drowsy, expectant interval by the tremendous and solemn impact of Great Tom. In the winter months, the lighting of the Choir was peculiar; along the string-course, above the aisle arches, ran a gas-pipe pricked with closely contiguous jets; the light was of a subdued kind. The result of it was to smoke the shafts above the gas, and blacken the arches of the triforium. But as a boy I loved the slightly theatrical character of the illumination, and would not have had it otherwise. I would add that I found the Evensong singularly inspiring, as the high vaulting slowly darkened into a translucent gloom, and the colour died out of the windows. It was an ecstasy far more æsthetic than religious, but it was a touch of a high kind of beauty that brought a sense of expectancy and sacredness to a little mind mainly concerned with the aspect and outward quality of things.

The two vergers of the Cathedral, I must add, were constant subjects of observation. The head verger of the Cathedral, Logsdail—the father of the well-known artist, whom I remember as a handsome boy with a great head of curly dark hair—was a man regarded by everyone with extraordinary respect and affection. He had a rugged-looking head, with a beard and

thick hair, and walked in the procession carrying his little silver mace with an unconscious air of dignity and distinction. He was very learned in the antiquities of the Cathedral, and to hear him in his clear soft voice giving a lucid exposition of some point to a party of visitors, or answering with a gentle deference the most trivial questions, was a delightful experience. He was consulted on many matters by the Canons, and could always be depended upon both for wisdom and charity. Whatever we desired to see or to do in the Cathedral, we always went straight to Logsdail, and were treated by him with a respectful and affectionate indulgence which made us adore him: he was a deeply religious man, of beautiful character, an ideal sacristan, both in his own love of the Cathedral and his desire that others should understand and love it. I remember my father saying that if Logsdail were only in Holy Orders he ought to be made a Canon, and that no one had deserved it more.

The other verger was a great contrast to Logsdail. Barnett was a neat, dapper personage, with a grey curly fringe of hair, blue eyes, a very precise walk; but an impenetrable man, who seemed to wish to avoid all personal relations, and only consented to impart information on any point in the fewest possible words, under circumstances of inevitable and urgent necessity. He lived in a small neat house near the west end of the Cathedral, and if I remember rightly, was prepared to wait at a dinner-party, if required, when his presence conferred on the ceremony a sense of infinite solemnity.

I can see now the two vergers ushering in the clergy, the Dean and Precentor ascending the steps up to their stalls. The two vergers bow, Logsdail with a fine courtesy as a personal matter, Barnett with a prim ceremoniousness. As they bow, they let the silver rods fall through their hands, catching the staff by the bulb on the top, draw the red curtains of the stalls, and take their own places. The Dean and Precentor arise, refreshed by prayer, and the service begins.

After the service, there followed tea, and then a Bible lesson from my father, full, as I now know, of ardour and enthusiasm, but by this time the pitcher was overbrimmed. Then came an early dinner, to which we brought our books, and joined only in pudding and dessert; and later came Compline in the oratory. But though it seems now to me a day rather overweighted with worship, it never occurred to me to question it at the time. That was the Lincoln Sunday, and there was no more to be said.

Week-days were on the whole preferable—that was the first thought on waking on Monday morning. True, the day began by going to the Cathedral—this was never compulsory, but it seemed the order of the day—for a short read service in the Morning Chapel. Twice a week Mr. Crowfoot expounded a psalm, which he contrived to invest with singular interest; then oratory prayers. After breakfast, I used to take my holiday task for an hour to the study, and my father, though immersed in letters, was always open to questions of detail. By half-

past ten we were free; and we either rushed to the garden for a game, or wandered all over Lincoln looking into curiosity shops, executing commissions for my father and mother, straying through the cattle-market, strolling along by the Witham, and generally observing life.

At one time indeed I used to get up on summer mornings an hour earlier, and go out with my sister in search of adventures, fetch medicine bottles of chalybeate water from a spring in the valley, which we believed had an instantaneously strengthening effect, or pick flowers in the Greetwell Fields to the east. But these excursions were brought to an abrupt ending.

We went one morning to the Arboretum, a newly made civic garden on the steep escarpment of the hill to the east. It was approached by a very steep bit of road, lined with shrubs, at the bottom of which was a round pool with a stone coping. That luckless morning we found a pile of granite fragments, which were going to be used for repairing the road; and we discovered that by bowling them down the hill, they took wings of their own, and leaping from the stone steps just above the pool, plunged headlong into the basin. This amusement lasted us for some time, till we suddenly observed a small and irascible man coming up the side-path from below. We desisted, but he hurried up, and asked us in angry tones what we were doing. We gave meek answers, but he said that we were breaking the law, insisted on knowing who we were, and then said that he would almost certainly step round and see my father

on the subject. We walked away crestfallen and aghast, speculating on the possibility of our being conducted by a policeman to the County Gaol.

It was too bad an affair even to consult my mother about. We could only wait. I do not imagine that the little man could have faced a residentiary with such a story, for any consideration; but I remember the misery it was when my father, as he sometimes did, announced that we would walk in the Arboretum. Meanwhile our walks became a terror to us, because we were always expecting to meet the custodian on his grim errand, and to be declared the criminals we felt ourselves to be. One day at last, walking with my father, down the path at the Arboretum, we actually came face to face with the tormentor, and gave up all for lost; but instead of denouncing us, he meekly touched his hat, entered into a conversation with my father, and I discerned a flickering smile, directed at myself and my sister, play over his face as we went away. So our terrors were exorcised.

The afternoon was an unsatisfactory time. My father went to Vespers, whether he was in residence or not. We went out at two, but had always to be back by twenty minutes to four. Thus our walks were short, and mostly taken in the Greetwell Fields, then an agreeable stretch of open meadows, with big hedgerow elms, passing the new Gaol; but we never went further than a high stone tower, a shooting-box of the Foljambe family, built in a debased Norman style, which stood grim and solitary in the pastures. Sometimes we diverged and went

down the hill to some ruins with the vague name of Monks' Abbey, which were gradually being engulfed in the town. But we kept as a rule to the upper ground. Beyond the shooting-box, the Wragby Road dipped into a little hollow, and then passed out inquiringly over open fields and stubbles. I always had a curiosity to follow it, for it seemed to pass meditatively into the wilderness.

Many trivial incidents come to my mind as I thread in memory the field-path. One day we found an excavation made for a drain, and the stiff blue clay thrown out was filled with big spiky talc crystals, which seemed to us to possess a high commercial value. We collected a large number, stuffed our pockets and handkerchiefs with them, and spent the next few days in splitting them up into small laminæ, hoping to find a market for them. Another day our collie Watch, who spent his time running with desperate diligence after birds, actually caught a lark in his mouth as it rose from the ground, and his terror and dismay were pitiable to behold. He hurriedly ejected it, and the bird flew away unharmed.

My father was often very merry on these walks: he used to propound mechanical, arithmetical, and even philological puzzles, and commend the best guesser; sometimes we composed a poem together, all suggestions being welcomed and carefully weighed. Sometimes he told stories of travel in unknown lands, which we used at last to discover were mere descriptions of our own habits of life skilfully disguised.

When we returned, we adjourned to the garden, and played diligently to make up for lost time till tea-time at five, often followed by an energetic round game of extempore character; and so the cheerful days flew by. I was certainly a very childish boy in those days, addicted to playing with lead-soldiers even long after I went to Eton; I remember a sad reverie in which I reflected that some time or other the pleasant sport must be given up, though I could not conceive how I should ever learn to do without them. On wet days there was always the Cathedral, and we had a huge box of oak bricks, with arches and pillars included; and my father would sometimes pile up for us with wonderful ingenuity a daring and fantastic building; sometimes too we would all assemble in the nursery, cut out pictures from old periodicals, and paste them on the walls; but this only proceeded very slowly, and was not nearly completed when we left Lincoln.

One special diversion we had: on the last and first days of the holidays, four or five of us children used to go to the Cathedral shortly before noon and climb the central tower. In the top story, with its high timbered roof, very cobwebby, and with the tall slatted windows giving a dim light, behind a cage of iron bars, dwelt Great Tom of Lincoln, an enormous bell, under which it was possible for us all to stand upright. Beside it were the two smaller bells of the chimes. Iron hammers, worked by chains from the clock below, hung suspended over the rims of the bells; and Great Tom had as well a

special hammer of his own, with a leathern strap encircling it, which could toll a muffled knell if any Cathedral dignitary died.

At a minute before twelve we congregated close to the bells, with our watches out; and a period of suspense so awful followed, that one or two members of the party generally fled in terror and sought refuge in the turret-stair. Then perhaps some over-punctual clock in the town would strike the hour; and then a sudden click was heard; the chain of the first chime was tugged down its leaden tube, rattled up again, and the hammer fell with a loud almost impudent clash; the second followed suit, eight strokes in all. The portentous thing about Great Tom was his awful deliberation; a long interval passed in a strained silence, "and even the bravest were not brave." Then very slowly, not plucked or jerked, the chain tightened and moved down; the ponderous hammer was suspended, and suddenly released. The immense, all-embracing clang that followed was always quite unexpectedly appalling—the rest of the world was obliterated;—one merely lived in sound—and then the reverberations followed, in great swinging waves of melodious thunder; but then fell the second stroke, and the third, till the whole high belfry was filled as full as it would hold of mellow echoes.

Then we used to hurry up to the topmost leads, survey the Close, and look out for Boston Stump and York Minster, the former I suppose some thirty miles away, and the latter perhaps near sixty. But York was only visible on days

of quite exceptional clarity, and Boston only in bright liquid weather, though indeed my youngest brother, the first day he went up the tower, saw them both at once, and was inconsolable when York turned out to be a small church in the neighbourhood of Riseholme, and Boston Stump a poplar not very far from Canwick.

XVI

Our life as children was, I have often thought, rather an independent one. My eldest brother Martin, two years older than myself, was a boy of quite extraordinary ability, and was at this time, at the age of fourteen, reading books of an advanced kind, which conveyed simply nothing to me, and with technical interests such as the collecting and deciphering of coins, in which I could take no part. He was fond too of discussing abstract questions with my mother and father; so that though we two rambled about a good deal together, we were not exactly comrades, because his mind was full of interests which I did not share; and further I was myself fond of solitary pursuits. My sisters, both younger than myself, were very close companions, and my younger brothers, when we went to Lincoln, were respectively six and two years old, so that we were perhaps more gregarious than sociable.

On the other hand, my parents were sociable rather than gregarious. They did not entertain very much, and we had not many visitors. The fact was that my father was a very busy and active-minded man, who loved the domestic atmosphere. I think his idea of a delightful evening was that as many of us as possible

should sit together reading, and asking intelligent questions.

My mother, on the other hand, instantly made friends with many wives and daughters of the households of the Close; but these friendships were personal intimacies. She had the gift of attracting deep confidences and devoted admirations, partly because she was herself profoundly affectionate by nature, and still more because all human problems, whoever it might be that presented them, had for her an absorbing interest and attractiveness. There were many long confabulations in her little room, for my mother's delight was in conversation rather than in reading and writing. Neither had she the least wish to establish a personal influence over her confidants, nor had she any jealousy in her nature; it was the blending and the diverging of the streams of life in which she took delight.

And then too, I learnt long afterwards, she was herself much unsettled at this time in mind and thought. The old simple orthodoxy in which she had been brought up, and even the more ardent churchmanship which was so dear to my father, and, as interpreted by him, so beautiful, had failed her. She had a strong bent towards speculation, and in many ways a critical or even sceptical intellect. A mission held at Lincoln in the spring of 1876 had a very deep effect upon her, and gave her the impulse on which she afterwards built up so pure and noble a creed, partly mystical and partly intellectual. The same mission greatly affected my father too, and revealed to him the thought that he

must be rather an ardent pastor, intent on seeking and saving, than a clear and unquestioned instructor, with beliefs taken for granted. This mission changed the current of both their lives; but when we went to Lincoln they were neither of them, I think, quite as happy as they had been or as they were to be.

It seems strange that two people so united in affection as my father and mother were, and so admiringly aware of each other's fine qualities, should have had their confidential interchange of thought overshadowed, not by any dissidence as to the essential and ultimate verities, but by a divergence in the method of stating doctrinal conclusions, and questions of ecclesiastical rather than vital import. But my mother, who was then only thirty-two, was discovering that certain parts of the old system of belief which she had held mechanically were more formal than real, while my father threw into the whole of his creed an impassioned ardour which tended perhaps to obscure the proportion of it, and would have been deeply distressed by any deviation from it, as well as unable to discuss any question, about which he felt so deeply, impersonally or impartially. I have often heard my mother say that he was all the time wonderfully good to her, which perhaps made it all the harder for her to say what would have caused him so much distress.

We did not, as far as I remember, have many visitors at Lincoln. Prebendaries came for preaching-turns, and were curiously scrutinised by the nursery circle. I remember, for instance,

a worthy Prebendary called Mr. Pooley, whose name seemed to us of so fatuous a character that we could hardly conceive a man being compelled to answer to it without being crushed by shame and sorrow. Lowell stayed with us for a few days; I seem to remember him as a man with grizzled curly hair and beard, in a loose grey suit, full of pleasant talk. Thring of Uppingham came, and I have a very clear recollection of how the little fresh-coloured man stumped into the drawing-room on arrival with a book in his hand, of which my father relieved him, and glancing at the title of the book, said, "Don't you find it rather dry?" "*Dry?*" said Thring with a fierce intensity of emphasis, "*brickdust's butter to it!*"

Henry Bradshaw came more than once; he was my father's friend and contemporary at Cambridge, and my father had the deepest affection and admiration for him. His solid form, his big, gentle face, with a little ripple of ironical humour playing over the lips, seemed delightful to us; and his quiet, confidential manner, his unembarrassed, caressing ways, completed the conquest. I remember the surprise with which on a walk we saw him put his arm through my father's and walk so.

Temple came once or twice. We had a habit then at breakfast of having a dish of small hot rolls in a napkin, held to be a wonderful delicacy; and every roll had to be purchased by a rhyming couplet, such as:

> Roll hither, roll, and let the word be said,
> Which gives my palate something more than bread.

This was perhaps the high-water mark; but when the rule of the house was explained to Temple, he closed his eyes, shook his head, and extended his hand. But nothing was proffered him, till at last he said, in loud harsh tones,

An egg
I beg——

which we all considered unworthy of a Bishop. But we gave Temple high marks, because though he said little, and that in very uncompromising tones, he diffused a sort of gaiety about him, and made my father alert and combative.

Lightfoot came more than once, imperturbable, good-natured, silent. His great mouth, slightly converging eyes, and the monocle he wore, gave his face a curious grotesqueness of an attractive kind; and the oddity was increased by his little tripping gait. The mysterious thing to us was that both he and my father set an immense value on these visits, but when he came they seemed to have nothing particular to say to each other. But what we looked out for was some jest or story which made Lightfoot laugh; his rich guttural laughter passed out into a sharp cry, and ended in convulsions of mirth which left him quivering, his eyes filled with tears.

Indeed, it always delights me to think that some fifteen years before, on the eve of my father's marriage, Lightfoot had been staying with my grandmother, and, having packed his portmanteau, was engaged in harmless civility in the drawing-room, before the cab arrived. My father and William Sidgwick slipped away, and unfastening

the portmanteau introduced into it the fire-irons from the room and some other small portable properties, in order that Lightfoot, who was considered almost too upright and virtuous to live, might have the embarrassing task of returning the purloined articles to his hostess, and explaining, if he could, the reasons for his delinquency.

Sometimes old pupils came—Arthur Verrall regularly—and we enjoyed, even when we did not understand it, his eager talk, the shrill triumphant outcry with which he concluded an argument, and his even shriller bursts of laughter. At one time I remember him as preoccupied with old English traditional song-tunes, and how diligently he would play them with one finger half the morning.

Another pupil, a sturdy and phlegmatic creature, came for some days, and thinking that it was a suitable occasion for a gift, went out and purchased two large vases of a dead sooty-black colour, with painted nosegays of red roses on the sides, which he gave to my mother. They stood during his visit in the drawing-room, and after he had gone, I remember my father saying that he could not breathe while they were in the room; and an agonised debate followed as to where they should be bestowed.

But the most entrancing of the old pupils who appeared was a young man, who regarded my father with a mixture of terror and devotion, and used to start and tremble on being suddenly addressed by him. He was incredibly shy and

awkward, and had a curious habit, on shaking hands, of clasping the hand given him in a firm grip, and then suddenly casting it away from him as an unholy thing.

We also had a visit from Freeman the historian. I dimly recollect a sanguine-complexioned man with red whiskers, very upright, feet planted wide, a decisive and self-assertive manner. It was the 15th day of the month, and he had been to the service; he said he liked being at the service on the 15th day, to hear the Lincoln Psalm. "Why the Lincoln Psalm?" said my father. Freeman threw back his head, and declaimed: "He refused the tabernacle of Dorchester, and chose not the tribe of Stowe; but chose the tribe of Lindsey, even the hill of Lincoln which He loved. And there He built His temple on high, and laid the foundation of it like the ground which He hath made continually."

Relations too came—Henry Sidgwick, whom we adored for his absent-mindedness, his endlessly charming talk, his unembarrassed stammer, and his extraordinary power of extemporising at any time a story full of strange adventures; Arthur Sidgwick—and we loved his relish for jests, his comfortable laughter, his peremptoriness in argument, and his wonderful gift of inventing new games of every description, and playing them with untiring zest.

But all these were occasional excitements, and I think the great delight of them was to watch the ways of our visitors, and to be deeply satisfied if they continued to be true to sample. If

Lightfoot had not abandoned himself to shameless laughter, if the caster-away of hands had adopted a gentler demeanour, they would at once have lost interest; and I think that visitors were valued in proportion to their output of personal peculiarities.

Our hospitalities were simple—an occasional dinner-party, casual guests at luncheon, and a good many people coming in to tea, and brought up to the nursery for that purpose. Occasionally we went for expeditions; I remember one to see Kirkstead Abbey and Chapel, and Tattershall Castle and Church.

But as a rule my father was a good deal tied. He began by starting the *Cancellarii Scholæ*, as it was called, a theological college, which soon filled up, where he gave courses of lectures. He attended meetings in the town; he opened night schools for continuation classes, and presided over a band of voluntary teachers; he held a weekly Bible-class for operatives, which was well attended. On one occasion they all came to tea, and I can recollect the frank and racy talk of these skilled workmen, who seemed to have a knowledge of all current affairs and topics—the only thing that a little embarrassed them was being waited upon by us children. Then there were the Cathedral services and the Chapter meetings; and it ended by my father finding that instead of a fairly leisurely post, with plenty of time to work at his big book on Cyprian—which eventually appeared after his death—he had hardly more leisure than he had had at Wellington. In fact, he declined the

offer of a Divinity Professorship at Cambridge, which he could have held with his Canonry. I do not remember that my mother was able to do very much definite work at Lincoln, but she had an Essay and Discussion Society, was a constant and zealous supporter of a newly formed musical gathering, and perhaps did almost more for her neighbours in indirect ways than most people.

XVII

In 1876 my Uncle William Sidgwick was staying with us. I was walking with him in the garden one day, and he said to me suddenly, in his friendly, jerky way, "And how will you like leaving all this?" I stared at him aghast. He went on: "You see, there are two vacant Bishoprics, Rochester and Truro, and your father is nearly certain to be appointed to one or the other!" But I thought no more of it, except with a vague sense of possible grandeurs.

About Christmas-time my father was standing one early morning at his bedroom window, which looked across a little bit of lawn, and commanded the windows of the front corridor He had been speaking to my mother of the life at Lincoln, how it had grown and expanded, and how happy he was. He heard the postman's knock, and saw the maid take the letters from the box, and put them on the hall-table. He went downstairs—it was a few minutes before eight—took up the letters; and there was one from Lord Beaconsfield offering him the see of Truro.

What he felt about it all I hardly know. He had refused the see of Calcutta, because of his growing family, and my mother's health. But I do not think he ever had any doubt about accepting Truro, though the idea of leaving

Lincoln seemed intolerable, just when he had started so many institutions. Event succeeded event with startling rapidity. My father and mother, with my brother and myself, rushed off to Cornwall, to try to find a suitable house, for there was no official residence—staying a night on the way with Temple at Exeter; he was now married, and the kindness of Mrs. Temple to us boys was a thing I have never forgotten.

A little later the farewells began. At a meeting in some hall or other, my father was presented with a quantity of plate for episcopal use: there were a number of fish-knives and forks —every piece inscribed LINCOLNIENSES CANCELLARIO—and one enthusiastic contributor pleaded that they might be arranged on the long green baize table, so as to spell out the words, "Farewell, Beloved Chancellor." The speeches were a revelation to me. I had not had, as a boy, the slightest idea of the share that my father had taken in the civic life of Lincoln, or of the affection with which he was regarded. A day or two later the members of his Bible-class brought him a set of bronzed metal dishes for dessert, which they had made with their own hands, and at their own charges. This was, I think, the gift, of all others, in the whole course of his life, that my father valued most. They were not strictly beautiful, but they appeared on the table regularly to the end of my father's days, and he always asked that they might be restored, if any other dishes were substituted.

Looking back over it all, after an interval

of nearly fifty years, I am in the first place astonished at the extraordinary clearness with which the outward details of the life at Lincoln remain engraved in my memory. It had, I believe, a very rich and romantic quality, though I did not at all realise at the time how unlike to ordinary lives it all was. In the first place, the surroundings were of wonderful beauty and stateliness, and full of associations, though I do not think I had any particular sense of their historical significance. In the second place, we saw a good many people, first and last, of very considerable ability, and with a wide range of interests, though perhaps circumscribed by the ecclesiastical atmosphere.

Still, it was a real atmosphere, not limited to local and personal gossip, but stretching far back into the past. The details, for instance, of the lives of Remigius and of St. Hugh of Lincoln were all familiar and vivid to us. Then too there was the interest of the quaint ecclesiastical tradition itself, a thing strangely remote from politics, social problems, sport, and even academic concerns. It was a society which might seem to an outsider to be highly artificial, but the details of which were imbibed by instinct, and so apprehended as the natural course of life. It was a big machine, the whole cathedral establishment, with a very definite subordination and proportion penetrating it, and knit together by an elaborate and deferential kind of courtesy. We were required as children to raise our hats to the lay-clerks or their wives, if we met them anywhere, with the same cere-

moniousness as we greeted the Canons. It was an intensely decorous and sheltered affair, but it embraced so many persons that it was an essentially good training in manners.

Artistically too it was a good training, as far as it went, to live among beautiful buildings, and to hear, as we constantly did, the criticisms of my father as to the beauty or ugliness of innumerable details. I certainly acquired a very strong taste for Gothic architecture, enough at all events to turn with repulsion from the spectacle of St. Paul's. I think very differently now, but it was something to have a formed taste, learned by abundant illustration, to give a half-terrified admiration to Norman work, ardently to delight in pure Early English, to appreciate Decorated moderately, with a certain dash of mistrust, and to give a comfortable assent to Perpendicular; and to do this all with a degree of reason—that was assuredly something!

About the religious side of it I am more doubtful. The Cathedral music and the dignified ritual undoubtedly misled me. I certainly did not yet view religion as a basis of conduct, but only regarded it as a section of conduct. I liked eloquent sermons and moving hymns. But I had few spiritual aspirations and no altruistic dreams. The truth was that I had unusually strong ocular perceptions, and an unfailing memory for detail, and with this in the background, and the activities of domestic life in the foreground, there was room for little else; but the ethical element was lacking, and could not

have been conveyed by any amount of direct instruction. We were naturally peaceful and amiable as children, decent-minded, fairly honest, truthful, not unkind or resentful. My mother's sympathy, gaiety, high spirit, and enthusiasm were intensely attractive; but she had great humour, and a strong dislike of any form of priggishness; and thus the moral virtues, which we took rather for granted, fell somewhat into the background, in favour of a genial and graceful handling of life. My father was intensely preoccupied with moral ideas, but he was perhaps afraid of scaring or boring us by constantly insisting on them, and thought that they would insensibly be imbibed by worship and religious teaching.

And so I find myself wondering whether, as a training, it was really bracing enough; it was all so tender and gentle, though we feared my father's constant scrutiny and occasional displeasure very much, and indeed did little to provoke either. What was certainly hidden from me at the time was the passionate depth of his affection for us, and the overwhelming anxiety which the smallest sign of moral indolence would evoke in him. We thought him a very great and magnificent person, with an effortless supremacy; but I doubt whether I thought of him as having a more vital relationship to my life than the Cathedral, or, let us say, the Bishop had. It is that apathetic acceptance of relationships which is so surprising about children! If one's affections are deeply engaged, as they were, for instance, by our dear old family nurse, Beth,

one could not think of life as apart from the loved one. But my father stirred an artistic emotion in me, rather than a vital emotion.

Moreover, in the Lincoln days, my father had not in our lives quite the same overwhelming atmosphere of pre-eminence and supremacy as he had at Wellington and was to have at Truro. He was a subordinate in a great institution, in a post defined and limited by tradition. He did not originate, control, and sway the destinies of the place; and this I think we subtly or unconsciously felt.

And thus I feel that though the Lincoln time made as deep a mark upon me as anything in my life, because it coincided with and was partly responsible for the development of artistic sympathies, yet in other ways it had an almost dilettante effect. Nothing serious or tragic happened to us at Lincoln; we grew up prosperous, innocent, and harmless, and everything went well; but there was no contact with realities, no strain, conscious or unconscious; nothing implacable and irrevocable to battle with; and thus its beauty was the beauty of a serene romance, of a placid idyll without either sharpness or seriousness—a time of pleasant delay rather than a time of discovery, a level path rather than an ascending stair.

TRURO

XVIII

My father was consecrated on St. Mark's Day, April 25, 1877, in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the Bishopric of Truro, and plunged into work at once. Cornwall had hitherto formed a part of the unwieldy diocese of Exeter, and the subdivision was needed on every ground. In the first place the Cornish, at all events in the south and west of Cornwall, are really a quite separate nationality, and fully conscious of it. As the Cornish proverb runs: "The farther you go east, the more certain you are that the Wise Men never came from there!" Then too Cornwall is, or was, a most difficult county to get about in. There are few railways; the roads other than main roads are not good; there are endless hills and promontories, and the uplands are intersected by estuaries, valleys, and rivers. There are many remote and inaccessible villages, out of touch with the world, and with deeply rooted local traditions. Then too a high percentage of the population are Dissenters—a fact which, though Nonconformity had undoubtedly kept the faith alive and active in Cornwall, made the position of a new Bishop, with a fervent belief in the methods and principles of the Anglican Church, a difficult and delicate one.

In the eighteenth century the see of Exeter was a poor one, and the Bishop held rich prefer-

ments, to subsidise his scanty revenues, in the North of England. Bishop Henry Phillpotts[1] of Exeter, a man of extraordinary vigour and nobility of character, a great reformer and administrator, but irascible, litigious, and peremptory rather than conciliatory and persuasive, foresaw the division of the see, and did what he could to further it. In 1876 Lady Rolle, the widow of Lord Rolle, herself a Cornishwoman, made a great gift to the endowment fund, and the Bishopric became an established fact. An income of £3,000, but no residence, was provided.

Fortunately there was a big vicarage a mile out of Truro, the parsonage of the parish of Kenwyn, the Vicar of which, finding his expenses increasing and his receipts diminishing, desired to occupy a smaller house. My father took the vicarage at a rent, and it was ultimately purchased for the see. It was described by John Wesley as a house fit for a nobleman.

The house stood on a slope facing south, in a big glebe of meadows, fringed with trees, and looking out over quiet fields. Truro lay below, on the sea-level, and the valleys which led down to it were spanned by two enormous viaducts of the Great Western Railway, supported at a dizzy height by stone piers, each sustaining an elaborate structure of spidery timberwork, on the top of which the line was laid. These viaducts were a conspicuous object from the vicarage, graceful and intricate in design, and somewhat precarious in aspect; but since replaced by solid stone arches. You could

[1] 1778–1869.

see the house-roofs of the town lying compactly in the valley, with the spire of the church standing out, and the drift of smoke veiling it in a delicate grey mist; behind the town, following the folds of the hills, lay the estuary, a creek of wide mud-flats at low tide, at high tide a sleeping lake; below this, where the creek turned to the east, were the interlocked ridges of distant uplands, beyond which lay Falmouth with its great harbour. It was a view of singular beauty, full of mystery and peace.

We did not settle at once in the house; we were all received at a hospitable little domain called Porthgwidden, which lay on a promontory to the north of Falmouth Harbour, by Restronguet creek. It was a lovely place, more like a big Italian villa than a country-house, with exotic shrubs and trees flourishing in the soft air, and it looked out on the blue expanse of Falmouth Harbour, with low green downlands on each side, and Falmouth visible to the south. The owner of the house was Mr. Phillpotts, a clergyman, nephew of the former Bishop of Exeter. He had held the little living at St. Feock close by, but I think had recently retired. He was a wealthy man, an enthusiastic gardener, and allied to more than one of the greater county families.

Mr. Phillpotts was a type of clergyman now almost extinct. He was an elderly gentleman with curly brown hair, worn rather full, and side-whiskers connected by a fringe beneath the chin. He had an aquiline nose, very clear-cut features, critical-looking, mobile lips, and slightly projecting eyes, which seemed to me to have an

ironical and rather combative expression. He was an active magistrate, and had very little of what would be now regarded as clerical about him. He had no pomposity, but one felt him at once to be a personage; his manners were courteous and unembarrassed, and he had the aplomb of a man of the world. He did not treat my father with any marked deference, as most of the clergy did, but as a county magnate like himself. His talk was full of interest and vivid reminiscence, and he treated us children in an indulgent and paternal fashion. I remember once finding him at Truro in the train going to town, when I was returning to Eton. He made me move my things into his first-class carriage, paid my over-fare, fed me sumptuously with cold pheasant and grapes, and eventually ended by bestowing on me a couple of sovereigns, with a little apology for the coarseness of the transaction.

One evening after dinner at Porthgwidden—the ladies had departed and my father and I were left alone with Mr. Phillpotts—he was sipping his port and talking at his ease. He mentioned Prince Lee, the Bishop of Manchester, and said something extremely derogatory and contemptuous about him. My father, who had been Lee's pupil, and adored him as a sort of demigod, grew quite pale, and said, "You can hardly expect me to subscribe to that, when I owe all I am and ever shall be to Lee's influence and teaching." Phillpotts was a good deal surprised, but with an easy sort of sangfroid, said, "Ah! that's the disadvantage of talking about a man without knowing him. I

have no doubt if I had been under him, I should have felt just as you do ! "

Phillpotts had a big, friendly, good-humoured wife, who made us all completely at home ; a widowed daughter was staying there, a pleasant, conversational woman ; another daughter was married to Colonel Tremayne, one of the survivors of the famous Six Hundred, a large landowner, who had a great park and mansion called Carclew, close by on Devoran creek. We went over there, and were treated with the same easy friendliness by the bluff, good-humoured Colonel and his little, clever, decisive wife.

It was all like a new world to us : we had led a rather secluded professional existence ; and it gave me, with the natural acquisitiveness of boyhood, a foolish idea of our increased social consequence ; but, finding my father and mother taking it all so naturally and simply, it became not a self-important matter, but a pleasurable excitement, another ray of the sunshine which seemed just then to fall so warmly upon our path.

From Porthgwidden, we moved into Truro, and stayed with a Mr. Chilcott, a leading solicitor, who was then Mayor of Truro, in a pleasant house above the town. He was an accomplished and agreeable man, and his family of handsome daughters made us entirely welcome. All the regrets about leaving Lincoln died away in this new and exciting world.

We were soon established at Lis Escop (Bishop's Court), as my father renamed the house. It was a solid and handsome stone-built parsonage

of Queen-Anne date, and with its large garden, its fine trees, its fields and orchards, it was more like a small country-house than a vicarage. A rather steep, straightforward drive led up through the fields to a gravel sweep before the front-door, and then, passing a shrubbery, which concealed the backyard, led on up-hill, with a big circular copse and a vegetable-garden on the right, and the main garden-wall on the left; then came round westwards under Kenwyn churchyard, and passing along a little avenue, with a gateway into the church path, finally emerged at a gate, with a farm on the left, and on the right the low and spacious church of Kenwyn, consisting of two parallel aisles, each with a small transept, a high weather-worn tower with heavy pinnacles of brown stone, a spring, once a holy baptismal well, with a fern-fringed flight of steps, and a lych-gate. Halfway along the avenue another door led into the flower-garden; there was a sunny circle of turf with rose-beds, and a big old-fashioned summer-house with alcoves, its open front flush with the wall, and built out behind into the shrubbery. Then the winding path led down through trees and shrubs to the house, to another lawn with flower-beds, where a great lime-tree, feathered down to the ground, gave good shelter in summer heat. Beyond the shrubbery was a large vegetable-garden, and beyond that again an orchard with bee-hives and white cob-walls.

It was all a little domain of a simple kind; a single gardener with a garden-boy kept it all in very fair order; but in that warm wet

climate the growth of shrubs and plants, to say nothing of weeds, was amazing, and the whole place, though fairly trim, was not in any sense smart. We had a comfortable sort of barouche and a brougham, with a pair of strong horses, both capable of being ridden if desired. But our arrangements were simple enough. The station was a couple of miles away high up, at the other end of the town; and when we children went away, as, for instance, to school, we were never sent to the station. We walked, and the town omnibus fetched our luggage.

A ridiculous little story lingers in my mind about the carriage. The first time the barouche was used, it was sent to the station to fetch my father, who was arriving by train. My younger brother Fred had petitioned that he might go to meet him, and the other members of the family, shopping in the town, were delighted to see the heavy barouche, slowly progressing through the streets, with my brother sitting alone in the middle of the back seat, his hands clasped on his breast, his eyes demurely cast down, and with a look of meek magnificence on his face.

The gardener was one Tregunna, a quiet, rugged, friendly man, with a speechless awe of my father; the coachman, a very canny old Scotsman called Maclean, with an expansive wife, who had a flow of the most polished conversation. Maclean soon learned to distrust my father's sanguine estimate of distance. "The Bishop is going to Redruth," my mother would say, "and must be there at one o'clock." "How long does his lordship think it will take to get

there ?" "About an hour, he thinks !" "Oh, then, we ought to start not later than ten !"

The house inside was simple and comfortable. It had a good panelled dining-room to the left of the front door ; to the right a small drawing-room looking into the garden ; next to that a very small study for my father. Upstairs was a good schoolroom over the study, and various bedrooms and nurseries ; above that, five or six attics, of which my own had one window looking out towards the church and another over the garden and fields. It was a considerably smaller house than those we had previously lived in, but it was business-like and commodious.

My father went to work, as soon as it was bought for the see, to improve it. He added a wing with a big library for himself at the corner of the house, with bedrooms above ; a bow-window for the drawing-room ; then he demolished the old stables, and built out a long wing in that direction, with new nurseries and good offices. Until this was built, we had hardly any room for guests, when we were all at home ; and he then transformed the old kitchen into a chapel, with a simple pretty screen and stalls, an organ, and a tiny vestry. Since our time the house has been further enlarged by the addition of a large dining-room and chapel. But when we began there, it was certainly a tight fit, and entertainment was necessarily limited.

Our former Wellington College butler, Parker, came back to us ; one of the warmest-hearted and most good-natured men I have ever known, full of fine emotions and devoted unselfishness,

almost too eager indeed for the comfort and happiness of everyone to preserve the dignified equilibrium of a bishop's majordomo. He was afterwards well known as porter of Lambeth, a post he held for many years, and a most courteous and learned cicerone. It was one of the pleasures of returning from school to be welcomed by Parker, with his firm hand-clasp, and his features beaming with affection; how many delightful walks and fishing expeditions, nocturnal raids on wasps' nests, tree-sugarings for moths, we had together!

Nothing to me is more characteristic of Kenwyn than those summer-night expeditions. We used to steal out after prayers, with a dark-lantern, some bits of blasting-powder, rough fuses of rolled-up newspaper, and a trowel—or a little can of sugared beer, with a paste-brush. If it was a wasps' nest, say in a bank by the back avenue, there was the pleasure of threading the silent shrubberies, with the evening breeze whispering in the trees overhead, and the lantern casting great darting shadows among the laurels, or lighting up the pale boles of the trees beside the path. Then came the hushed arrival; the hole swiftly enlarged, the blasting-powder thrust in with the fuse superimposed, and a trowel-full of mould and turf wedged in. Then one would hear the angry hum of the awakened wasps; a light would be applied to the fuse, and we would withdraw a few paces; then came the fizzing of the fuse, and the smothered explosion with sparks flying; and last of all, the inspection of the denuded hole, and the filmy

flakes of the nest, like mottled cardboard, strewn over the bank.

The moth-sugaring was a less exciting affair —one just brushed a patch of the sweet liquor on a tree-trunk; made a round, and treated similarly a dozen trees, and so came back to the first, to find half-a-dozen moths, thrilling and quivering with delight as they drank the heady potion—easy victims! But even so, the pleasure was not at an end, for on the following day Watch, the collie, used carefully to thread the shrubbery, and lick off, with the air of a connoisseur, what remained of the sweet liquid on the trunks.

We children in summer-time lived mostly in the garden. We held secret meetings of a mysterious society in the summer-house, where certain seats were appointed for the officials; we had ceremonials, rituals, badges, titles—it was all an unconscious parody of what was going on with our elders in the new Cathedral. The only difficulty of the society was that we never had any business to transact; subscriptions were collected and locked up in a cedar-wood box; but when everyone had been admitted and sworn to secrecy, and an occasional shifting or multiplication of offices effected, there was nothing else to do.

Then we began to explore the neighbourhood. The scenery of the interior of Cornwall is difficult to describe. The uplands are bare and even repellent, field after field, with stone-walls, and hedgerow bushes blown all one way by the insistent wind, rising and dipping in low acclivities and declivities out to a far horizon, and here

and there patches of scrubby moorland, with gorse and heather and little soaking streams. A touch of unusual dreariness is communicated to the view by the perpetual recurrence of ruined mines, with high, gaunt, roofless engine-houses, piles of débris and ruined sheds.

But, on the other hand, the valleys intersecting the uplands were enchanting places, full of trees and brushwood, with a full stream splashing down among great tufts of *Osmunda regalis* (very dear to my father because it was his father's favourite plant; in the portrait I have of him he holds a sprig in his fingers), or big patches of yellow monkey-flower. Everything grew in those sun-warmed, sheltered valleys with almost tropical luxuriance. There were many such valleys round about us. The Vale of Idless stretched away to the east, with its little river, its close-set oak-copses, the dingles by the road full of spindlewood and maple; here and there a lonely farm, and the low green hills rising on either side. It led to a great low-grown oak-copse of many acres, called Bishop's Wood, with a huge circular British encampment in the centre.

There we had a strange adventure. We had driven out in a pony-carriage for a picnic; and we had found a convenient little black shed in the wood, under the lea of which we had lighted our fire, and the kettle was just beginning to boil; when a short, excitable little man burst out of the bushes, seized the kettle, poured its contents over the fire, and trode out the embers, all in a fierce haste. We sate stupe-

fied, and then my father made a remonstrance; to which the little man, respectfully but irately, said, "The next time you light a fire here, don't do it within three feet of a powder-magazine!" As a matter of fact, charcoal was burnt in the wood and gunpowder made; and we had selected the magazine to shelter our fire!

If one went out of the garden and turned into the long churchyard, a path led out eastward over high pasture-fields and, suddenly dipping, brought one to a sheer descent into one of these steeply-cut lateral valleys. If one walked up the valley, which was closely shut in by trees, one came to a strangely romantic spot. It was impossible from below to think that there was a building in there; but turning a corner, there was a substantial white house, of irregular outline and some antiquity, with a little fenced garden in front, a vegetable-garden, sheds, and outhouses. The name of this place was *Featherbeds*; and it was all screened with the largest laurels, great straggling trees, that I have ever seen. I never saw a more utterly secluded spot, hidden in its wooden cleft, with no sound but that of the steeply-descending stream and the wind in the tree-tops. It was used, I believe, as a holiday house by certain Carlyons, but on a still, hot noonday, with the bees humming in the flowers and the birds singing in the wood, it seemed like the scene of some old fairy-tale, a place wholly sundered from the world, and lost in a dream of delight.

If one went farther up the track, one came out

by a most singular and sinister-looking house, built to imitate Norman architecture, with round arches and narrow windows, standing, as I remember it, alone and stubborn-looking in a field, with no garden or outlying buildings, in bare solitude.

How much was fancy and how much was truth, I hardly know, but we believed it to be inhabited by a man of some means, a reader and a student, who only left the house for a short ramble about sunset, never went to church or showed himself in the village. The curate used to go and see him, and described him as being full of talk and literary interests, with abundant books, a recluse who for some unknown reason had abjured the world. What made it still more formidable was that he had but one servant, an elderly housekeeper, who came to the village for purchases, but spoke to no one, and who saw apparitions everywhere, even at noonday, figures beckoning from the wood, or walking with veiled eyes in the field.

Then there was the delight of going through the town, and out along the estuary down to Malpas (pronounced Mopas), where there was a ferry, and the river took a turn to the left, by the promontory known as Sunset. The estuary was an arm of the sea, when the tide was up, with salt waves lapping on the shore; but when the tide was down, it was a great flat of light-brown mud and sand, quite unapproachable, with winding channels marked by black weed-fringed posts, and with great floats of sodden stranded timber. Near Sunset, among

trees, was the solitary tower of St. Kea church, united in name with Kenwyn, the church itself being in ruins. The hills came very steeply down about Malpas, but I remember riding up with my father among high stony lanes, and finding up there a big old house of brown stone, with wings—a mansion of considerable size—but utterly unapproachable. There was no one living there, but the farmer showed us round, and we saw dusty furniture and old family portraits hanging on side walls; not far away from this was a fine ancient manor-house among great barns and byres and cattleyards. It had lately been done up, and the crumpled blinds, with lace-edgings, in the windows, gave a curious air of modernity to the place.

But the charm of it all was that you never knew what you might find on these rambles: you would suddenly come out on a grassy bluff, and find yourself looking down on to the top of a church tower, with a little stone-built hamlet round it among tall trees. On many of these high ridges there were great barrows, and there was one in particular on the way from Truro to the North, so placed that through rifted clefts in the hills, both north and south, you could catch a glimpse of the sea.

One incident of January 1881 remains very vividly in my mind. It was an intensely cold winter, and a wild wind blew incessantly. There had been heavy snowfalls in many places. One afternoon, just before my return to Eton, I went out for a walk with my father on the high exposed road to Short Lane End. Snow began

to fall, or rather to rush across us, for the wind increased every moment. A great blackness filled the air ; and when we turned to retrace our steps, a perfect tornado broke loose. We could see but a few yards ahead ; and then through the western hedges, strange forms, moulded of freezing snow, like the limbs of white uncanny creatures, began to creep out through the dark branches into the road. I have never seen so strange and eerie a sight, under the black canopy of the sky and in a whirling eddy of torn snow-flakes. The snow was knee-deep before we reached the churchyard.

On the following day I went back to Eton ; we crept along, ran into a drift at Didcot, were dug out, and I finally reached Slough at three in the morning, and could only get a man in a fur cap, apparently a professional burglar, but at the moment out of work, to carry some of my luggage through waist-high snow to Eton.

XIX

Two of the more distant expeditions, riding with my father, remain very clearly in my mind. We rode out across the wolds, and some miles from Truro, in a dreary country full of ruinous mine-buildings, we came to a hamlet and a modern church of brown stone. We went to a vicarage close by, also of brown stone, and found an old clergyman with a long grey beard digging in the garden, like Laertes in the *Odyssey*, in very ancient mud-stained clothes, great hedging-gloves, and a coat green with age. It was so bare and windswept a place that the only shelter obtainable for the garden was provided by partitioning it all up by wooden fences into small parallelograms.

He was much disconcerted by the sight of us. He asked us in to a very barely furnished house, slipped out, and reappeared in a long new ill-fitting coat of glossy broadcloth. Then bit by bit he told his story; and I shall never forget the mixture of dreariness and passionate emphasis with which he spoke. He had been a doctor in good practice, but had been "converted," and resolved to dedicate himself to the work of the Church. He had been ordained, and with his wife had migrated to this lonely place. He was eighty years old, and had worked there for

forty years. But the place was peopled by Dissenters, whom he contrived to offend, and who did their best, he said, to thwart his efforts. He had begun with a small congregation, which had dwindled to three or four persons. He knew no one in the place, had no neighbours, spoke to no one. He talked with extreme bitterness. "I have spent my life in fighting with beasts at Ephesus," he said.

My father was kind and sympathetic; and the old man said, "Ah, if I had had someone like your lordship to give me a hand and a word of encouragement, and perhaps to speak to my people, it would have been different!" He told us of his ceaseless attempts to occupy himself. He showed us a huge pile in the study of the unbound sheets of a book—he had turned the Second Book of Chronicles into rhymed English verse, and paid for the printing; not a copy had sold. He gave us copies, but I have since lost mine. Now, he said, he only worked in the garden, just to try to keep himself from going crazy. His wife was dead, and he had no children.

He was not an attractive man at all, loud and continuous in speech, tactless and vindictive, and seemed to regard the position of affairs not as a failure of his own, but as the result of malevolent machinations. But he was deeply and horribly pathetic; and he said when we went away, "The promise made to those who seek first the Kingdom of God—for I sacrificed everything—has not been fulfilled for me."

Not long afterwards we heard that he had

engaged himself to the schoolmistress, a girl of eighteen, who played the organ in church. My father wrote and said that he thought it most undesirable; and the unhappy old man, instead of releasing the girl privately, read the letter aloud in his church on the following Sunday, and added that in obedience to the Bishop's wishes, he thereby renounced and abandoned the projected marriage; the girl, sitting at the organ, fainted away.

An even more dreary visit we paid to a clergyman somewhere in the direction of Newquay. We visited first a very ancient church, Crantock, where there had been before the Reformation a college of Canons. The nave was cramped and low, but there was a loftier choir, with a screen and stalls. The whole place was literally green with mossy damps inside. Close by were grassy mounds where the college had stood. The church has since been magnificently restored and fitted, after designs by John Sedding, with elaborate and beautiful wood-carving. The Vicar, a man of simple and ascetic tastes, with very slender means, slowly gathered funds for the purpose.

Some miles farther on we came to a big modern vicarage, in a high bare field. The drive was grass-grown, and near the house was a great pile of timber and boards rotting on the ground, overgrown by nettles. This had been a coach-house, blown down by a gale and never replaced.

The house had neither carpets nor curtains. It was quite a spacious place, but only one downstairs room seemed inhabited. There was

a strip of matting on bare boards, a bare deal table, three or four hard chairs, a few books; pipes and a tobacco-jar on the mantelpiece, and a few photographs of old college groups. On the table stood a wooden bowl of porridge and a jug of milk.

The clergyman was out—he had walked to Newquay, as he did every day, some miles away, to buy a daily paper. While we waited, he arrived, a sturdily-built, bronzed man, with an innocent expression of face, but dull and depressed. He was very shy and much overwhelmed by my father's visit. He could offer us no refreshment but porridge and milk—perhaps they might manage some tea and a slice of bread.

Then he told his story. The living was worth eighty pounds a year, the parish all Dissenters. I think he said that no one came to church. He was evidently a good, sensible, commonplace man, with no particular zeal or enthusiasm, very diffident and tongue-tied, and with no very pressing message to deliver. He had simply nothing to do, and no idea how to set about doing anything. I do not think he had anyone to speak to in the parish. "But here I must stay," he said; "I have no private means, and who would offer me another living?"

My father tried to make a few suggestions, but he shook his head; and suddenly burst into tears. Then he went on to say that he had something much on his mind, which he felt he must tell my father. He said, "I am so lonely and miserable in the evenings, that I

rent a pew in the Wesleyan chapel, and go there on Sunday nights to get a little warmth and light, and to see human beings and hear them speak. I know it is very wrong, but I cannot bear the perpetual solitude." My father said a prayer with him, and gave him his blessing and a few encouraging words. He went away, brought the horses round, and stood looking at us, without a word or a sign, as we rode down the drive. My father was in a state of great distress as we rode away.

Then there was Mr. Hocking of St. Endellion, a curious church, to which is attached a little college of three prebendaries, who are still endowed. The first time my father went there, Mr. Hocking took him to the church, knelt for a blessing, and begged his Bishop to pray for the future repose of his soul; a little later he met my father at a big visitation luncheon, and kneeling down, as the Bishop went out, he entreated a further blessing, which he duly received.

Another visit of a very different kind I remember paying with my father. We rode to a little grey town, built of slaty stone, with a good church among high elm-trees. As far as I remember, the vicarage, a solid, stone-built house, was more or less in the street. Here we were received by a very cheerful, neatly-dressed, elderly clergyman, with a courteous smile and pleasant easy manners, like an old abbé. He talked in a very unembarrassed way to my father, showed us the church, but said nothing about his work, keeping the talk on

quite general lines, telling amusing stories with much bonhomie and spirit. He gave us an excellent luncheon, seemed pleased to see us, but evidently had not the smallest intention of taking his Bishop into his confidence, or consulting him as to his work.

When we went away, my father told me that many years before, the living had fallen vacant, and the new Vicar, the charming and courtly old man we had just seen, came from a northern diocese, the Bishop of which, on countersigning his testimonials, had added that he was glad that he had not got to testify to his good character. On the strength of this, Bishop Phillpotts had declined to institute him. The clergyman had appealed, and finally carried the appeal to the House of Lords. The evidence was vague and contradictory; and the case was ultimately decided in his favour. The Bishop's costs were something like £20,000 in all, and the clergyman retained his living. "The wonder," said my father, "is not that the Church is not more effective, but that it exists at all under such conditions!"

XX

The town of Truro itself, or city, as it now became, lay low, quaint and pleasant in aspect; the principal piazza of the place wide and open, with substantial houses and shops. The chief inn was an old, dusky, stone-built mansion, once the home of a county family, but there was little in the place of any particular antiquity. Near the quay, where there were generally a few small vessels lying, and to which a little old steamer came up from Falmouth and returned, there were four or five eighteenth-century houses, turned into shops, or residences for professional men; these still preserved some handsome details, such as moulded ceilings, and marble Adam fire-places. They had been the town mansions of neighbouring country gentlemen, for Truro, like many country towns, had had in old days a season of its own.

One rather striking seventeenth-century building I recollect in Pydar Street, a solid granite front, with two low gables crowned with chimneys, but windowless, and a door in the centre, admitting one to a little court of almshouses, and with a narrow passage winding away behind among high walls, to an open space where a stream turned an old mill. Lemon Street, beyond the Market-place, was a boulevard of

very trim and solid granite houses, of demure aspect, with a memorial column at the top in honour of Richard Lander, an explorer who, with Capt. Clapperton, explored the Niger in the early years of the last century.

Parallel to the Market-place was another piazza, also containing some substantial houses, at the far end of which stood St. Mary's, then created a Cathedral—a very dingy structure of granite, as seen from the west, of debased eighteenth-century Gothic, with a shuttered tower and spire, and flattish wings on either side; but this front screened a very fine late Perpendicular south aisle, richly carved, niched and parapeted, the granite of which was, however, rapidly disintegrating. This aisle was eventually incorporated into the new Cathedral, and still remains a separate parish church.

The public buildings of Truro were uninteresting. Granite does not readily lend itself to any expression of lightness or grace, and the brown iron-tinged stone of which many of the houses were built has no attractive quality.

The town straggles irregularly up the little valleys and ridges which run down into the hollow on every side. The charm of the place was its quiet, unworldly, leisurely aspect, while to the east of the Cathedral, the clear stream winds among old houses and shuttered warehouses and garden walls; seen from above, as the train which brings one from town emerges from a tunnel and thunders out upon the two high-timbered viaducts, it has a wonderfully peaceful and sedate air, nothing compact or

business-like about it, no sign of traffic or manufacture—just the settled habitation of home-loving folk. In memory it all seems to wear a silvery air; many of the houses are tiled, and the roofs have been lightly buttered over with plaster to fill up the crannies, which has weathered grey in rain and sun; this and the drifting smoke, and the background of tree-sprinkled green hills, used to give it this pale and misty tinge, its bleakness mollified by the soft caressing air.

In the summer-time we often went over to Perranporth, a little fishing-village on the northern sea, about ten miles away, with a great stretch of yellow sands and fine cliffs interspersed with sandhills. On one of these occasions we found our way to Perranzabuloe, the lost church in the sands. The legend goes that it was built in the sixth century A.D. by St. Piran, who came as a missionary from Ireland, floating across, the story says, on a millstone, miraculously levitated. There among the moorlands he built a little oratory, and was probably buried within it. It became a place of pilgrimage, and hundreds of burials took place in the sandy plain round about. But the sand blowing in landward gradually engulfed the church. Another was built, which was long in use, being protected from the sand by a little stream; but this was diverted, and the second church became engulfed—I have seen an old engraving of it, with its tower just emerging from a hillock of sand.

That church was eventually taken down, and

rebuilt in its present position; but all traces of the original oratory were lost, and it was not even known where the site was. At last in 1835 the sand shifted again, and the gable of the original church emerged. The place was excavated. It proved to be a low building with immensely thick walls, about 25 feet long and 12 high. There was a stone altar, probably the saint's tomb, a recess above it, and two doorways, one of which was elaborately carved, but no trace of any windows. The result was that curious visitors carried away all that they could—I have seen some of the sculptured stones in the Truro museum. Now all that is left are the walls, and one gable with a rude stone seat below. All about the church in the sandy soil, as I remember it, were human bones, and not long before, a finger-bone had been found with a large, roughly-wrought gold ring upon it.

The whole place had an air of extreme dreariness, with the low moorland rising and falling, covered with rough grass or sparse heather, and all sprinkled with sand. It is indeed a difficult place even to find, but it is strange to see a Christian church which was 500 years old at the Norman Conquest; and the thought of the perilous adventure of bringing home the faith to so savage a race, as the Cornish then certainly were, arouses an inexpressible emotion, when one remembers how firm and even passionate a hold that faith was destined to establish over the Cornish heart, always so eagerly responsive to religious emotion; but even so in

its loneliness and desolation, the little broken chapel in the bleak moorland, with the curlews crying overhead, has the same poignancy and aloofness of quality that so many Cornish scenes possess.

XXI

My father travelled and toured a great deal about the diocese, staying with squires and clergymen, and trying to make personal acquaintance with every parish. The difficulty, of course, is that there are a certain number of the clergy who would find the entertainment of the Bishop and the hospitality involved an altogether too onerous and exacting affair. One remembers, in one of George Eliot's books, the number of custard-cups that an episcopal visit entailed, which weighed so heavily on the heart of a gentle Vicaress. So my father used to set off with a chaplain on driving tours, taking two or sometimes even three Confirmations a day, penetrating into remote districts out of the reach of any railway, approached only by ill-kept and stony roads, and ending up at some hospitable manor-house or parsonage, where a number of guests would be assembled for dinner.

My father used to find these tours fatiguing work, for apart from the Confirmations and the addresses involved, into which he threw himself with the utmost zeal and earnestness, as well as the making acquaintance with new personalities every day, and trying to fix in his mind the local and social conditions of each place, there was a steady stream of correspondence following him all the time, letters

being forwarded daily to the prearranged halting-places.

My father had no secretary at Truro, and only occasional help from a chaplain or friend; and the letters received were of every kind, business matters about which he had to decide, questions relating to church restoration, services, parochial disputes, patronage, religious controversies, moral difficulties, church discipline, requests for advice in matters of conscience—all the things which are apt to crop up in the life and work of a priest. Sometimes a single case would mean several letters; and my father's temperament led him to write often more fully and spontaneously than there was perhaps always need to do. I have seen many of his private letters on all sorts of subjects. They were strongly characteristic, quaintly phrased, full of emotion, shrewd, humorous, often almost too subtle in thought or expression to be understood by the repicient, but greatly treasured by the few who were intellectually in sympathy with him—not a fixed or stereotyped style at all, and quite unlike any letters I have ever seen, the manner and matter always his own, the letters of a busy, eager, affectionate, naturally imperious man, for ever striving not to be peremptory or summary, and blending enthusiastic argument with tender and paternal appeal.

I remember seeing him pack himself into the carriage, with luggage, books, papers, robe-case, the pastoral staff in its own special leather box—(it was lost at one big house he stayed at, and was found to have been taken to the gun-

room !). He would come out, half excited by the prospect of the journey, half melancholy at leaving home, in purple cassock and the little wooden cross set in gold he wore, given him by the Bishop of Lincoln from the wood of St. Hugh's roof ; he would don over this a flowing black cloak and a shovel hat. The chaplain would seat himself opposite with a pile of letters to be read, and instructions taken upon them ; he would kiss us mournfully, tell us what to do in his absence, with Maclean looking reproachfully from the box, and then they would roll away.

As to his Confirmation addresses, he was very anxious to avoid repeating himself, especially in the same district, where devout people would perhaps attend two of his Confirmations in the day, in search of a little ecclesiastical excitement. He kept a book with forty or fifty skeleton addresses, and carefully noted down where they were delivered. But into these he would often intermingle something connected with the tradition of the place, or the legends of the strange saints to which so many Cornish churches are dedicated, and who are to be found in no calendar but the book of God. Thus he told in the parish of Luxulyan the story of the martyrdom of SS. Cyriac and Julitta, to whom the church was dedicated, or at Tresco in Scilly he gave them the reasons alleged by the monks of Tavistock for leaving the island, " because it was not right that such valuable persons as monks should be subjected to the storms and piracy and vice of the Isles." In a parish where there were some famous

primeval standing stones, he pointed out that such relics almost invariably took their name from some posture of "arrested mirth." At St. Pinnock—according to notes taken by an auditor in the church—he related how the saint had visited St. Gregory at Tours clad in sheepskins, and had by him been forcibly ordained. "A fine man, Mr. Benson!" was the comment made by a farmer-churchwarden on one of these occasions to his Vicar, adding, "How much is he paid a head?"

So it went on everywhere, his mind bubbling over with the history and linked tradition of each hamlet sanctuary. And there were strange scenes on these pilgrimages. "Nowhere," he wrote in his diary, "had I such a sight. We could scarcely move through the road or get out of church. The candidates were many. They sang most sweetly as we walked uphill to church. They sang with all their power, a crowded church full. They sang us back again. While we were taking tea, they sang hymns under the trees; and after half an hour's revisit to the church to see its great curiosities, they were singing hymns still when we returned; and we drove off while they were singing still."

He used to come back with strange old stories from some of these tours; how he had heard at such a place that there had been a bachelor clergyman, a good and kindly man but very absent-minded, whose sister, a shrewd and active woman, had been churchwarden, and had read the lessons in church. But the absent-mindedness of the Vicar had grown upon him, perhaps

from some obscure failure of brain power, till, if there was any interval in the service, such as a hymn, during which he was not actually officiating, he would drift into the vestry, disrobe himself, and set off home. To obviate this, with his full consent, he used to be attached to the altar-rails by a dog-chain, fastened by a padlock, of which his sister kept the key; so that if he started off for the vestry, he received a gentle check which reminded him where he was; and at the end of the service he was set free. At another place he had heard of the discovery by the parson in a hollow tree of a number of rough figures of a man kneaded out of dough, with pins thrust into his joints, of obviously modern manufacture—a sign of the magic which still lingered secretly in some of these places.

The missioners told even stranger stories. One elderly man in a remote parish petitioned for help in conducting the services. My father sent him a mission priest, who going to the vicarage on a hot Saturday afternoon found the parson drinking tea. He was asked if he would like a cup, and the parson ordered fresh tea to be made. The missioner said that the tea his host was drinking would do quite well. "Ah, but this isn't the sort of tea you would like!" said the Vicar. It proved to be a strong brown sherry. The old man seemed in excellent health and spirits, told many humorous stories, and said apropos of a proposed celebration, that he would send up some *white* wine to the church "by way of a change."

XXII

At Truro, though my father and mother lived a much more extended social life than they had lived before, paying visits to country-houses, entertaining county magnates and diocesan notabilities, we children led, it seems to me, a more intently domestic life than ever, though the immediate circle was more extended.

When we first arrived, Mr. Vautier, the Vicar of Kenwyn, was still on the scene; he was a healthy-looking, upright, pleasant-mannered parson, who used to preach sermons appositely phrased, and delivered with equable dignity, but so wide in scope and optimistic in tone that they only produced a sense of vague comfort and stability. No doubt he felt the uprooting from the pleasant house and surroundings where he had been for many years, and in spite of his friendliness and bonhomie, there seemed always something a little remote about him.

Occasionally Archdeacon Phillpotts, son of the former Bishop of Exeter, Archdeacon of Cornwall and Vicar of St. Gluvias, paid us a visit. He had a rough, almost sporting side, and was a good judge of horseflesh, but was every inch a gentleman of the old school. I remember his shrewd, incisive-looking face with its small, firmly-compressed chin, and his concise, tren-

chant talk. He was Chancellor of the Diocese as well as Archdeacon, and very learned in ecclesiastical law. He had taken a prominent part in opposing the erection of a reredos at Exeter of a High-Church type. I used dimly to feel that he felt my father to be more advanced in doctrine and more emotional than befitted a Bishop.

Then there was the much-beloved Arthur Thynne, a son of Lord John Thynne (who was Canon of Westminster). He was Rector of Kilkhampton for forty years, where his brother had a considerable estate, and he occupied the family mansion of Penstowe. He was already a Prebendary of Exeter, but he resigned this to join the Truro Chapter, and threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the diocese. He was a High Churchman, and a very humorous man, bubbling over with Cornish stories admirably rendered in dialect. There was something more than vivacious about Canon Thynne ; he radiated life and sociability, but one realised that there was a deep fund of devoutness and seriousness behind.

Then there was Mr. Hobhouse, afterwards Archdeacon of Bodmin, tall and gracious, with a very winning manner, and also possessed of a lively sense of humour. Mr. Cornish, afterwards Archdeacon of Cornwall and now Bishop of St. Germans, an unwearied worker of great intellectual force and untiring activity, who had his finger on every department of Church life in Cornwall, whose thoroughness and strength of character my father recognised when at a

later date he tried in vain to persuade him to accept the Bishopric of Dover. There was Mr. Chappel, Vicar of Camborne, big, solid, rosy-faced, with large white whiskers, whose presence radiated an impartial kindness; and Mr. Du Boulay, of St. Newlyn, afterwards Archdeacon, a small, sturdy, shrewd man, who gave one a great sense of simplicity, honesty, and brotherliness, and still lives full of vigour and activity, universally beloved and reverenced by the clergy of Cornwall.

Mr. Harvey, Rector of Truro, bluff, bustling, and spectacled, somewhat untidy and easy-going of aspect, who spoke in a high thin voice not very consonant with his burly frame, was friendly and genial in private, but rather controversially inclined. He was a High Churchman, and apt to scent Erastianism in every corner, and was often decidedly at variance with my father. For instance, there was a great bronze eagle lectern at St. Mary's, which Mr. Harvey called *Nehushtan*, and said that it was idolatrous without being even symbolical. He was in a strange position, for he was patron as well as Rector of St. Mary's, which was a miserably paid living, and had considerable private means, which gave him a very independent position. He was somewhat conciliated by being made Subdean of the Cathedral, and made a very happy marriage which brought him more into love with life, and softened his asperities. He afterwards very loyally transferred the advowson of St. Mary's to the see, and later became Vicar of Probus; but he caused my father much anxiety, for he

was a man of shrewd intellect, and stuck very firmly to his own principles. I remember his comfortable Georgian rectory close to the Cathedral, where in early days he lived as a widower in solitary comfort and very characteristic untidiness.

But these were all only occasional visitors. The people who made the excitement of the life to us children, and who took up my father's designs and methods with an ardour which was hardly to be expected of established figures, was the group of young men who came into the diocese with my father, who were constantly in and out of the house, and with whom we lived on terms of real affection and equal comradeship. It is difficult to speak freely of these friends, several of whom are still alive; but it is forty years ago and more since the Kenwyn days, and I shall venture to give as clear a picture of the circle as I can.

Arthur Mason was unquestionably and pre-eminently the first of these. He was the son of a Nottinghamshire squire, a boy at Repton, and went up to Trinity at the age of seventeen. He was not, I think, a very hard worker in those early days, and had remarkable social gifts. But he did very well at Cambridge, being a natural scholar, with a keen eye for clearness as well as picturesqueness of style. He was elected to a Trinity Fellowship, and was for a short time a master at Wellington College under my father. He was an inflexible disciplinarian, and had one of the strongest wills I ever encountered. A man of iron will cannot

perhaps deliberately weaken it, but it can be mollified and partially disguised by courtesy, sympathy, and bonhomie; and this he effected, for I can testify that in all my life I never met anyone of such extraordinary charm both of manner and speech as Arthur Mason. He was for a short time Lecturer at Trinity, where he cultivated an unusual precision of manner and dress, and was, I suppose, something of a mystery, owing to what was regarded as affectation, but was nothing but the exuberance of a fanciful nature fortified by an intense resoluteness and an entire disdain of comment. He then became my father's chaplain, and agreed to accompany him to Truro, where he was at first put in charge of the theological students.

It was then that I first saw him. He had a very supple and elegantly built frame, which looked almost frail, but was in reality muscularly strong to a high degree, and kept so by a sort of natural training, for he was careless of exercise and never played a game. Yet I have seen him gather up a thick ample cloak, and jump nimbly over a five-barred gate from a sloppy platform of mud. Everything about him was dainty and neat, from his small shapely feet to his slender and expressive hands with filbert nails. He dressed carelessly—his long coat was often touched with a greenness of age; but somehow it never appeared to be neglect—indeed he seemed the best-dressed man in any assembly. He generally wore a wide-brimmed silk canonical hat.

But his face was the most arresting thing.

JOHN A. REEVE, 1902.

[*Argall, Truro.*

CANON A. J. MASON, 1878.

His hair in close wiry curls, parted in the middle, his features smooth and clear-cut, giving him a look of youth and freshness, he was really and not only nominally like an Italian picture of an angel, passing through the material world, and yet evidently thinking the thoughts of some other and more serene place. His eyes had naturally rather a melancholy look, but would suddenly flash with enthusiasm, kindle with sternness, or light up in the gayest of smiles; he had a firm chin with a jaw rather strongly developed under the ear, and the most mobile and expressive lips I have ever seen. Add to this a voice, deep, resonant, melodious, capable of expressing a whole range of emotions, from contempt to affection, a high, liquid, and infectious laugh.

He walked lightly and easily, and if necessary could run with sustained speed. He was full of eager and natural courtesy, both with men and women, and had many beautiful and seemly gestures, which seemed to proceed naturally out of his mood. He had affectionate and caressing ways, taking one's arm or hand, but with this distinction, that he was never in any way sentimental. Sometimes, on taking leave of my father, he would kneel for an instant and kiss his hand; and I remember how, long years later, when I took him to the tomb of Archbishop Leighton, for whom he had a great devotion, he knelt down on the wet churchyard path and kissed the tomb.

He never lived with us, but on the other hand we could never see or hear enough of him. My

father, for all his eager happiness, had at times dark and causelessly troubled moods, plain enough to those about him; but Mason had the power of exorcising these moods in an instant, and I never saw anyone in whose company my father expanded into enthusiasm or pathos, or the ready wit which was never far below the surface, as he did with Mason. Then too he preached deeply arresting sermons, stern in a way, but very moving; and his voice seemed to communicate an almost physical thrill and vibration. In talk he was full of antique terms and phrases; and his letters had never a commonplace sentence, while his handwriting was the quaintest and most characteristic script I have ever seen. He had marked and inflexible habits. He never read a book to himself faster than he would read it aloud; he used to take a little purple-bound anthology out on expeditions, and read poetry aloud in a sheltered sunny corner, with his deep and precise intonation.

He had too a wide and accurate knowledge of botany, but not, I think, an active power of observation, though greatly moved by a fine scene, such as the sea rolling in, in blue crested breakers, among the pinnacled islets and rock-towers of a Cornish bay; but as a rule, out of doors, he was so intent on talk, so delightfully and irresponsibly gay, that he had little leisure for anything else. I was with him once on a coach-ride to St. Just, opposite to a lively and flirtatious girl, who had been trying in vain to attract his attention. Mason had been indulging

in extravagant protestation of the charity with which he regarded the whole human race. The girl, when we arrived at our destination, helped herself down from the coach by placing her hands on Mason's shoulders. He gave a courteous shudder of aversion, and when presently I accused him of regarding at least one human being less charitably than the rest, replied with uplifted eyes, " I love her *soul.*"

XXIII

During his short time at the Theological School, Mason developed an extraordinary influence over the students, which induced several at least of them to imitate him in every way, down to the smallest details of dress, voice and demeanour —which is indeed not to be wondered at, considering the unembarrassed grace of his manner and the charm of all he did and said.

He was then appointed Diocesan Missioner by my father—the first in any diocese to hold such an appointment—and went about Cornwall holding missions wherever it was desired. The missioners stayed at parsonages or farmhouses, preached in the churches, trudged about in their cassocks, spoke in the open air, saw enquirers privately, and altogether tried to rehabilitate the pastoral work of the Church. Occasionally they met with opposition or derision, but never to any serious extent. There arose in these early days a good deal of hostility and acrimony among certain sections of the Dissenters, who were afraid of the growing influence of the Church. But my father was wise and moderate in his attitude. He regarded Methodism generally with great respect, and used often to say that it would be a very base thing to attack and belittle an institution which had

kept religion alive in Cornwall, in a century when the Church had failed grievously to recognise her responsibilities.

Another danger the missioners did their best to avoid. The Cornish temperament is naturally religious, and quick to respond to an emotional appeal ; the difficulty was that revivalism stirred their vivid feelings, but the excitement over, it exerted little effect upon conduct—it ran off like rain, without penetrating the soil. " Conversion " was regarded as the aim of revivalism. But in many cases conversion was little more than a semi-physical crisis, a kind of ecstasy in which the converted person received an assurance of pardon and salvation ; and this once achieved, the old undisciplined life went on as usual, accompanied by the comfortable conviction that salvation was in any case assured. The missioners avoided purely emotional appeals, tried to bring about an inner conviction of sinfulness and the need of pardon, and to ensure a change of heart and life ; they tried to build up character rather than to stimulate feeling.

Even as great and religious a man as John Bright attacked my father on a public platform during the earliest months of his episcopate, on the ground that he had announced his intention of contending with and suppressing Dissent in Cornwall, to which my father caused an indignant reply to be made.

Mason left the theological college, and took a house in a side-street of Truro. It was a curious and in some ways a very attractive place. It was a house of some size, with a

fairly large garden. It turned an inconspicuous front to the street, but inside there was a big brew-house, or some such appendage, which he converted into a plain but dignified chapel. At the other end of the house were two large rooms one above the other, with windows at each end. One became a refectory with a long deal table. My memory reiterates that there was a sort of aumbry somewhere in the wall, with carved Gothic doors, which gave the room a quality. The room above was fitted with deal shelves, and a table with rather uncompromising chairs, and here Mason established his big library of theological and general literature. On the ground-floor was a small austere parlour where he himself worked.

The garden was highly attractive ; it included a deserted chalk-pit with a high white perpendicular front, much trailed over by ivy, bryony, and clematis, and with shrubs growing in the crevices. This was shaded by trees, and a high terrace walk ran behind. It was intended to establish there a little missionary society or order, and I never quite understood why this did not take effect. It was partly, I think, that Truro was so remote, and partly that there was about Mason, for all his charm, a certain autocratic fibre, " steel under velvet," as my father once said of him with a smile—which may have discouraged postulants.

The work of the house was done by two lay brothers. I often went there to luncheon, and the kindly young men used to cook and serve the meal in their cassocks, and then sit down

with the party. Perhaps it was the perfect finish and refinement of Mason which stood in the way of his leadership. If he had had, let me say, a touch of something coarser and more jovial, a homelier sense of humour, a larger tolerance, like Martin Luther, for instance, his net would have held more fish. But, in any case, it is impossible to over-estimate the debt which my father, Cornwall, and the faith owed to Mason.

As it was, he was joined by F. E. Carter, who had known Mason at Trinity, and was greatly devoted to him. Carter—now Dean of Bocking and Rector of Hadleigh in Suffolk—held a very high place in the affections of my family. He was then a pale, fair man, blue-eyed, with rather a wistful expression of face and a demure accent of voice. He was not in very robust health, and found the soft climate enervating. But he had a wide range of interests, and was an excellent talker with a gentle persistence of enquiry, an intense appreciation of the vanity and inconsistency of life, and an irrepressible humour, with a gleeful laugh, even when he himself was the subject of affectionate mirth. He was a High Churchman, but certainly more tolerant than Mason. For instance, Mason's impersonal indignation, which I sometimes saw evoked, was a far more scathing and awe-inspiring thing than Carter's sympathetic condemnation. My father used to banter Carter with paternal insight, as when once, after a display of almost undue meekness on Carter's part, my father said that he must be appointed " Submissioner "

without delay. Mason was a much more learned man, with a firmer intellectual grip, but Carter touched life at more points, and was more interested in ordinary human nature. If Mason pulled souls into spiritual regions, Carter gently propelled them.

Then came G. H. Whitaker, a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, who had also been an assistant-master at Wellington College. He was a man of great ability—he had been Senior Classic—and deep learning; and he came to take on the work of the Theological College. He was a tall, pale man, worn-looking and anxious-minded, but with a beautiful smile, touched with a patient quality, and a great capacity for enthusiasm. He gave a sense of great purity of mind and spirit, and of a certain fear of life only controlled by a still stronger sense of duty. He had not either Mason's firmness of will or Carter's love of humanity, but there was an even stronger sense of moral beauty about him, a natural high-mindedness and disinterestedness. He was a fine and moving preacher, and in ordinary life had a winning and eager courtesy, remote from the rougher world. He is now a country parson in Oxfordshire, and still a profound student and devoted pastor.

There also came, as a student first and afterwards as a Priest-Vicar, G. H. S. Walpole, now Bishop of Edinburgh, who had been at Trinity with Mason and Carter. I think that my brothers and myself knew him better, more familiarly, than we knew the rest of the circle,

he was so entirely boyish and approachable. He was a sound theologian, but in ordinary talk he had the intensest relish for argument and ideas. The delight of his company was that he never chose or insisted upon his own topics. He would take anything that turned up, convert it into a debatable question, and argue it with ineffable good-humour, pertinacity, and deftness. He had an overpowering sense of humour, and a clear, rather shrill laugh, which sometimes rendered him wholly incapable of speech. His face, with its rather irregular features and expressive mouth, was delightful, from its rapid changes and its engaging look of comradeship, as he turned to opponent after opponent. "Come, Walpole," I can hear my father say, "you must leave *something* undecided." "Not while my breath lasts, my lord!" says the undefeated Priest-Vicar.

XXIV

Perhaps the most original and not the least beloved of the group was John Andrewes Reeve. He had been a devoted undergraduate friend of Mason's. "I am afraid I did very little for Mason but interrupt his work," he said to me once. He was a curate at Nottingham, and had, I think, made my father's acquaintance as examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln, when John Reeve had received priest's orders. Whatever his invitation originated in, he came to act as curate-in-charge at Kenwyn in the absence of Canon Vautier—and a greater contrast I cannot imagine! Reeve was a tall man, with a great head of curly red-gold hair, a rather thin face, with aquiline nose and a small delicately cut mouth, an untroubled brow and kindling eyes. He had a high colour, swiftly flushing in moments of emotion—and indeed it was undoubtedly the constant and eager expenditure of emotion that wore him out before his time.

It was one of the most expressive of faces, and his emotions seemed literally to chase each other across it, like sailing clouds. He was deeply affectionate—he wrote to his old mother every single day of his life—easily moved by pathos or admiration, and his emotions ex-

pressed themselves oftenest by laughter, accompanied by the most effusive of smiles—every feature of his face was enlisted in the service of his smile. He exulted in every aspect of his work, in his search for souls to save, in any opportunity of comforting and helping others, in the company of the saints, in the surpassing interest of life, in the charm of children, in the shrewdness of the old, in the thought of death. This sounds, as I write it down, extravagant and hectic ; but it was not so, for in repose he had a wistful air, and his clear strong voice a melancholy cadence. But apart from his religious life, he was a man, not learned, but full of ardent interests, a keen politician—he used to lie awake thinking about Home Rule—a lover of new books and new ideas, especially in astronomy.

He used to say that the great temptation of his life was reading the newspaper, to which he would like to have devoted the whole morning. He hungered for the company of intelligent men and for cultivated talk. Thus he used to delight in the talk of my uncle, Henry Sidgwick —" My dear Arthur, the man is a perfect saint, one of the best Christians living—and he doesn't even suspect it ! " He said to me once that he always went, when in London, to the Abbey, to stand by the grave of Darwin, and say a prayer for him. " The whole of his life, his books, his letters, are a cry for the Nicene Creed ! I want you to promise me to do this too."

I remember, at a Swiss hotel, his long arguments with Seeley. Seeley spoke rather critically of the faults of the clerical mind. Reeve entreated

him to say what they were. Seeley replied that the clergy were apart from the current of national life and contemporary events, and said that he had heard the Bishop of Norwich, Pelham, preach a sermon the day after the Battle of Sedan, without making any allusion to it. "But, Professor," said Reeve with a vivid smile, "if I go to see an old woman who is afraid to die, or a boy who has got a poor girl into trouble, I can't talk to them about the Battle of Sedan!"

He had a particular delight in children, almost a devout worship for them; and they responded readily enough to his advances; but it was not always so. My brother Hugh, then a rather angelic-looking child of five or six, with fair hair and blue eyes, had come into the drawing-room, in his Sunday attire of black velvet, while Reeve was talking to my mother. He reached out an arm and drew Hugh to him, while Hugh surveyed him with the microscopic scrutiny of childhood. Presently Reeve said, pointing upwards in a rapturous mood, "Do you know who lives up there?" "'Course I do," said Hugh rather contemptuously. "Don't you want to go there?" "No," very decisively. But John Reeve was never disconcerted. "Ah, well, I daresay the angels won't grudge him to us a little longer," he said to my mother, hugging his knees and laughing aloud.

Reeve lodged in a farm-house close to our gates, very devotedly looked after by the farmer's wife. I used sometimes to go and share his lunch. The fare was wholesome but monotonous.

" What's this ?—tapioca pudding," with an air of some disappointment. " Well, I daresay it's good for me to mortify a taste for French cookery —that's one of the chief inducements to go abroad ! "

Reeve used to walk swiftly about the parish in all weathers, with short rapid steps, hugging an umbrella to his side, and sometimes in a great black cloak, like a doctor's gown, when the weather was wet. He was apostolic in the matter of dress. He wore very thin shoes, and one black clerical suit ; and as soon as they were worn out, he gave or threw them away. He knew everyone and talked to everyone, and his pastoral visits were greatly prized. Much of his conversation was about the devil, the angels, and the dear saints, whom he sometimes found exceedingly trying. But mixed with all this was a shrewd humour, and a profound sort of poetry sometimes, the poetry of one whose religion was to him like an incessant song, a heavenly music.

He held many services, and managed to throw a fire and glow into them from first to last which I cannot forget. His voice, a rich high tenor, gave thrilling substance to psalm or hymn ; he read the lessons as though he were reading an interesting new book which he had found on his desk. He preached in many different moods and keys—generally writing his discourse, but very seldom using the MS. There was nothing dramatic or affected about his sermons, and never the least shadow of pose—sometimes he would seem the almost breathless bringer of

startling and happy news, sometimes he was deeply pathetic, sometimes he gave a fervid sort of instruction; but it was always concentrated and to the point, and though he often soared high on the wings of the spirit, there would come a touch of incisive shrewdness, which showed him to be closely enough anchored to the earth.

He was never daunted. He held a daily Matins at eight o'clock, sparsely attended. At this he would always have a hymn "for the sake of the angels." A would-be worshipper, arriving very late on a wet and windy morning, found in the dimly-lighted church an elderly lady, hastily requisitioned, fumbling with the harmonium, and John Reeve singing the tenor part of the hymn with all his might, while the sexton groaned a belated bass from the belfry. As they went away, John Reeve said with a smile, "I suppose the dear saints[1] are rejoicing in their beds this morning!" He was a true Evangelist, seeing beauty and joy in everything, and yet facing sin and trouble practically enough, though at times with an unutterable disgust for anything base or cruel.

There is an admirable portrait of him in a book by my elder sister, Mary Eleanor Benson —a novel called *At Sundry Times and in Divers Manners*, published soon after her death, over thirty years ago.

Reeve afterwards went to be Vicar of St. Just, then came to be our Vicar at Addington, and eventually was Rector of Lambeth. Then he was attacked by a paralytic affection, in

[1] His usual name for his parishioners.

which he lingered many years, slowly more and more disabled. But he never lost his humour or his interest in life; and he was, I think, the purest, most fervent, most disinterested, most simple-minded teller of good tidings that I have ever known.

And one, too, of his assistant-curates I must here mention, Arthur Palmes, afterwards Canon and Vicar of Dover, whose robust and hearty laugh was so surprising and delightful a contrast to his deep and soft voice.

Perhaps the most impressive figure that used to appear at intervals at Truro, though he was not more than a visitor, was Wilkinson, afterwards my father's successor in the see. He was an Oxford man, a scholar of Oriel, who after some years of work in the North of England came to London, and was subsequently appointed to St. Peter's, Eaton Square, where he did a great work. He was really an old-fashioned Evangelical by tradition and training, though later in life Catholic usages and symbolism became more dear and familiar to him. But he was not like my father, whose religious faith, perhaps more authoritative and incisive than Wilkinson's, as being the faith of a more dominant and artistic nature, naturally interpreted itself in terms of outward and visible beauty. Wilkinson was more than half a mystic; so that rites and symbols, which to my father were the almost essential accompaniments of worship, though he never lost sight of the ultimate aim of religion, were to Wilkinson only beautiful aids to uplift the inner spirit.

Wilkinson was the only man I have ever known who talked like a courtier and a man of the world about spiritual things, not only quite unaffectedly, but with an irresistible sense of their reality and presence in life. He spoke of God as one might speak of a man in the next room. He made acquaintance with my father in 1877, I think, and the friendship passed through no stages of germination, but burst into flower and fruit instantaneously. After one of his earliest interviews with Wilkinson, my father wrote that he felt he had known him intimately in some previous state of existence.

Wilkinson always seemed to me the holiest man I ever saw; but it was not an insistent or unreasonable holiness; he talked about religion because it was the only thing in the world which really existed for him—but he was also a fine gentleman to the finger-tips, full of gracious courtesies, and with a knowledge of men and affairs, a capable administrator, with a clear head for business and finance, and withal a first-rate horseman.

I was very curious to see him, and shall never forget my astonishment, when instead of the rather imperious Christian I had expected —for my father had alked to us much about him—there came into the room a tall, slim, rather elegantly attired man, moving with a sort of graceful languor. He wore, as I remember him, a buttoned frock-coat with turn-up collar and a white tie. His face was pale like parchment, his hair black and glossy; but there was a look of weariness about the furrowed brow

with the uplifted eyebrows, and his underlip, which was drawn in beneath the upper lip, gave a look of great wistfulness to his face; his manner was affectionate and unembarrassed, with a finished courtesy about it—I can see him rise quickly from his chair to open the door for my elder sister, then a girl of fifteen. But his voice was perhaps the most impressive thing about him. It had a rather tired ring, and he spoke in a curiously clipped and truncated way, which had a sort of high-bred distinction about it. He had a beautiful smile, but his laugh always seemed to me the polite concession of a man desirous more of human fellowship than of amusement.

I had never seen such a man. In a few minutes, with his cup in his hand, he was speaking of spiritual experiences, and he had a way of drawing all the circle into the talk by a perpetual and direct appeal for confirmation of his own experience.

His sermons were very simple, clear in form, and with flashes of beauty in them; but they were nothing to his personal talk. He did not speak as though he desired to persuade one of anything, but just as if he were indicating emotions and adventures which he made no sort of doubt you shared with him.

I was then an Eton boy, fond of ceremony and religious observances in an artistic and external sort of way, but taking life very much as it came, and interested more in the presentment of religion than in the practice of it. I had not the least idea of self-discipline or effort,

and lived in vague aspirations rather than definite principles. He asked me to walk with him round the garden one morning, and spoke to me, this great, mysteriously reverenced man, with a tone of spontaneous affection, of the difficulty of being distracted by the little movements and incidents of daily life, and of the power that came from the realisation of the presence of the Father of all, at one's side every hour, guiding, protecting, strengthening. He then came to my room with me, said a prayer—not a formal prayer, but using his own words and thoughts—and gave me a solemn blessing with his hand upon my head. It was a beautiful experience, and for days it transfigured life for me.

He threw himself with the greatest enthusiasm into all my father was doing, and became a Chaplain and Canon of the Cathedral. It was a beautiful and characteristic touch that when in 1880 the foundation-stone of the Cathedral was laid in a blazing sun, Wilkinson, behind my father, stood bare-headed in the full heat, that with his cap held up he might shade my father's head.

In the sad years after my elder brother's death in 1878, which I shall refer to a little later, my father derived the greatest comfort and help from Wilkinson, and it was wonderful to see how Wilkinson's arrival, his talk and his prayers, had power to lift my father out of the sorrow which penetrated to every part of his being, and involved him in the deepest and darkest depression. I feel now that though

[*Tyler, Croydon.*

ARCHBISHOP BENSON, 1892.

[*Elliott & Fry.*

BISHOP WILKINSON, 1885.

Wilkinson's mystical consciousness of the near presence of God had an extraordinary power over my father, as giving him not so much an insight into unrecognised truth, as a more direct contact with spiritual forces, yet there were many sides of my father's nature with which Wilkinson had little contact—the artistic, historical, and theological regions ; but Wilkinson's admiration for my father was so great that he was instinctively drawn in those directions ; and few men could have been found in England so desirous loyally to follow out the work my father had inaugurated in Cornwall, with his own special touch of inspiration, as Wilkinson, while he contributed to that work a new and congenial emotion of his own.

Many of our old friends came down to us at Truro, but it was a long way from the world, a day's journey in those times. One day in 1879 came a wire from Lightfoot, then Divinity Professor at Cambridge and a Canon of St. Paul's. He came by night, in an anxious and preoccupied mood. There were long conferences and perambulations, and he departed as swiftly as he came. The mystery was solved by the announcement of Lightfoot's appointment to Durham, a hazardous experiment for a secluded don and student of fifty-eight, but resulting in an extraordinary success.

One summer Arthur Butler, my own godfather, came to assist at an ordination. Fifteen years before he had had to leave Haileybury, where he was Head Master, owing to a bad breakdown, and had been much of an invalid ever since.

His was a fine and enthusiastic nature; he had been as a boy a conspicuous athlete, as well as a most accomplished and graceful scholar; and his sweetness of temper and abundant kindness were inexhaustible; but his health had prevented him from doing very active work. He was living at Oxford as a Fellow of Oriel, where he won the devoted regard of the whole College. He was very nervous, I remember, about the set of addresses he was to give to the candidates, and this resulted in a fit of entire sleeplessness. However, he stuck gallantly to his bargain.

Infinite precautions in the way of diet were adopted, and I think he took most of his meals in his own room. In the afternoon, he begged to be allowed to walk alone, and I remember on a warm, wet afternoon, with the horizon draped in flying mist, we all went out for a walk with my father, when out of a side-lane there hurried a cloaked figure—his grey beard and flowing locks gave him a very picturesque appearance—smoking a cigarette. He waved us away with the gentlest of smiles, and disappeared swiftly down a farm-road to continue his lonely career. I may add that the addresses, in my father's opinion, were some of the most inspiring and appropriate that he had ever listened to, and the candidates were profoundly impressed by them.

Dr. Jex-Blake, the then Head Master of Rugby, came to see us, deaf but infinitely courteous, companionable, and amusing, with a fine touch of irony concealed under an almost apostolic

blandness in his talk—a very dignified presence, even with the full side-whiskers then much the fashion with elderly ecclesiastics. My father was away one day, and I walked with Jex-Blake; as we went through the garden, we saw two determined-looking parsons hurrying down the drive to the house. Jex-Blake looked after them, and turning to me with a twinkling eye, said:

> Adeunt consultum oracula Phœbi;
> Phœbus abest!

—a very adroit quotation!

I cannot forbear adding the story of a later incident which befell my father and Jex-Blake. Jex-Blake was intending to resign Rugby, and wrote to my father saying that he wanted a living, of manageable size, the only necessary requisite being a good-sized house. My father was in Switzerland at the time, and a few days later saw in the *Guardian* that one of his own livings had fallen vacant, which was precisely adapted to Jex-Blake's needs. He wrote and offered it to him. Jex-Blake after a few days wrote a letter of inimitable humour. He began by thanking my father for so promptly meeting his wishes on the point. "I have been to see the parish in question," he went on. "It is very remote; the value of the living is sixty pounds a year, there is no house; and lastly, I have ascertained that it is not even in your gift." The fact was that it was a parish of the same name as that in my father's gift, in quite a different part of the country; and my

father's conclusion had been based on insufficient evidence.

Then there were some women-friends of ours who came to Truro, partly for love of my mother, and partly to lend a hand. My father was an enthusiastic believer in female education, and started a High School for Girls at once, which my sisters attended. Miss Bramston, daughter of the late Dean of Winchester, came for a time as a voluntary governess to my sisters, and then opened a little boarding-house for girls in the town. She was a very lovable woman, short and solid, with a curiously awkward gait, accompanied by a stiff motion of her hands as though she were swimming. She peered out upon the world through spectacles; but she had a rich sense of humour, a wonderful inventiveness in and a relish for all kinds of games, a wide range of interests, and was herself a practised and successful writer. She had strange fancies about diet, and unconventional manners, but she was a good comrade and a devoted friend.

Then also came my own godmother, Miss Hedley, one of my mother's closest and earliest friends. She undertook the charge of a big girls' boarding-house. Her health was not good, but she was one of the most eager, unselfish, appreciative optimists I have ever known. The love and tenderness she lavished on her girls and upon us children can hardly be told. She was one of the few people of whom I can say that I never saw her anything but indomitably and naturally cheerful, though she had many and heavy troubles of her own, and her life

had had both trials and disappointments of which she never spoke or even appeared to think. It was a beautiful and gallant nature, not definitely intellectual, but so quick in sympathy that it filled every gap. I used to delight in her ready smile and her sparkling, vivacious eyes, though she was worn and frail of aspect.

That, I think, was the inner group of friends, and the general impression I retain was that it was for me, at all events, the most exciting, interesting, and amusing time of my whole life. It is natural to think that an ecclesiastical atmosphere must be dull and serious, disciplined and chastened, occupied with the *custodia oculorum* and other cloistered virtues. But the convention and the vehicle in which a spirit makes itself manifest matter very little. The whole atmosphere was charged with romance and gaiety, full of surprises and delicious experiences. We did not in those days talk much about books—and indeed I do not think that much reading was done—the whole of life was too full of animation for that. The places we visited, the mysterious, secluded valleys and the hidden hamlets, the stories brought home by my father or contributed by his missioners, the strange, eager, inquisitive, affectionate folk all about, in church, in the lanes, in the town, the interesting people who appeared fitfully upon the scene—all these created a very peculiar and beautiful background for an ardent spirit like my father's.

From the time that my father left Cambridge as a Fellow of Trinity, at Rugby and at Welling-

ton College, he had been under the academical influence. At Wellington College, he had been brought within range of interesting and noteworthy personalities, such as the Prince Consort and Lord Derby ; but this was only incidental. His work at Wellington had absorbed him entirely, and he had the happy and infectious power of believing that any work in which he was engaged was the most interesting and valuable work in the world. He had been given the task of creating a new public school ; he had met with conspicuous success, but his influence there had been so supreme and dominating, and he had had so little criticism and opposition, that his view of life was rather a narrow one. He had, perhaps, attached too great an importance to the formative influence of Thucydides, and to the civilising effect of Latin verses.

But Lincoln had not only given him a rest from active administration and responsibility ; he had learned to live with a body of men whom he could not dominate, nor even necessarily affect ; he had been brought into contact with democratic and social problems, with pastoral work, and, most of all, with new and vital ideas about religion, not only as applied to immature and docile minds, but as affecting grown-up men and women, with habits and thoughts and responsibilities of their own. All this proved a great crisis in his life. His was a noble nature, and he opened all the windows of his heart to the day.

It was in this spirit that he went to Truro, in the frame of mind of a great creative artist,

with a big idea to be worked out with a glow of ardour, and yet on extremely practical and detailed lines. It was exactly what filled and satisfied both sides of his nature; and what he did at Truro cannot be regarded simply as a solid piece of ecclesiastical work; it was rather an intensely romantic and vivid conception of a great design, involving an immense handling of detail, which he loved in itself. He was neither philosopher nor politician, neither combative nor indolent. He went to Truro in the spirit of a lover, and to the end of his life he loved Cornwall with a passionate fondness, as a man might regard the wife of his youth and the mother of his children.

XXV

A FEW other people stand out among our visitors. Lord Mount Edgcumbe, then Lord-Lieutenant of Cornwall, stayed with us more than once, refined and delicate-looking, with a great grace and distinction of manner; as far as I remember, he then wore red whiskers and moustache; his high bald forehead, his rather veiled, tired-looking, but good-humoured eyes, his gentle, unembarrassed manners, his graceful little gestures, all gave him the air of a *grand seigneur*; while his simple directness of speech and modest self-possession were very reassuring to us as children, for he talked to us with great kindliness. He was an extremely active and public-spirited man, and gave my father unfailing sympathy and support. He was from the first Chairman of the Cathedral Building Committee, and threw himself with extraordinary energy into the enterprise, hardly ever missing a meeting, though it involved crossing the Tamar from Mount Edgcumbe to Plymouth at an early hour in order to catch the train to Truro.

Mr. Leonard Courtney, then member for Liskeard, and afterwards Lord Courtney of Penwith, was an occasional visitor, a robust, rough-hewn, vigorous, democratic personage, with big dark eyebrows, a chin beard, and a rather rich and

fantastic preference in dress. He was a strong Radical, or rather Whig, most friendly and interesting as a talker, and my father forgave him much for being a Fellow of St. John's College.

The member for Truro was Sir James McGarel Hogg, afterwards Lord Magheramorne, who was Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works from 1870 to 1889. The only visit of his that I remember was fraught with disaster. He lunched with us, a pale, stately, dignified person, with an air of conscious publicity, and dressed in an ample frock-coat. With decorous courtesy he gave my mother his arm to conduct her about three yards to the dining-room. The devil had entered into the head of my brother Hugh, for he had chosen that day to conceal himself in a recess under the sideboard, and as the solemn procession approached, he hurled himself out with a portentous cry, to frighten what he supposed to be a family party. He was at that time greatly obsessed with the desire to frighten people. Sir James was delightful. "What have we here? A bandit, I presume? Mrs. Benson, you should have warned me; and now let me be introduced to the young gentleman!" Later in the afternoon Sir James conveyed a tip to "his assailant." We gave him good marks for this, but we were a little vexed by Hugh actually earning money by his naughtiness.

Miss Hamond, the great woman-evangelist, stayed with us for several days, a tall, majestic, serious figure, the daughter of a Norfolk squire,

with a very direct method of handling spiritual topics, but without the gentle delicacy of Wilkinson. We had staying in the house at the time an Eton master, of rather unorthodox views, but a man of wide sympathies and an intense personal curiosity. Miss Hamond said to my mother that she did not think our visitor's spiritual condition was satisfactory—he had a questioning air, and apparently little spiritual experience. Might she approach him on the subject? My mother saw no objection, and Miss Hamond on the following morning led our friend to the drawing-room, and enquired frankly into the state of his soul. We never knew what passed, but our guest was profoundly interested if not impressed by the talk.

The same guest afterwards gave us all infinite delight when walking with us, by suddenly saying to my father, "Tell me, my lord, are the proportions of the calf of the leg taken into account in making appointments to Bishoprics?" My father, whose legs were of the shapeliest, laughed, and said that he was afraid the point was too often overlooked; but he did not object, we thought, to the implied compliment.

Of the leading Truro personalities I have no very distinct recollection. Mr. Carus-Wilson, a banker, used often to come to Kenwyn Church, with his friendly and pleasant family, a bearded, expansive man; and his partner, Arthur Willyams, was a silent but eminently genial presence.

There was a serious banking calamity in Truro while we were there. There were two

banks, the Cornish Bank and the Miners' Bank, both in the Market-place. The two mentioned above were among the partners in the Miners' Bank; and Mr. Tweedy was the principal partner in the Cornish Bank. Some doubt as to the solvency of the Cornish Bank arose, disseminated, if I remember rightly, by anonymous letters. One Monday morning Mr. Tweedy came down from his handsome house, surrounded by gardens and tall elms, in a valley leading out of Truro to the west. The street was crowded, and many farmers had driven in; a run on the bank set in, and in the course of the afternoon, the bank was obliged to put up its shutters. Mr. Tweedy went back home, told his daughters, dismissed his servants, made arrangements to sell his house—all with admirable fortitude. Later on he settled in Truro in an old-fashioned bow-windowed house in the street, as manager of the reconstituted bank. It was a miserable affair, for the bank was perfectly solvent, and even after an expensive liquidation the creditors were paid in full.

Meanwhile the panic spread to the Miners' Bank, which contrived to get supplies of gold from Exeter. The partners hurried to the spot, all but one, who spent the day in prayer, and told his colleagues later that his aid in that capacity was more effectual than his presence would have been—in which he was not contradicted. Then, according to the legend, Mr. Daubuz of Killiew, a country squire who was a sleeping partner, contrived to get two large bags of gold, and in the middle of a crowd of

clamorous depositors paid in the money over the counter ostentatiously and deliberately. This, we believed, saved the bank. I do not answer for the truth of the legend.

Sir Philip Protheroe Smith, a leading solicitor, a very active, earnest-minded, and dignified man, was a great friend and ally of ours, and his daughter, Mrs. Archer, one of my mother's dearest and most devoted friends.

Mr. Paul, another solicitor, is dim to me ; but I shall never forget his serene good-humour and geniality when he acted Macbeth in a hastily improvised entertainment, the aim of which was culture rather than gaiety, though indeed plenty of gaiety resulted. The play was read, not committed to memory, and the accessories were symbolical rather than illusive. Mr. Paul in dress-clothes with a green Globe Shakespeare in his hand, and a small toy sword thrust in between the buttons of his waistcoat, presented an appearance which nothing but his bonhomie and dignity could have saved from being ridiculous. At the words " Is this a dagger that I see before me " he was instructed to draw out and flourish the little sword. Shakespeare no doubt intended his dagger to be merely the product of a guilty imagination ; and though the weapon displayed was certainly of the nature of a dagger, its effectiveness from the point of view of an intended crime left much to be desired. But Mr. Paul contrived to wrest something dramatic and impressive from the situation.

Mr. Nix, who is still alive, was then a tall,

handsome, bearded banker, of quiet and gentle manners, a most trusted and faithful ally of my father's in all questions of Cathedral finance. Dr. Barham was a retired physician, a cultivated man with much sweetness and charm. I remember his appearance at some domestic festivity in a long claret-coloured coat, very tight about the waist, with metal buttons, which he had worn at his own wedding some fifty years before, and very well it became his handsome and serene presence. Mr. Carlyon, who had a house near Kenwyn Church, was a venerable figure with a long white beard, full of reminiscence and ready courtesy. He was a faithful attendant at early daily Matins at Kenwyn, and his deep, sonorous voice seemed to fill the building with an effortless majesty.

Mr. Hodge, a retired accountant, was a regular worshipper at the Cathedral and a diligent steward of its finances ; he lived in a comfortable house curiously inserted between the road to Kenwyn and the steep green acclivity of the adjacent cemetery. The long garden, a little dusty in summer, was full of flowering shrubs and rockeries ; we often walked up with him from the Cathedral ; he took us in one day to show us his house, which was crammed with pictures and curiosities, among which was a singularly beautiful head in oils of some ancestress of his own, whose maiden name he believed to have been Opie. But so far as I can recollect, he did not seem to regard it as possibly the work of the artist of that name, of whose reputation and even existence he appeared hardly to be aware.

We paid a few visits. The great house and estate of Tehidy, near Camborne, was owned by a Mr. Basset, who had been in the army, and was in earlier days a keen and active sportsman; but a paralytic stroke had left him a helpless invalid. His wife was a woman of great character and charm, upright and handsome, silent, with big dark flashing eyes which seemed to indicate deep reserves of passionate feeling. She and my mother became devoted friends. She had been in her younger days a girl of extraordinary animation and vivacity, of undaunted and adventurous spirit; but her husband's illness and other sad experiences had given her, I used to fancy, a certain aversion to life; there seemed something pent-up and thwarted about her. She was a great reader, especially of poetry, with a critical but untrained appreciation of beauty in various forms. They had one son, a boy to whom she was devoted, and a certain Miss Somerset, a cousin, I believe, lived with them, a tall, handsome girl with something of the same baffled air as Mrs. Basset.

Mrs. Basset was of all the county personages the most indisputable and unquestioned *grande dame*, dignified and alert in manner, entirely self-possessed and resourceful, but with a touch of authoritativeness about her that completed her supremacy. I remember once on the platform of Truro Station, when a certain elderly gentleman, a Colonel of Militia, with a good deal of pomposity and self-importance, passed by Mrs. Basset, my mother, and myself, when we were going up to London. Mrs. Basset

held out her hand and greeted him by name. He looked rather superciliously at her, and said, "I'm afraid I haven't the honour—may I ask your name?" "Ah, it is your business to know that," said Mrs. Basset, and went on talking to my mother. The Colonel hurried to the guard of the train, made enquiries, and came back full of apologies, which Mrs. Basset hardly acknowledged. When he went away, my mother said, "Weren't you a little hard on that old fellow?" "Wretched old man!" said Mrs. Basset; "he doesn't know his place."

Mrs. Basset was extremely kind to us as children; and on one occasion we went, my father, mother, and myself, on a long visit to Tehidy. It was the biggest mansion I had ever stayed in: a great pile of yellow brick with stone facings, in the Italian style, with four flanking pavilions, and stood in a big park. The family had been immensely enriched by the ownership of large mining property—Dolcoath mine was a part of the inheritance—and had received a peerage, de Dunstanville and Basset, which had become extinct. I was then a big weedy Eton boy, very inadequately attired for a country-house visit, but sustained by excitement through the severest apprehensions. The guests terrified me, the butler alarmed me, the footman, who came to call me in my small lofty bedroom, which my memory persists in representing as containing gilded pillars and rococo embellishments, seemed to me to bristle with contempt as he picked up my well-worn clothes. But I was very soon at my ease.

Mr. Basset never appeared till tea-time, and played cards diligently, but was a great reader of novels, and used to discuss them with me, and even compliment me on my memory of their details. It was pathetic to see this active and kindly man condemned to inaction without any hope of recovery, and he was at times exceedingly and even alarmingly irritable. One evening at dinner, during dessert, a dog of Mrs. Basset's—she was greatly devoted to animals —came round greeting the guests, and I, in pure wantonness, offered him a grape from my plate. To my surprise, he took it carefully in his mouth, went to a great white bearskin rug before the hearth, dropped the grape on it, and proceeded to roll on it, uttering growls of delight. Mr. Basset in his wheeled chair at the end of the table cried out sharply, "Oh, who on earth has given that miserable hound a grape?" I sat in speechless horror at my guilt, but before I could make the lamentable confession, Mrs. Basset said, "I did; I forgot that horrid trick of his—it was stupid of me!" Mr. Basset grumbled rather angrily, and I was trying to make up my mind to behave like George Washington, when Mrs. Basset gave me a little sidelong wink, raised a finger of prohibition, and then with a little wave of her fan to her husband, led the ladies swiftly from the room. I adored her from that moment.

By day I used to wander about, and a friendly Major, a brother of Mrs. Basset's, with a roving eye and a big mouth full of rather jagged teeth, let me accompany him, told me amusing stories

of his schooldays, and instructed me in the elements of fly-fishing in a stream in the Park, with satisfactory results. He showed me a curious little maze in the garden, with a summer-house in the centre. "This is my sister's garden-room," he said. "Look here—this will amuse you." He indicated a big calf-bound volume on the table lettered *Hymns of Faith and Love.* He touched a concealed spring in it, and the cover flew up, displaying a little cavity containing cigarettes and matches. "She likes a cigarette sometimes," he said, taking up a cigarette and lighting it. "Do you ever indulge in a cigarette, by the way? No? That's right—it's a bad habit; but I'm too old to reform."

We went to stay at Penzance with one of the Bolithos. He was a blind banker, a man of great energy and business capacity, for whom my father had a great regard. There was a charming and lively daughter of the house, Miss Maud, who took me about, and by her unaffected talk and endless good-humour to a shy schoolboy entirely won my heart; but I never saw her again for many years, until in some chance gathering I sate next a friendly married lady, Mrs. Ronald M'Neill, and suddenly recognised my companion of two romantic summer days.

We went too to Falmouth, and saw the famous Anna Maria Fox, of Penjerrick, sister of the more famous Caroline Fox, the friend of Carlyle and Maurice, a little active woman, dark of complexion and with a much-lined face, with the gentlest and most tranquil expression. Her

Quaker bonnet, and shimmering dove-like dress, entirely unornamented, made her a beautiful and almost incredible figure. The place was wonderfully beautiful, with lawns and glades and shrubberies, and I recollect a majestic gull, very much at his ease beside a pool, and wild birds which had been tamed to a high degree of fearless confidence. Miss Fox's father, Robert Fox, a great scientist, had the singular gift of attracting wild birds to alight on his shoulders or hands. But to what extent my memory of Penjerrick is exact, I hardly know, for my mind persists in representing to me that the ground fell so rapidly just behind the house, that we entered, not on the ground-floor or first floor, but on the *second* floor, on a level with the attics, over a picturesque wooden bridge!

At Falmouth too I remember going to a pleasant house—the detail of a yellow vase, filled with glossy green leaves in a niche of a stately press of dark carved wood, flits constantly before me—where we were entertained by two eager and handsome ladies, filled with zealous benevolence and interest, who proved to be the daughters of John Sterling, the friend of Carlyle, and commemorated by the biography which Carlyle wrote, Sterling being perhaps the only one of his friends of whom he never said a single harsh or censorious word.

One day, I remember, my father came up into the school-room in the middle of the morning, and said that he wanted us to be particularly nice at luncheon to a clergyman who was coming. He said that he was a Roman Catholic priest

who had decided to join the Church of England, and was to be received that morning. "But," he went on to say, "he is very shy and nervous, and I want him to be as much at his ease as possible." We went in to lunch, and very shortly my father appeared with a handsome, fresh-coloured priest, with curling auburn hair, who certainly turned out the shyest person I had ever encountered. He blushed and stuttered when my mother spoke to him, he kept his eyes fixed on his plate, trembled visibly, and seemed unable to answer the simplest questions. We breathed more freely when he departed.

But some time later my father told me the sequel; he had fallen in love with the daughter of a squire, had married her, and had been presented to a family living. But it came out that he had not been a priest at all, only in minor orders. A Roman Catholic priest joining the Church of England is not reordained, and consequently this poor man was guilty of sacrilege and felony as well. None of the marriages he had celebrated had been legitimate, and his ministrations were entirely unauthorised. He was deprived and prosecuted, and I think was sent to prison. He had forged his letters of orders, and the trouble mainly arose because the Anglican Bishops had no official relations with the Roman Catholic Bishops—otherwise the forgery would have been at once detected. The result was that communication was established in such cases between the Roman Catholic and the Anglican hierarchy.

XXVI

Our first year at Truro was untroubled enough. We spent a happy summer there, and explored the country to our hearts' content ; we assembled again at Christmas. My eldest brother Martin, then a boy of seventeen, was in college at Winchester. He had done most brilliantly in the Goddard Scholarship examination, and it had become clear that he was likely to be a scholar of unusual quality. But this was only, so to speak, a section of his mind. I had little opportunity of realising how extraordinary his mental power was, for the sort of books he read and the sort of interests he was pursuing were utterly out of my reach. I believe he had a mind somewhat resembling Henry Sidgwick's. His memory was very accurate, he mastered subject after subject with perfect ease, and abstruse and complex ideas seemed never to baffle him. He had too a firm and devout Christian faith, very mature for a boy. I know that Mason once said to me not long afterwards that he thought that my brother might have been destined to treat the subject of Christianity on profound philosophical lines.

All this was a matter of deep delight to my father. He never pressed my brother—indeed his performance at Winchester during his first

two years had been rather a disappointment, for he had got in at the head of the list. But he had long and enthusiastic talks with him, endeavouring to answer the questions which filled my brother's mind.

At Christmas time, in 1877, Martin was absorbed in different pursuits. He had taken up heraldry and genealogy, and he was also writing a good deal of English poetry, full of emotion and very mature in expression for so young a boy. We used to have a Saturday evening magazine, which we wrote in the course of the week and read aloud. I remember that to one of these Martin contributed a very curious and interesting poem about a dream, and also one of the driest and most technical heraldic dissertations. But he was not well. We saw hardly anything of him, and he was very silent. He told my mother that night after night he had incredibly vivid and alarming dreams. He left for Winchester two or three days before I went off to Eton, and I remember that as he said good-bye to my father and mother, to the old nurse and my sisters at the front door, he broke into a sudden passion of tears, though he was generally entirely self-controlled. I walked with him to the station, and he hardly spoke.

However, no alarm was felt about him till early in February, when, having tea with one of the masters, he was observed to be silent and flushed, and rose speechless from the table. It was then discovered that he was physically unable to speak—he had always had a slight stammer. He made signs that he wanted to

write, and tried to trace the word "paralysis" on the paper, but could not spell it rightly. He was taken to the sanatorium, and very soon recovered his powers. My father and mother were sent for, and found him well and cheerful; after two or three days they left him, but in the following week were again summoned. It proved to be some subtle inflammation of the brain, caused, it was thought, by a fall he had had some months previously, on the steps of the College Hall. He gradually sank, though at times he revived; at other times he seemed by his gestures and words to be seeing strange and beautiful visions; but he died painlessly on a Saturday afternoon, holding my father's and mother's hands.

Our old friend Mr. Penny was communicated with by my father. He came over from Wellington College to Eton, broke the news to me, carried me off with him, driving across the forest, and finally despatched me by an evening train to Winchester. The sight of my father's pale and agonised face on the platform there, under the flaring gas-jets, was my first experience of the tragedies of life; and the next was the last sight of Martin in his coffin, with his hands clasped and his blue eyes dimmed in death. He was buried in the Cloisters at Winchester, the school attending. I can see now the coffin, covered with a pall—a red cross on a white ground, fringed with gold—borne shoulder-high to its place of rest, under the chantry gable, by a big bay-tree. Some time later my father put up a brass, representing Martin in his

scholar's gown, with one of the most beautiful and moving epitaphs ever framed by love and sorrow :

> O Amor, O Pastor, qui quem tibi legeris agnum
> Vitali tingis morte, sinuque foves,
> Nos, qui tam dulces per te reminiscimur annos,
> Duc ubi non cæco detur amore frui.

Tam dulces annos ! They had been so indeed ! In those sad days at Winchester—my father took me about everywhere with him, to the Cathedral, to St. Cross, forgetting his own sorrow if he could but lighten mine—it did, I think, come home to me into what awful depths of darkness and bewilderment his spirit had descended. He bore it very proudly and gallantly, and my mother was more wonderful in her faith and courage than I could have thought possible. I remember my father's desperate attempts to deal with the correspondence that flowed in. What trivial things remain in the mind ! There was a business letter he was writing to a Truro bookseller, enclosed in a stamped envelope, which was reopened four or five times to insert fresh directions, and with my father's horror of waste, carefully patched with stamp-paper, till my mother took it from him and said it was literally discreditable. . . . I have the envelope still, and remember my father's pale smile as he handed it over. He sate like a man amazed, listening for dreadful tidings, and could not be comforted.

We parted at last, I going to my aunt Mrs. Hare near Surbiton for a few days, my parents back

to Truro. But I cannot forget my father's solicitude about me, and the infinite pains he took to see that I was not subjected to any kind of intellectual pressure at Eton—though indeed in that respect I was quite capable of safeguarding my own interests—and all the little rules of diet and exercise he entreated me to follow. But when I got back home I found him, it seemed to me, in still deeper grief, quite altered for a time in appearance. Martin's room was kept just as he had left it, his books, full of annotations in his clear and beautiful hand, and often with pages excised to which for some reason he objected, were all kept together in a book-case made for them with carved emblems and initials.

Work was heavy, perhaps mercifully, but one could see my father struggling with moods of blackness and tortured irritability. The calamity was so overwhelming to him and so unintelligible—I think that to the end of his life Martin was never out of his mind.[1] He had loved his firstborn boy with a hopeful, generous, overwhelming love, such as he gave to no other living creature, and he had seen him year by year grow more and more in grace and favour into precisely what he had hardly dared to hope; and then Martin was not by any means a retiring little secluded scholar. He was quick-tempered, entirely fearless, combative, distinctly law-breaking. He had got into serious trouble at our private school, when captain of the school, by using his liberty to purchase gun-

[1] See Appendix, p. 289.

powder for two scapegraces who begged it of him ; he was full of liveliness and wit, and was rather a good-humoured autocrat in the nursery circle, impulsively affectionate, but severe.

After that I became more of a companion to my father than ever before ; he used to take me off on expeditions to see cathedrals and interesting places, such as Wells and Gloucester, and talk to me far more freely of what was in his mind. How trivial I was ! The only thing that marred the pleasure of these expeditions was that we used to say compline together in our sitting-room before I was despatched to bed, and I was in constant terror that the waiter would come in and find us on our knees.

That summer we took a house at Étretat in Normandy—then a delightful, simple little place —and were joined by the Westcotts and Wickenden. I remember the pleasant sight of my father and Westcott, in bathing-costume striped red, running up the sloping splash-boards, for vigorous headers into the sea ; and how Westcott took them with a desperate intentness, as though he intended to remain permanently at the bottom of the ocean. From there my father carried me off to Rouen and Fécamp, instructed me diligently in the true principles of Gothic, and criticised my little sketches with abundant compliment.

In Switzerland, a year later, on a walk to the Wengern Alp, he told me with tears of his lifelong struggles with temper, which he had regarded in youth as the easiest method of getting his own way, and which as a schoolmaster, he

thought, had seriously weakened the effect of his work; and it was such a new view to me to regard my father as having any faults or failings, and still more as being conscious of them, that it made a real difference in our relations, because it gave him in my eyes the note of humanity which his effortless dominance and his superiority to all human weaknesses had concealed from me hitherto.

XXVII

But in spite of this increase of contact and sympathy, and in spite of the fact that for the next twenty years my father talked very freely and openly to me, yet his mind and heart remained, and still remain, a good deal of a mystery to me. I never wholly broke through my childish awe of him, though he was never severe with me in any way. He seems to me now to have had a strange duality of temperament, and not even to have understood himself. He was ardent and aspiring, and he had a deep and noble desire to serve and purify the world; but then his masterfulness came in, and a natural kind of aristocracy. He did not want people to develop on their lines, but on his own; he wanted them to fill his own mould.

Then he had very strong artistic impulses—left entirely to himself, he might have been, or have tried to be, a poet and an architect: those were the two things which stirred him with a profound sense of beauty. He was partly a Puritan, partly an artist. His religion was not mystical, but of a disciplinary and liturgical type. Then he had all the instincts of a leader and administrator, and a microscopic love of detail; if he organised anything, he organised it to the uttermost detail, and disliked any

deviation from his programme. In some ways he had a profound mind, not at all philosophical, but poetical, seeing life by bright and poignant glimpses. His energy was simply indefatigable —I never knew anyone so utterly incapable of rest. He was never a consciously happy man, though he had many glowing and even serene moments.

The same sharp contradictions ran through his temperament: he was splendidly generous and yet parsimonious in details, deeply affectionate and yet instinctively repellent of intimacy, combative and anxious-minded, bold and apprehensive, overbearing and sensitive. In his relations with his children he longed for our affection, thought and prayed much and anxiously about us, knew more of us than we imagined, and knew (or thought he knew) many things that never existed. The most trivial words and actions he interpreted as signs of deep-seated faults and failings, and his imagination, instead of removing mountains, created them.

He lavished gifts on us, and then limited them by impossible conditions. For instance, he spent much money at Truro on excavating a lawn-tennis court for us on the hill-side, and then would not allow us a net to prevent the balls from leaping into the high meadow-grass. He often felt, instinctively rather than rationally, that we were getting too easily advantages which he and his eager brothers and sisters never enjoyed, and that our life was hardly bracing enough; and this little tendency to

limit enjoyment was an attempt to supply this bracing. He was not, for instance, a rich man; but once when I had been guilty of some schoolboy extravagance, he drew such a lamentable picture of the poverty in the background of our comfortable life, that for years it was my impression that if he were to die there would be nothing for it but the workhouse.

But he grew in greatness as the years went on; and I always feel that much that was profound and beautiful in his thought lies unhappily buried in such books of his as *Fishers of Men*, under that uneasy, tortuous style which he wrote, so compressed and so quaintly ornamented, leaving out all that could be spared, and so much that could not be spared, all so unlike his natural expression. And on the other hand, no one who had not heard him, as we heard him year by year on Christmas Day, giving to the village congregation at Addington a spontaneous, paternal, little-considered sermon, could have guessed what simplicity of thought and tenderness and patiently-learnt wisdom lay hid in his mind and heart. But all this only deepens the mystery. What, I ask myself, did he really like doing? It is difficult to say. He enjoyed scenery and sight-seeing, but only as a change—a change from what? He disliked leaving home, staying in houses, dining out, though when he did so he was animated and charming. When he made a rule that he would never dine out in Lent, it was an indulgence rather than a penance. He was easier in the

company of women than of men, and women understood him better.

Did he enjoy his rank and grandeur and power? Again I do not feel sure. I think he decidedly disliked his secular appearances; he dreaded the House of Lords, and felt it to be unsympathetic. He had no love of secular functions. He was proud no doubt of his success, though he never gave any hint of it, except when occasionally I have heard him compare his own bare and starved boyhood to ours; and as to his great office, he was chastened by the responsibility and anxiety it brought him. But he enjoyed his ecclesiastical supremacy. He said to Mason about the Archbishopric, "But I mean to rule," and it was a great source of comfort to him that he was trusted by the clergy. In a religious function he looked and felt the great high-priest that he was; but he was melancholy through it all, with the unassuaged melancholy of the artist. He had no satisfaction, and his endless work, early and late, came from his endeavour to escape from anxious thought. I never saw him sit idle, remembering. He took his rest in snatches, gratefully, like all sad men. He slept little in the night, but dozed in his chair by day; and preferred to do so in company, for fear, I think, of the lonely and solitary waking.

And yet no one was, I believe, ever wholly at ease with him, because he could not stand aside and watch tolerantly another mind working on different lines from his own. And there is something tragic about the fact that the two

human beings best fitted to understand him, my eldest brother and my eldest sister, were the first of our home circle to be taken away.

In 1879 another loss befell us. My mother's mother, Mrs. Sidgwick, of whom I have already spoken, who had been so much with us in earlier years, and in whose home we had been so happy, died at Oxford. She had had a stroke of paralysis some time before, after which, she used to say, there seemed to be a veil drawn between her and the world. She had been tended and guarded with perfect devotion and loyalty by my eldest uncle, William Sidgwick, who had made her declining years very happy. The end came very suddenly. My mother had been summoned to go to her one evening, my father being away. The following morning I drove down with her to the station, but calling at the Post Office we found a telegram to say that all was over. And then, for the second time, in my mother's face and words, I saw the shadow of grief descend again. But by this time life and its interests were opening fast for me at school; and it seemed but the quiet closing of a volume whose final pages had been read long before.

XXVIII

Our home-life at Truro was of the simplest kind, with very little in the way of distraction or excitement. We lived some distance from the town, had but few neighbours, and seldom found companions among adjacent households, as we had done at Lincoln. It was partly that we were strangers, and Truro, though a very friendly place, had its own traditions and ways and social strata, into which we were never quite initiated. My sisters indeed made many friends at the High School; and if we had been gregarious, simple-minded, unembarrassed children, we should have been very readily welcomed. But we were never quite that; we were rather a close little corporation with clearly defined interests of our own, critical and observant, but not, I trust, priggish or superior. Indeed I think we were rather unduly afraid of life, and thought the mêlée a rougher, harsher, less kindly place than it was in reality.

The day began early with Matins in the church, just beyond the garden, and no picture of Truro remains with me more distinctly than looking out from my high attic window on the soft misty air, rain-laden, with the wet wind swaying the trees and whitening the shrubbery,

and the mellow church-bell sounding between the gusts.

I was mostly rather late, and ran to church, generally to find my father on his knees at the end of the family pew, my mother at the other end, and the family spaced out between. Watch, the collie, had his place in a pew in the transept —we used to hear him sighing deeply in the service, but at the end he scuffled out in the highest spirits. I generally diverged into the vestry at the end of one of the transepts, found John Reeve robed, and praying as he stood, his hands before his face. I would struggle into cassock and surplice, he would say a prayer, and then I preceded him to a seat by the reading-desk, to read the lessons. Mr. Carlyon and one or two of his family would be opposite, and perhaps two or three other worshippers.

Then, after disrobing, I would scamper home, catching up the straggling family procession, and breakfast was at 8.30, with my father in his high oak chair, studded with mother-of-pearl, opening his letters. We talked fitfully at breakfast, and were allowed to slip away. But at 9 family prayers followed in the school-room, or later in the chapel, with a hymn; and then if we had visitors, plans would be sketched out.

Little vignettes linger with me. My uncle, Henry Sidgwick, was accustomed, after finishing his breakfast, to go and stand before the fire, with a cup of tea in hand, and with interjected stammers and backward jerks of the head, continue his talk or argument in his thin deliberate

voice, with its comfortable laugh, delicately gesticulating with his teaspoon. On one occasion, prayers being announced, he, much absorbed in argument with my father, went upstairs still carrying his tea-cup; and when the procession of domestics arrived, he became suddenly aware of his encumbrance, but was relieved by the watchful Parker, who removed the cup with a low obeisance which almost made it into a religious ceremony.

Later on, when the chapel was built, we adjourned there after breakfast. The organist inserted himself or herself through a little door in the screen; Watch, the collie, hurried to his reserved rug under the window; my father, in rochet, hood, and scarf, came out of the tiny vestry, and all proceeded duly.

Then my father hastened off to his letters; or sometimes went down to Truro to the Bishop's Library, a place most presciently built by Bishop Phillpotts and endowed with his collection of books. This was an immense convenience, for my father announced in the *Diocesan Magazine* his hours of attendance, so that any clergyman who wished to see him could come in by train and go straight to the Library, without the long trudge or drive to Kenwyn.

We meanwhile played music, read, wrote, or skirmished in the garden; later on, when the house was enlarged, I was given two little attics, one opening out of the other, and made a tiny sanctum out of the inner one, where I went off to work, or overhaul my collection of butterflies, with which I was then much concerned. At

[*Argall, Truro.*

Mrs. Benson. Bishop Benson. Arthur. Maggie.
Nellie. Watch. Hugh. Fred.

GROUP AT LIS ESCOP, 1883.

luncheon there was often a visitor—on Saturdays Canon Phillpotts always came, after the magistrates' meeting; and he used to bring with him other magistrates; and it was then that we made acquaintance with a curious type of squire—there were several in our neighbourhood—whose family names were the same as the names of their estates—Treverbyn of Treverbyn, let us say, or Bodinnick of Bodinnick. They were (it now seems to me) small dark men, quiet and stolidly mirthful, with dark hair and eyes, and looked as if they belonged, as probably they did, to some aboriginal race, having mostly held their lands in strict descent since the Conquest, and having never had any particular motive to put out to sea.

In the afternoons we walked, my father and any of us whom he could collect. My mother could not do much in the way of walking, and often had calls to pay or callers to receive. Watch, the collie, and the goat that belonged to my sisters, walked with us. The goat was a very human creature, desperately attached to our company, and trotted behind us along the roads with high satisfaction. Watch paid no attention to her, and showed no jealousy. I think he rather approved of her coming, because if she lagged behind, he enjoyed rounding her up smartly, and shepherding her into her right place with professional acumen. The one distraction which the goat could not resist was an old road-mender, who chipped granite in a hazel-shaded, fern-fringed nook. The goat could not tear herself away, but stood with extended

head and flattened eyes to observe his proceedings.

Some of these walks live in my memory with strange poignancy. There was a steep lane leading from Kenwyn and ultimately arriving at the station by skirting the town, which we called the Bosvigo Lane, from a low, pink-tinted little country-house which lay winking among close-cropped shrubberies shaded by big elms —a lane of incredible proclivity which no horse could descend. "I fell down Bosvigo Lane quicker than I ever fell down it in my life," said Mason once, describing a nimble rush from Kenwyn to catch a train.

Past Bosvigo a clear full stream, the Kenwyn River, ran down to join the Fal. We generally in our walks struck the stream a little higher up, near the lonely hamlet of Tregavethan. The brimming river flowed by meadows of deep grass, among rushes and reeds, meadowsweet and willow-herb and loosestrife, with here and there a great thicket of osmunda; Newmills, I think we called the place. Here the stream would straggle out, and run shallow over brown gravel, among heathery patches of thin soil and swamps full of bog-myrtle, and all about lay the low wolds, partitioned by stone walls and sprawling hedgerow-thorns. Hardly a tree in sight; a few lonely farms; a bare land with "the country," as they called the native rock, not far beneath—it may have been only one's busy dreaming mind that invested it with a charm, but charm there was—the charm of the open country, lived in and known by but a few

tillers and herdsmen, and not made common by crowds, or vulgarised by heedless or curious trippers.

Just such another walk was the Idless Valley, or the mysterious little hill-gap above it, where looking down into the smiling domain of Rosedale, inhabited by the decorous and ceremonious Mr. Tom, who frequented Kenwyn Church, the railway-line ran out of a big dripping tunnel, with the steam perhaps of a passing train oozing up the arch, only to enter another, a hundred yards farther down. There one summer day we disported ourselves—a joyful place, for there was only a single broad-gauge line to Truro in those days, and the tunnel was made to hold two, so that there was a roughly gravelled roadway, on which one could venture safely below the echoing vault. Mason and my mother sate talking, and we brought him flowers to be named. Over one red-flowered, sprawling, spidery plant with ugly leaves he hesitated, till my mother said in a tone of surprise, "You don't know it?" "Yes," said Mason, "I do —but I am afraid it is called Stinking Archangel!"

Sometimes my father and I would ride the two big horses, to Probus with its richly carved tower, and a romantic manor-house called Golden, where some hidden priest escaped or did not escape detection; to St. Erme, with a dark, blind-looking tower, where my father discovered, to his delight, that the village feast was celebrated on the day of St. Hermes in the Roman Calendar; to Ladock, where the shrewd and laconic old

Vicar, Mr. Wise, a great lover and judge of horses, like my father, had a baize door from his study opening into his roomy and civilised stable; to St. Michael Penkevil, a fine over-restored church, formerly collegiate; to Kea, an empty tower with a ruined chancel, in a grove of trees beside a stream; to St. Austell and the vast Carclaze mine, a huge excavation over a hundred feet deep and half a mile across, where china-clay was dug.

In the summer we went farther afield, and made all the orthodox excursions: to Helston with its still, guarded pool and bar of sand; to Land's End and the Lizard—visions of high-piled rocks and precipitous cliffs and the sapphire blue sea, roaring and blanching on rocks of serpentine that glowed like jewels in the sun. Strange it must have been to my father and mother, who had visited all these places on their wedding-tour twenty years before! Falmouth we often visited, and spent happy hours in Burton's big, vague, dusty curiosity shop, with its fragrant, oriental fabrics and woodwork, brought direct by home-bound sailors; or eating our luncheon by the sea, with the little grim forts guarding the entrance of the haven.

Once I went with a school-friend down Dolcoath mine—a dim and awe-inspiring place, with endless ladders and galleries, vast halls of darkness, with tiny points of light in miners' lanterns sparkling high in the vault; down at last to the lowest pit, hot as a Turkish bath, with half-naked miners chipping in an atmosphere full of the pungent scent of dynamite;

and worst of all the ascent by the man-engine—a huge beam with little platforms, working up and down in a shaft. You stepped from a platform on the beam into a rocky niche, when the ascending beam jarred and stopped, and back again on to the next platform, when the beam came down—a precarious business, it seemed, for as you neared the top, looking down the shaft you could see a hundred points of light below, candles in the hats of miners, who stepped across the gap into their niches when the beam halted.

One summer, my father, finding that the Vicar of Davidstow had had no holiday for some years, undertook to serve the Church for a month; we lived in the bare Vicarage, played the organ, practised the choir, made acquaintance with the kindly village folk; and the church was crammed Sunday after Sunday by people driving and riding in, many of them Dissenters from the neighbourhood, to hear the Bishop preach—for by that time he was known to be a "converted" man. It was a bare landscape, with the little peaks of Brown Willie and Roughtor standing out above the moorland, and Tintagel close by, romantic enough, but not the magical stronghold of which I had dreamed.

The Sundays at Truro, which I must say I really enjoyed, were a mosaic of services. An early celebration at eight in Kenwyn Church, with generally a five-minutes' address by my father, very terse and pointed; prayers after breakfast; and then I walked with him down

to the Cathedral service at eleven, the good Parker speeding ahead with a case of robes, Watch, who was not allowed to go to church on Sundays, seeing us off from the front-door with a dejected eye and a faintly agitated tail, indicating the gradual extinction of hope. I remember these walks well, for on Sundays my father had a quiet gaiety and equanimity of mood, and used to exchange greetings and have little scraps of talk with a dozen passers-by. He never forgot a face or a name, or the smallest domestic particulars.

St. Mary's—the Cathedral—in those days was a singular place; the ancient aisle was fine, but the rest was the most debased Gothic conceivable. There were pews more comfortable than seemly, and a buff-coloured gallery; a fine eighteenth-century cedar-veneered pulpit, the great new metal eagle-lectern, and at the east a choir with low stalls and return-stalls, with the names of Cornish saints and the Canonical Psalms painted in each, St. Cybi, St. Ia, St. Corentin, and many more. There was generally a good attendance of Canons, and a surpliced choir. A procession, very stately, from the vestry, of at least fifteen yards, preceded by a little bowed, bearded verger with a rod of office, more dutiful than resourceful, and at the end my father, preceded by Parker in a velvet gown with a mace, his kindly face flushed with dignity. My father had a little throne, a canopied chair, near the altar, and the service was well and truly performed. I was conceded a stall, and was proud to be among the prophets.

After the demolition of St. Mary's in 1880, in order to begin the building of the new Cathedral, the services were held in a great wooden shed adjoining the site of the old church. Bishop Wilkinson used to say that it reminded him of the Primitive Church more than any place he had ever seen. Yet my father by his presence and gestures used to lend the rough place a strange dignity! The last service held there was on October 11, 1896, the day of his death at Hawarden. He disliked to hear it called 'the *temporary* Cathedral.' "What is the new one," he said, "going to be but temporary?"

A good many new services were invented or revived by my father, such as the nine-carol service on Christmas Eve, with a minute lection between each, one read by a chorister, the next by a choirman, and so on up the scale. In Advent he gave Sunday evening addresses, and printed a little leaflet of special hymns to be sung. A friendly Wesleyan Minister, who attended these services, said frankly to my father, after one of them, that he approved of the addresses very much, but thought that the effect was injured by the emphatically sacerdotal tone of the special hymns. "But," said my father, "they are all by John Wesley!" I am not sure that the omission of the name of the author on the leaflets was not more the wisdom of the serpent than the harmlessness of the dove!

We then walked back together, with more greetings and talks than ever; luncheon followed, and a Sunday walk which was the one

item of the day that we disliked, because it consisted of very slow patrolling among the fields; and we fancied, at all events, that our talk was expected—I daresay this was our own invention—to be subdued, charitable, and grave; sometimes my father relieved the strain by reading a poem of George Herbert's, or one from *The Christian Year*, which we afterwards discussed.

Then a Bible lesson, a cheerful tea in the nursery, with two or three of the young Nethinims attending, and then Vespers at Kenwyn, the lights flaring, the organ, admirably played by a lady organist, pealing in its transept, and John Reeve in his most exultant mood, shaking his golden head in the pulpit.

Once or twice a touch of humour intervened. There was a collection one Sunday evening, the coins being deposited in round wooden dishes, with velvet bottoms, screened at the top by Gothic fretwork, not unlike jam-tarts. My father, as the moment approached, searched in his pockets but could not find anything but a threepenny-bit. The tall, genial, athletic curate, Mr. Kitson, at last drew near. My father was in the throes of a moral decision. Should he wave the dish away, or should he, for the sake of example, give his inadequate offering and supplement it afterwards? He decided on the latter course, but, as he said later, he was sure that his mental instability had a telepathic effect on Kitson, and just as he dropped the coin, Kitson stumbled slightly, and the offering, with the fatal and unmistakable shallow chink,

fell to the paved floor. "I saw it lying," said my father, "and tried to cover it with my foot, but Kitson was too quick for me. He stooped, recovered it, placed it in the box, and then handed me the dish to offer at the altar, with a look in his eyes which said, 'So that's the sort of man you are!'"

The service over, those who desired adjourned to the schoolroom—a room above the lych-gate with a few forms. Reeve now abdicated. We knelt on the boards, and a delightful shoemaker, his face glowing with happiness and piety, and with a strong vein of native eloquence, led us in prayer. "Ho, hour Glōry," he used often to begin. He used to pray for every sort of grace and blessing, and I was sometimes embarrassed by being prayed for, if not by name, at least as "our dear Bishop's firstborn, surrounded as he is by the perils and dangers and vanities of his famous school"—but the supplication had a great beauty of expression as well as of faith. Reeve had once announced that Wilkinson, who was much beloved in the place, was ill—"Lord, he whom Thou lovest is sick!" said the leader. On another occasion our own gardener, Tregunna, was leading us in prayer, and in a burst of loyal feeling prayed that all present might be led to join the Church of England, to my mother's lively satisfaction. Last of all, Reeve would add a prayer, and any other volunteer, and we dispersed into the night

XXIX

Then at full speed we hurried back home; and the Sunday evenings at Kenwyn always stand out in my mind with a peculiar quality of freshness. It was the custom that any of the young clergy of the inner circle should come uninvited, if they cared to appear. Reeve was always there, Carter and Mason constantly, Whitaker and Palmes often, though seldom all together.

I cannot recover any details of the talk; but it seems to me that all were in the highest spirits; and it bore a kind of resemblance to the delightful supper-parties recorded in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, at old Mr. Gaius's house, into which, though the merriment is somewhat specialised and with a theological bias, Bunyan manages to infuse a sense of light-hearted mirthfulness, which is all that matters. After all, it is not only what is *said* that makes a festive gathering, it is the temper and expectancy of the guests, and the personal emphasis with which subjects are handled. It would be easy to deride such an ecclesiastical gathering. Mark Pattison's descriptions of the talk at Littlemore, with the anecdotes of the saint who chewed a palm-leaf in token of humility, and the tragic consequences which befell the man who supported

a false assertion by saying "Strike me dead if——," are cruel enough!

But at Kenwyn, with the work of the day safely over—I suppose there is always an element of anxiety about Sunday to a busy priest—and with my father in the highest spirits—and there was no one whose high spirits were more infectious—and with the young men themselves full of energy and excitement, there were all the materials for a pleasant hour. Indeed John Reeve used to confess with a shamefaced smile to being "Mondayish" on the following morning, and to be tempted by the devil to linger still longer than usual over the morning paper, with an increased indecision on the subject of Home Rule.

My father used to astonish me on those occasions: his stories so dramatic and to the point—he hardly ever told a story twice in the same way—his rejoinders so ready, his little touches of satire so pungent; he was neither bland nor solemn, though he could be both serious and pathetic. And then too it was all brief, and everyone wanted to make the most of the time. The laughter was constant, and there was no shop talked; plenty of argument, much difference of opinion; and, as Carlyle said, mutual sympathy and confidence with considerable divergence of opinion is the best receipt for a good talk.

I know that my description may recall Mrs. Wilfer's account of the evenings in her father's house, with the three copper-plate engravers exchanging the most exquisite sallies and retorts; but the fact remains, and would be borne witness

to by any of the company, that they were hours of romantic value and irrepressible good spirits. Once indeed, there was even wilder mirth, when an American Dean of some incredibly-named city, a first-rate humorist, with a long beard and a roving eye, told Yankee stories which drove my father into reluctant hysterics, and sent Parker, while handing vegetables, headlong from the room, though his guffaws were still audible through the panelling which screened the pantry !

Supper over, we moved to the drawing-room, and a little later—before the chapel was added —Compline was said. There was nothing incongruous about it. I was in those days a diligent liturgiologist, and wrote out offices in a small note-book, carefully rubricated, which had every consecration except the consecration of use ; and Compline, which I can still repeat word for word without book, and with John Reeve singing Nunc Dimittis and hymn in a voice intended to reach the ear of angels, was in itself a spirited affair, agreeably diversified by the machinations of Watch, who, seeing so many friendly and agreeable people together, used to be heard routing in the bit-basket for a crumpled envelope, to be thrown for him to fetch, and in the course of the psalms depositing it invitingly at the feet of every worshipper in turn.

Now through all this reminiscence I have said little of the part which my mother played, and it is difficult to describe, because at first sight it might have been supposed that my father

was the hero of the whole affair; and so in a certain sense he was, because it was *his* work and *his* responsibility, and everything had as a matter of course to be accommodated to his convenience—the convenience of an extremely busy and very much occupied man. For the social difficulty about the work of a Bishop is that it cannot be discharged at certain office-hours, so that the rest of the time is leisure. His work overflows into all his hours of leisure.

But my mother was the person who made this all possible, who so attached the servants to herself that they were content to manage anything if only she were pleased, who gave my father at any time the advice, suggestion, help, sympathy, and support he needed—for he consulted her about many things, and submitted all delicate and difficult matters to her criticism; and with us, not only could she be depended upon to do anything within reason that we wanted, but she never desired to restrict our independence, or to exert her influence, or to limit our freedom of criticism. The result was that she had a complete and separate understanding with every one of us, and that we took any question or difficulty or speculation to her with complete reliance on her sympathy and understanding.

A candid and somewhat obtuse old friend used to tell her in our presence that the fault of her system was that we were not enough disciplined, not observing that discipline is only a *pis aller* for refractory subjects, while the

discipline which my mother kept for us was the discipline which would have made any of us do anything in the world to avoid her very rare disapproval. A shadow on her face, a look in her eye was enough. She was extraordinarily indifferent and indulgent about small superficial things. We never had the least feeling that we were being subjected to invigilation; but a piece of discourtesy or unkindness, or absence of consideration, was rebuked in a spirited sentence which was not easily erased from the memory, but which never rankled, because it was never insisted upon or reiterated —and indeed by herself entirely forgotten. I never saw a more generous nature; she did not pardon; she forgave and forgot, and there was never any thought of coercing or inhibiting us; she really wished people, including her children, to develop on their own lines.

It was not a lazy and impartial kindness— it was an active and eager sympathy; and yet she never claimed any privileges or assistance or rights. Indeed she really gave up her life and time and thought, not as a sacrifice but as a delight, to her family and her friends. And thus everyone took their problems and troubles to her, because they were the things that interested her more than anything in the world. She was deeply sensitive to blame or praise, but she never shunned one or courted the other. I believe her to have been on the whole the most perceptive and reasonable character I have ever known; and her deep and profound power of love had no touch of jealousy or self-assertion

[*H. W. Barnett.*

MRS. BENSON, 1910.

about it. There is nothing in my life which so fills me with shame and repentance as the occasions, not a few, in later life, when I failed her and disappointed her. She very rarely remonstrated with me, and never when it was not fully and entirely deserved; and there were many occasions when I deserved far more than remonstrance, and she said nothing, nor ever showed any sign of displeasure.

But I must not diverge into the later years. I have spoken of the years at Lincoln, which were the overshadowed time of her life. At Truro she entirely recovered her health and vitality. But her tastes did not lie in the direction of organisation. She took very little real interest in the ecclesiastical machine, except in so far as it affected my father's life. She had no accomplishments of the conventional kind; music, art, scenery, architecture, history, politics—they meant very little to her; but she had been in early days a great reader, had worked through solid books, though her real taste was for poetry and fiction, and especially for books involving intricate problems of life and character.

She rarely wrote, except letters in great numbers. This may sound as though her life was an unoccupied one; but it was just the opposite, because I have never known anyone who put intellect and emotion so entirely at the service of all who depended upon her; and indeed to be the lifelong companion of one who, like my father, passed so rapidly from moods of great enthusiasm and hopefulness into such

depths of anxiety and depression, was in itself an exhausting and perplexing task. Indeed it was only made possible by my mother's fresh interest in life, her patience, and her abounding sense of humour, which lit up all that she touched ; in mind she was an extraordinary compound of quick perceptions and critical discrimination ; but it worked by intuitions rather than by logic, and by illustration rather than by argument—she had a wonderful power of seeing the hidden connection of things that seemed remote.

No one perceived the faults and foibles of others so clearly, or was less affected by them. She could love without admiring or even respecting, and the inconsistency of human temperament interested her much more than its coherence. She was wholly unworldly, without personal ambition, and so indifferent to the grandeurs and pomps of life that she was neither disconcerted by them nor disdainful of them. It was the human being beneath that she was in search of, and that was all she cared about. She wasted little time in conventional duties —I remember her saying to me once about my father that if only he were bland and prosy instead of eager and sensitive, what a much easier time he would have of it ; but she was an ideal hostess, because she evoked the best and liveliest side of her guests.

She always professed to be shy as a young woman—I remember her account of a party when she tried to keep at bay her nervousness by thinking of Eternity, and how frail a prop eternity seemed to be. But as long as I remember

her she had an air of perfect self-possession and naturalness, and a wonderful range of talk which put the most self-conscious visitor at ease; and this remained with her to the very last, unabated and unchanged.

XXX

We had been in close contact with the Taits for some years. Archbishop Tait had paid a visit to Kenwyn—I was not there at the time—and had left a deep impression of surpassing majesty and dignity. He had allotted my father a set of quaint apartments, like college rooms, with oaken ceilings and smoke-stained windows, in the Lollards' Tower at Lambeth, a sort of mediæval club for Bishops from remote dioceses. The Bishops of Durham and Chichester shared the Tower with us. There was a common dining-room, and we could attend the chapel service in a little gallery in the ante-chapel. My father had taken me to see the Archbishop in his library; he had spoken to me kindly and gravely, and I was struck by my father's visible awe and deference—indeed, Archbishop Tait's presence, his pale, worn-looking face, his bright, serene eye, his wavy, grizzled hair, joined to an impressive voice and an extreme deliberation of utterance and movement, as though he were removed from all human agitations, made a profound effect on me. He seemed a prince of the Church.

In 1882, when he was lying ill at Addington, my father and mother, with my elder sister and myself, went to stay there. As we entered

the park, and drove through the high woods and heathery spaces of the domain, I had a sudden and profound intuition, of a kind I have never experienced before or since, that it was very soon to be our home. The present Archbishop, who had married Miss Edith Tait, was living there as domestic chaplain, and Miss Lucy Tait, who some years afterwards came to live with us, was already greatly attached to my mother. My sister and I did not see the Archbishop, but he sent us affectionate messages; and my father had a long interview with him of serious import, of which I never heard the details. "The Bishop of Truro will come forward and do a great work," Tait had written about that time, knowing his own death was near at hand; and he certainly looked upon my father as his ultimate if not his immediate successor, and said something of the kind to my father.

It was on Christmas Day, 1882, that the summons came. My father at breakfast opened Mr. Gladstone's letter, offering him the Primacy, but said nothing about it at the moment. I do not think he had had the smallest expectation that it would then be offered him. If he had thought about it at all, he would have imagined, as most people did, that it would be offered to Bishop Harold Browne of Winchester, a mild and gracious prelate, who had twenty years before himself been Vicar of Kenwyn.

In the course of the morning he sent for us to his library, and standing before the fire, very pale with emotion, told us of the offer and its

seriousness, not at all with the manner of one who felt bound or even inclined to accept it—he said something, I think, about the smallness of his own private fortune. He acknowledged Mr. Gladstone's letter, and asked for time to reflect.

Christmas Eve was generally devoted to adorning the house with wreaths of evergreen and sprigs of holly; and Christmas Day itself was the climax, with Christmas cards and letters on the breakfast-table, surprise packets on one's plate, and a half-crown under one's teacup. Then followed church, with the excitement of the Christmas hymns; after tea my father always told us a story: very beautiful stories they were, invented on the spur of the moment —I often wish that one of us had written them down.

On this particular Christmas Day my father told us one of the best and most strangely fanciful of all his stories. It was about an old priest who had a vision of a man in a white robe, who held a globe in his hand, with continents and blue seas visible upon it; and the priest, looking attentively at it, saw little cities and hamlets and woodlands, and people moving to and fro. The man who held the globe put his fingers to a little cluster of islands in the sea, and detached them from the globe, and the old priest remembered the verse, "He taketh up the isles as a very little thing," and knew with a sense of awe that they were in some way made his own. When he woke from the dream, he looked out of his window, hearing soft music,

and saw a clump of purple flowers waving to and fro, and recognised that the music came from them. At the end of the story some questions were asked, and one of us said, "What were the flowers?" "Canterbury Bells, I think," said my father with a smile.

There followed a letter from the Queen, expressing an earnest hope that he would accept, and another from Mr. Gladstone—all these are kept in the Cathedral at Truro—and all his friends, like Westcott and Lightfoot, whom he consulted, urged him to go. He accepted, and I hardly see how it could have been otherwise. His personal loyalty to the Queen, whom he had known for more than twenty years, was very great, and though he did not approve of Mr. Gladstone's politics, he had a great regard for him, especially as Mr. Gladstone was a scholar who loved Homer.

But I am by no means sure that it was not the great mistake of his life. He yielded perhaps to what had always been a temptation of his, the love of ruling. But I do not think that he had by then a wide enough outlook upon the world; indeed, I do not feel that he was interested so much in life as in the mould of institutional religion into which it could be run. He had a strong creative gift. He had organised and administered very prosperously a public school; then he had had a time of reflection and training for the episcopate; and then at Truro he had really made a new Bishopric, and had set it going on quite original and vigorous lines.

But he had only had time to start it. He

had learned all about the diocese and its *personnel.* He had penetrated to the very heart of the curious charm of Cornwall, its legends and traditions, its self-contained life, so separate from and so little affected by the life of England ; and he had found his way by sympathy and affection and insight to the heart of the Cornish folk ; but all this was not consolidated ; he was a well-known figure, but hardly yet a familiar one. He should have stayed at Truro, and for a time, at all events, continued to reveal to Cornwall the beauty and force of his own special conception of religion. It was the right soil for him to sow. The interest in religion was there already, but the type of religion familiar to Cornwall was not that best adapted to the romantic, beauty-loving Cornish mind. It had little external grace and dignity, and its fervour was nurtured by emotional crises, which had little stability or permanence.

But now he went to a post which, with all its dignified associations, was clogged by conventions and secularities, and fettered by innumerable Lilliputian chains. An Archbishop of Canterbury can hardly strike out a new and original line. The freedom of Anglicanism admits of an extraordinary variety and independence of opinion, and that is perhaps its chief strength and glory, that there is no scrutiny into its doctrinal beliefs and its individualistic divergencies. The most successful Archbishop is the man who does not only tolerate compromise, but believes in it enthusiastically as the best means of attaining co-operation and loyalty.

The note of the Primacy is sympathetic caution, and that was not by any means my father's ideal.

But it came inevitably about, that at a time of life when his inspiration was at its strongest, and with all his mental and physical powers unimpaired, he had to leave a post which was exactly and singularly appropriate to his genius, and go back to conventional organisation and Saxon stolidity. Some of those who helped him with his correspondence, in the interval between his nomination and enthronement, were surprised by his comparatively slight acquaintance with the practical affairs of the Church and State at large; but he soon made up for this defect, and mastered the administrative problems of the post. He worked with all his might: he toiled at Clergy Discipline Acts and patronage difficulties; he did much to unite and centralise the Anglican Communion all over the world; he took a tentative hand in social questions; he settled for a time a great ritual controversy; he was trusted by the clergy as a wise and effective Generalissimo; but he was a leader and a creator no more.

What did he leave at Truro? The memory of a buoyant, tactful, sympathetic presence, a beautiful but very un-English Cathedral—it might have come direct from Normandy, with its lofty vault and crowded spires—a thing of which Cornishmen may well be proud, but still somewhat of an exotic, not native to the soil.

Then he was succeeded by his beloved friend Wilkinson. But Wilkinson was a man of en-

feebled health, and in his loyalty to and admiration for my father, he had superinduced upon his eager Evangelicalism an interest in the archæological and artistic aspect of the work which did not really rise out of his heart. And since then, though the diocese has been diligently and wisely ruled, there has never been, except perhaps in the brief episcopate of Bishop Stubbs, that particular touch of poetical and romantic inspiration which was of the very essence of my father's view of life, and to which the Cornish spirit so eagerly responded.

His dangerous and colossal industry shortened his life and brought it to a premature end. If he had stayed in Cornwall he might have lived twenty years or more, won a unique devotion and regard, and developed an entirely novel and original conception of episcopacy.

XXXI

We had thus spent six years in Cornwall, with one great sorrow which left a deep mark upon my father's life. But even so, it was a time all tinged by a deep sense of romance, an enchanted time, though I was hardly conscious of it at the moment, partly, I suppose, because in those years from fifteen to twenty-one one is so occupied in opening door after door in the House of Life, and encountering such new and strange experiences, that one is hardly detached enough to discern or summarise them. It was not only that the background was full of surprises, that one hardly knew what one might find on the farther side of the hill; but rather that the inner spirit of the scene, which ultimately took its rise in my father's ardent mind and heart, and permeated the temperaments, in varying degrees, of all his closer friends and fellow-workers, was so utterly unlike the solid and decorous mood in which such enterprises are generally conducted.

There are some no doubt who will deny *prima facie* the very possibility of ecclesiastical administration having a quality of high poetry about it, but I can only say that they are indeed mistaken. Every artistic work has its dreary, detailed, technical side. The setting of the palette, the moulding of the clay, the orchestra-

tion of a sonata, the correction of the scribbled manuscript—these all mean dull hours, unless the sense of final achievement is ever fresh and vigorous in the mind ; and in my father's mind there was a certain presentment of religion, a system of life, an ideal of conduct, which haunted him like a passion.

It is easy to feel nowadays that the new wine has burst the bottles, that the conventions of institutional religion do not correspond with the needs of the human heart, that religion of a freer and simpler kind must somehow be devised, if it is to inspire and control the expanded liberties of mankind. It may be so ; and I myself feel strongly the narrowness, the dilettante quality, the stifling influence of an ecclesiastical tradition which has not a vital and impelling inspiration behind it ; but at the moment I feel that the discontent with what seems old and cramping is more general than any creative impulse to provide a new and vigorous faith. If a new, irrepressible growth were breaking the old fetters it would be different, but instead of a great constructive ideal, I can only see an indolent tendency to decry the old methods. But in Cornwall in those days it was not so. There was a real and vital force at work, linking the old to the new, and infusing activity and enthusiasm into the old forms. The spirit of the group was essentially one of gaiety, as when David danced before the Lord with all his might.

To us as children the change was full of excitement ; the great glittering world lay before

E.F.B. R.H.B. A.C.B.

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us, and the dignity of our new homes, the interesting personalities we came in touch with, the hosts of new impressions, the sense of being inside the big, busy region which we had only seen from a distance, swept regrets away; but as I left Cornwall for the last time, I did have a sense that we were leaving a rare and precious experience behind us, which could never come again or be renewed, as the great train threaded its way among the green valleys, past the brown oakwoods spread out acre after acre on the low wolds of Doublebois, and the steep grassy mound and broken walls of Restormel.

APPENDIX

On July 14, 1889, his sixtieth birthday, my father wrote in his diary:

"What is my chief sorrow? Certainly, though my father's death and my mother's and sister's in one day, were, the first a stroke which threw life into another plane and the other heart-breaking, still I can see the love and the effect—the overpoweringness of the call.

"But Martin's death remains an inexplicable grief—every day—to see into that will be worth dying."

Two months later, September 16th, 1889, he wrote the following lyric, which was found among his papers:

THE MARTIN

The Martins are back to cornice and eaves,
Fresh from the glassy sea;
The Martin of Martins my soul bereaves,
Flying no more to me!

One of them clung to the window-side,
And twittered a note to me:
"There's a Martin beyond or wind and tide
Whom you know better than we.

"His nest is hid in a clustered rose,
On the Prince's own roof-tree;
When the Prince incomes, when the Prince outgoes,
The Prince looks up to see.

"Calls him hither or sends him there
To the friends of the Holy Three,
With a word of love, or a touch of care;—
Why was he sent to thee?"

Martin I know ; and when he went home
He carried my heart from me.
Half I remain. Ere Martinmas come,
Go with this message from me.

Say, " Thou Prince, he is wholly Thine !
Sent once on a message to me ;
Yet suffer me soon, at morning shine,
To see him on Thy roof-tree ! "

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